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THE PRIZE OF ROME

BY ARTHUR HOEBER

THE men in America who in the practice of the fine arts gain more than the most modest competence are few. As for standing in the community, the latest successful manipulator of stocks, the most recent organizer of trolley systems, holds the public eye to a greater degree than the maker of a modern masterpiece. We give no governmental recognition in awards, in purchases for museums, or in the bestowal of positions bringing either honor or profit. There is, we believe, an art professorship at two or three of our universities, but we recall few chairs of artistic lectureship, and surely there is nothing comparable with the distinguished post to which President Loubet has just appointed M. Carolus Duran, the eminent French portrait-painter and "Membre de l'Institut"—that of director of the French Academy at Rome.

The liberality of the French in educational matters is proverbial. Nowhere are greater facilities to be found for instruction in the higher branches or professions than in Paris. The study of law, medicine, and the arts is carefully fostered, and is virtu-

ally free to the poorest, most humble youth, under the best of conditions, with the greatest advantages.

It is to Paris that ambitious lads go, full of enthusiasm and energy, from their little towns and hamlets, from the larger provincial cities, with the blessings and prayers of family and friends who have gone deep down into the traditional stocking for a few francs to help out the course and assist in paying the trifling expenses of the boy. Indeed, it not infrequently happens that the municipality will make the grant of a modest sum to such as show decided ability, and whose careers at home justify this liberality. Then the future of the youth is a matter of civic pride to his townspeople, and rarely does the student abuse this confidence.

Upon the corner formed by the Quai Malaquais and the Rue Bonaparte, on the left bank of the Seine, stands the École des Beaux Arts, the official home of the French art student. Charles Lebrun, court painter to Louis XIV, was the first head of the French Academy of Painting, founded by his royal master, in 1648, for

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the practical encouragement of the study of art. In 1666, for the stimulation of greater zeal among the students, there was established the Prize of Rome, the winners of which were sent to Italy, at the expense of the government, to pursue a course of study extending over five years (the time has since been reduced to four), working in the ancient city, with its opportunities for the careful inspection of the old masters, with its traditions, environment, and antiquity.

There was a time when Rome was the world's art center. No artist's education was considered complete unless he spent some time in that city. There was always to be found there a coterie of strong men, many of them famous, in whose society the tyro might mingle and gain much by the companionship. That day has gone by, however, and a change has taken place. Paris has usurped the prerogative of the old city, and it is to her that the world now turns for new ideas of art. The Italian galleries remain, the masterpieces hang in their accustomed places, the sky is as blue, the air as soft, and the outlook as lovely; but the glory of Roman art life has departed. The humanity that gave the art impetus, the interest to the student, has betaken itself from the Seven Hills to the peaceful Seine, where it flourishes in a wilder, more luxuriant growth, nurtured by the hothouse forcing of fin-de-siècle ideas, untrammeled by convention or tradition. For good or bad,—and the judgment must be left to the reader,—the fact remains that to-day Paris is the hub about which the wheel of art revolves.

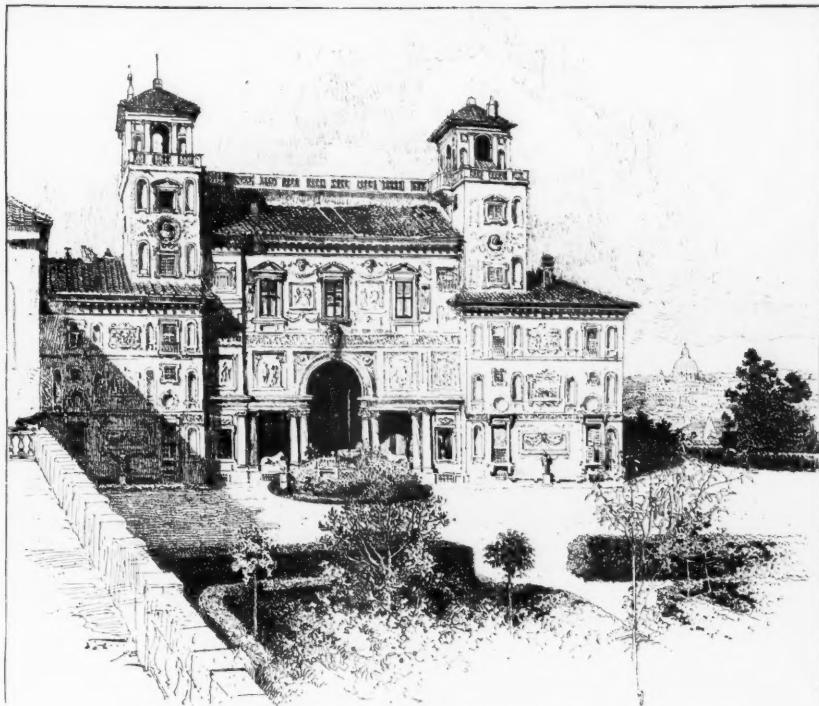
Yet from Paris there go annually to the Italian capital a number of young men, winners of the annual competitions for the Prize of Rome, to spend four years in the most idyllic manner, as guests of the French republic, at the Villa Medici, a beautiful palace owned by the government and specially arranged for their reception. These men have not won their spurs without hard work, without great preliminary training and many struggles. They represent the survival, if not of the fittest, at least of those who have stood well the brunt of battle, who have given evidence of sound training, application, talent, and superiority above their fellows. True, it not infrequently happens that a genuinely original genius fails in the compe-

tion, and is passed in the race by a less brilliant student who has worked more in conformity with conventional academic methods; nevertheless, it may safely be stated that no one ever attains the distinction of first place in the Prize of Rome *concours* without the display of ability far above that which is given to the ordinary mortal.

Painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians compete annually for this prize. Once every two years engravers on steel make the effort, while every third year cutters of fine stone and designers of medals have the chance to enter the competition. Each *concours* embraces two series of sketches, the first being a trial essay and the second the definite contest. As an outline of one branch comprehends the rest, it will be sufficient to confine this description to that of the painter. All Frenchmen who are unmarried and under the age of twenty-five are eligible to enter the competition. The contestants assemble in large numbers, and a subject for a sketch composition, generally of a mythological or biblical nature, is given out. Upon a canvas of modest proportions, known as a *toile de six*, each man then works out his own conception of the story. This must be done in twelve hours, without outside help of any sort.

Shortly after this a second competition is arranged, twenty men having been chosen from the first lot of contestants. To these are added those men who have been placed among the final ten in previous trials for the Prize of Rome. Any number under thirty are liable to compete. The work comprises a sketch, or composition, and a nude study, painted in oil from life. The latter is required to be done in four sittings of seven hours each, not counting the repose of the model, who is allowed ten minutes in each hour for rest. From these men ten are chosen, numbered according to the general excellence of their designs, and this half-score enter the final struggle, going, as it is called, *en loge*.

There are ten studios in one part of the school, some of which are better lighted than others; so, according to his standing, each man in turn selects his workshop. The ten men are assembled, and the director of the school is given a sealed envelop containing the subject chosen by the management. The seal is broken before the



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

THE VILLA MEDICI, THE FRENCH SCHOOL IN ROME (VIEW FROM THE TERRACE:
ST. PETER'S IN THE DISTANCE)

contestants, and the subject read aloud. Again the subject is biblical, mythological, or historical, but usually one of the first two. Then the men shut themselves in the *loge*, and remain for thirty-six hours, passing the night on a mattress thrown on the floor. Of course the pupil may finish sooner if he desires, but when he once delivers his sketch to the guardian, it is stamped with the seal of the school, and may not be touched again. Having made a tracing or a copy of this, the contestants again enter the studios, and remain until all is completed.

The last is the great test. The men now have to work out the composition they have made on a canvas known as a *toile de quatre-vingt* (measuring 1 m. 46 by 1 m. 15), no inconsiderable size. Here a picture is painted to the best of the man's ability, with nothing slighted; his chance of gaining the great award depends absolutely on this exertion. Here each day come his models; here he has the costumes and accessories that are necessary for the carrying

out of his design. Seventy-two days in all are consumed from the beginning of the competition until the picture is signed, or, rather, sent to the jury.

Each man is allowed by the government the sum of three hundred francs for his expenses, which include models, costumes, and paints. To this sum there has been added still another three hundred francs, the story of which is most interesting. An old model named Dubosc, who, time out of mind, had figured in the *Prix de Rome* pictures, now as a Trojan warrior, again as a patriarch father, a Diogenes, or many another hero of antiquity, seeing the struggles of these ambitious young students to make their work successful on the modest sum of sixty dollars, left, at his death, a sum sufficient to produce an annual income of six hundred dollars, or three thousand francs, thus giving each contestant three hundred francs yearly in addition to the government grant. It may be imagined that his memory is held in affectionate and grateful reverence, and that no one has yet

quite explained the remarkable sacrifice necessary to enable him to accomplish this extraordinary feat of saving such a sum on a stipend never more than two dollars a day.

Each man and every model is rigorously searched, on his arrival at the studio, to see that no memorandum is carried into the *loge*. Not so much as a scrap is permitted. Students may consult authorities outside, make any desired reference advisable, but they may bring in nothing with them. Every now and then the studio is carefully gone over, and though its furniture consists of only one chair and an easel, every nook and corner is inspected.

Most of the men work seriously until the last; some, having greater facility, get through their labors in less time than is given; others again, discouraged from the very beginning, loaf a good deal of the time. These *loges* contain a remarkably interesting collection of caricatures and of ridiculous pictures, made upon the walls by clever men, for relaxation, or after the great work was done. Here may be seen astonishingly dexterous portraits of men now famous, whose names are known over all the art world.

Finally the pictures are completed. The judges who determine on the merit of the finished results comprise the directors of each section of the school, with a certain number of artists outside, equal to half the force of the management. The ten works are now placed in frames of similar design that have done duty many times, and all are hung in one of the halls of the school. Here they remain on view for three days before the decision is announced. Then the prize is awarded, and the doors are thrown open to the public. The students are the first to enter, in their eagerness to ascertain the name of the successful man.

If the award is popular, the lad who has won the distinction is carried about the streets in triumph on the shoulders of his comrades, followed by a concourse of idlers who, in Paris, seem always ready, like an operatic chorus, to join in any sort of procession.

The great strain is now over, and the men are only too glad to give themselves up to absolute relaxation. It is the custom of the winners in each class, painters, architects, musicians, to give a banquet to their less fortunate competitors, to which are in-

vited the professors and a few intimate friends. The winners do not report at the French Academy until the first part of the year following, all these competitions terminating about the end of July.

So, shortly after the Christmas holidays, the grand-prix men hurry south, and, following tradition, are met at Monterotondo, a station some distance outside the old city, by a party of students, already installed members of the French Academy, who welcome them with a coach and four, and drive them in state to their quarters in the Villa Medici on the Pincian Hill, their home for the next four years.

The history of the French Academy at Rome is one of much interest and many vicissitudes. The idea of its foundation is attributed to three men—Poussin, Lebrun, and Charles Errard; but the scheme once formulated in Paris, Colbert, the minister of fine arts, did not wait long before sending several young artists to continue their studies in the Eternal City, choosing, without the formality of competition, such men as he thought a sojourn in Italy would benefit. Once there, these students were taken in charge by Charles Errard, who immediately elaborated a plan for the establishment of a school, which he submitted to the great minister, and which was approved, with the addition of various rules and regulations. The first party consisted of twelve students—six painters, four sculptors, and two architects. Arriving in Italy, in spite of many discouragements, Errard placed his pupils at work, becoming the first director of the French Academy at Rome. The same year he sent back to Paris work by these men for the academy in that city to pass upon, as evidence of the labor and progress of the students under his charge.

In what quarter he lodged his pupils is not known. All existing documents are mute in regard to this. Wherever it was, however, the place, according to the laws of the school still preserved, was dedicated to "virtue." Pupils were forbidden to blaspheme, to utter impious or dishonest words, under pain of being expelled, and the students ate at a common table, presided over by the director, known then as "rector," who selected each day some one to read history during the meal. In summer the class rose at five o'clock, in winter at six; two hours every day were devoted



Drawn by A. Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EXHIBITION IN PARIS OF PAINTINGS MADE IN COMPETITION FOR THE PRIZE OF ROME



From a Braun photograph of the painting by Luc-Olivier Merson, 1869. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington
MERSON'S PRIZE PICTURE "THE SOLDIER OF MARATHON"

to the study of arithmetic, geometry, perspective, and architecture, and the director had orders to visit the pupils daily at the academy or in outside places where their work took them. On Thursday of each week they had a holiday. More than this, the academy was open gratuitously to outside pupils, and all students, French or other, were free to come and draw—a liberal procedure which resulted in the establishment of "outside scholarships," giving the privilege of lodging in the academy without meals.

At the beginning the home authorities allowed each pupil a pension annually of three hundred livres (a livre having about the value of a franc); in 1676 this was doubled. Each student who followed the full course in a manner satisfactory to the direction received, upon his return to France, two hundred livres as a gratuity. This was changed, in 1750, to three hundred livres. At present the arrangements of a financial nature are most liberal. Each

man is allowed four thousand francs a year, out of which the government puts aside one thousand, to be given to the student when his term is completed; so that he leaves for home with four thousand francs to his credit, insuring him the means of existence until he can get settled and started properly in his profession. He is given a studio and sleeping-room, with service, in the beautiful palace of the Medici, and has only to buy his meals. These, however, are prepared by a chef in the employ of the French government, and are furnished at cost, the lunches being twenty-five cents and the dinners thirty, wine, of course, being extra.

But we must return to the old academy. Errard was succeeded for two years by Noël Coypel, when he was again placed at the head of the school, and given the title of director, which was thought to give him more dignity and authority. Meanwhile, under Coypel, the academy had been installed in the Caprinica Palace,



From a Braun photograph of the sculpture by Jean-Alexandre-Joseph Falguière, 1859

FALGUIÈRE'S PRIZE SCULPTURE "COMBAT OF ROMANS"

and in Errard's second term it was joined with the old Roman academy called St. Luke's. About 1704, France being in financial distress, no new pupils were sent, as no appropriation had been made. The pupils were reduced to four, to two, to none. The work of all the previous years was about to go for naught, when the death of Mansard, in Paris, put at the head of the ministry of fine arts the energetic Duc d'Antin, an intelligent, enthusiastic amateur. He found the school, in 1708, almost on the point of disappearance. At his death, in 1736, he left it in a most prosperous condition.

In 1792 a deputy named Romme proposed a bill before the Convention to suppress the institution, and a decree to that effect was promulgated. In June of that year, the bill having been passed, and Basseville, the chargé d'affaires in Rome, having been assassinated, the director of the school, with all his pupils, servants, and

employees, fled to Naples. Better days followed, however, for on October 25, 1797, the Convention prepared a decree to reestablish the school, and the Directory introduced into the treaty of Tolentino (February 19, 1797) an article definitely restoring the institution, which was promptly reorganized, and to the list of painters, sculptors, and architects were added, in 1803, musicians; in 1804, engravers; in 1805, cutters of fine stones; and, in 1809, engravers of medals.

In consequence of the unsettled state of affairs in Italy in 1796, the director did not take his post until 1801, and in 1803 France became possessed of the Villa Medici, where the school was at once installed. About 1852 the age limit was changed from thirty to twenty-five years, and the term of study reduced to four years.

Of course life in the old city is idyllic to the young student fresh from his triumphs. Here he finds a most congenial social side,

old friends and comrades in the academy, and sympathetic people in plenty elsewhere. The requirements of the school are that in his first year, as a proof that he has not been idle, the student shall send back a picture containing at least one life-sized figure, preferably of the nude. In his next season there must be returned a composition of two figures, either nude or draped. The third year calls for a composition sketch, carefully thought out, to show the pupil's application in this important branch of art study. In addition, there must be a copy after some old master. For this the state pays the painter one hundred and fifty francs and takes the picture. These copies are generally given to provincial museums. They are valuable, because they are executed with great fidelity by competent men, and convey excellent impressions of the originals.

The last year's picture must be an original work, containing not less than three figures. This is expected to be a worthy, serious picture, justifying the study and experience of the course at the academy. As a general rule, if it meets with the expectations of the authorities, it is bought at a modest sum, and is added to the possessions of the government, while it rarely fails to receive a recompense from the jury at the *Salon*, where it is usually sent. Thus men may do much or little actual labor, for these demands, as will be seen, are not excessive. Possibly the work is more in contemplation, in analysis of the older masters in the gallery, and in experimenting, than in the constant production of pictures or the turning out of studies. In addition to other emoluments, there is yet more in store for the fortunate prize-winners; for from a fund instituted by the Countess of Caen, each painter, sculptor, and architect who remains in Rome after completing his course can draw four thousand francs for a year's extra stay, it being only necessary that, as a return, he shall send home some work for the museum founded in Paris by this estimable and public-spirited woman.

Old Prize of Rome men are ever welcome to their alma mater in the Eternal City. They may eat there, paying only the modest prices charged to students, and if there are vacant chambers, they are at their disposal, without money and without price. During the four years the students are not

supposed to return to Paris, though the presence of the clever, hard-working men in the streets or galleries of the French metropolis is never noticed—officially at least. If, however, men who are in disfavor, by reason of idleness or dissipation, flee beyond the walls, they do so at their own peril, and render themselves liable to severe penalties, if not dismissal.

Most of the able French artists have had a trial at the Prize of Rome, and many of them who have subsequently attained much renown have failed to win the desired award. It may be that, in frequent cases, success in this direction would have been less fortunate than failure. Certain men with strong personal tendencies, original in ideas, and with an abhorrence of rule and tradition, would probably have chafed under the authority, and have been discouraged at the restraint and convention of academic demands.

Some splendid names have been enrolled at the academy, however. Looking back over the list of the nineteenth century, we find among the prize-winners such painters as Ingres, in 1801, at the age of twenty-two; Flandrin, 1832; Couture, 1837; Cabanel, 1845; Boulanger, 1849; Henner, 1858; Lefebvre, 1861; Regnault, 1866; Merson, 1869; Février, 1872; Morot, 1873; Besnard, 1874; Chartran, 1877; Doucet, 1880; Fournier, 1881; and Baschet, 1883.

In the list of sculptors there are Carpeaux, 1854; Chapu, 1855; Falguière, 1859; Barrias, 1865; and others. In this same century there were years when no prizes were awarded, the excellence of the work offered in competition not being deemed sufficiently high. These omissions occurred in the years 1822, 1835, 1862, and 1888 for the painters, while the sculptors failed of a first award in 1800, 1822, 1835, 1846, 1853, 1858, and 1866.

Naturally, the men who by hard work, capacity, and studious application have won an honorable position in French art, and who, as they say in their own expressive language, have "passed that way," look back with unalloyed pleasure on their alma mater, uphold its honor, stand bravely by its traditions, and swear by its efficacy. So the sturdy institution flourishes, despite modern movements and the changing, fickle art tastes of a time curious indeed in its esthetic innovations.

NEW PORTRAITS OF A GROUP OF BRITISH AUTHORS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ALVIN LANGDON COBURN



I
GEORGE MEREDITH

II
MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

III
AUSTIN DOBSON

IV
ANDREW LANG

V
EDMUND GOSSE

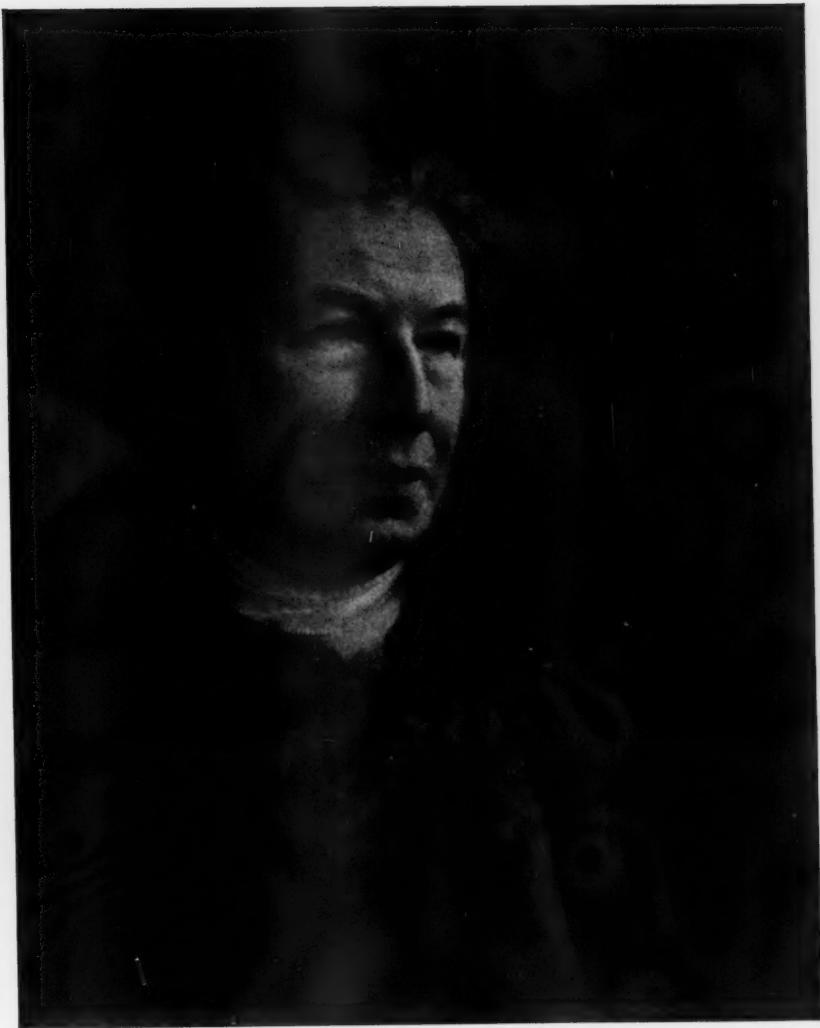
VI
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

VII
GILBERT K. CHESTERTON



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faithfully,
George W. Sill.



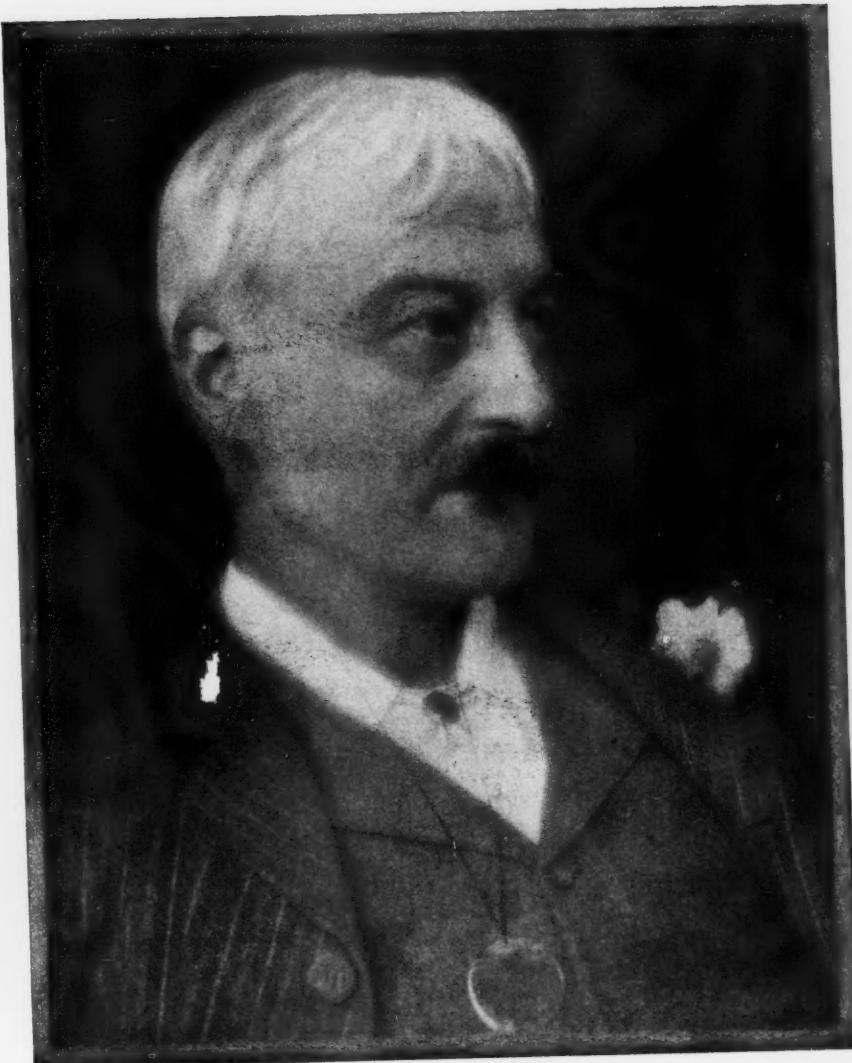
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Yours sincerely
Mary A. Ward



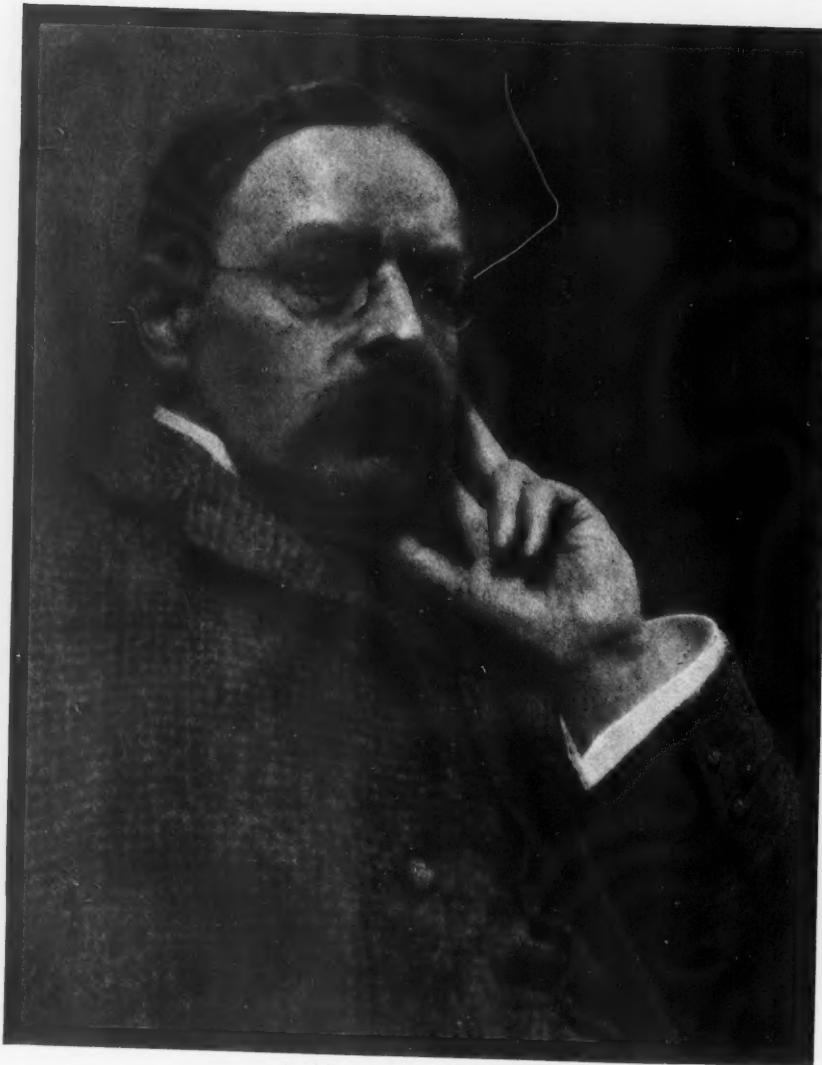
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*Yours as always
Austin Dobson*



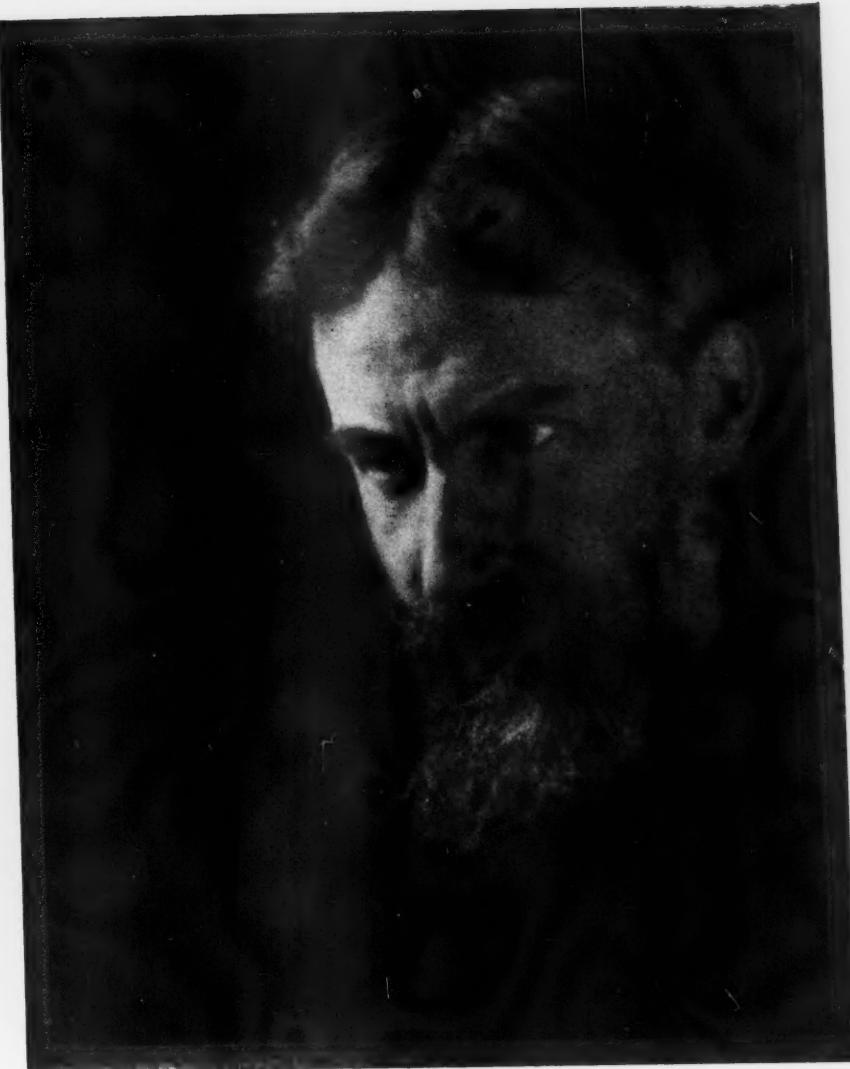
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Sincerely yours
A Lang



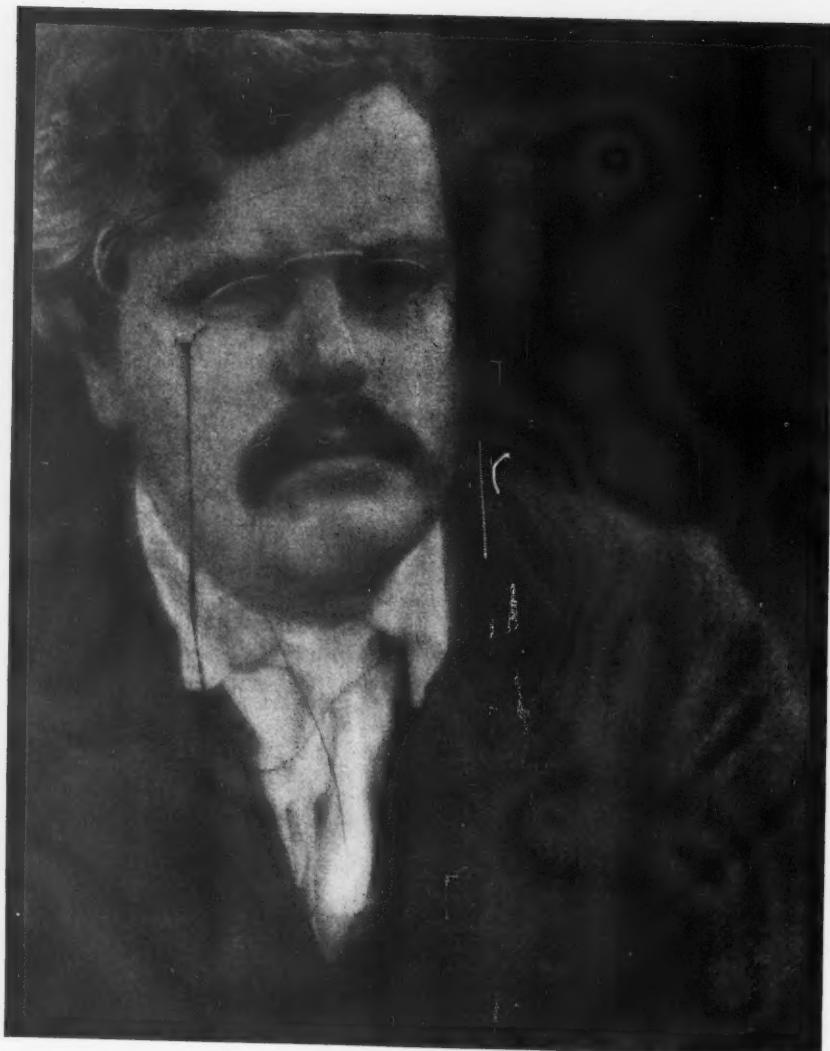
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rsicnq. to
Edmund Gosse



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Yours faithfully
G. Bernard Shaw



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from G. Chesterton.



MONICA'S VILLAGE

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North" and "The Open Question"



WO men had lost their way on the Yukon trail in a snow-storm. More serious still, the sun-dried salmon upon which they fed their dogs—in lean times like these, themselves to boot—was well-nigh exhausted.

By ten o'clock on that wild March morning the snow was falling so thick that they could not see the river bank, even on the nearer side. But what they did see, about that time, was a couple of Indians with rifles coming down the river, bringing unconsciously a false ray of hope.

"How do!" called out the younger of the two white travelers. "Where you goin'?"

The answer was unintelligible.

"Is this only a slough," asked the older man, "or is it the Yukon?"

The last word, at all events, conveyed something to the natives. They pointed in the direction from which they had come, uttering a string of explosive syllables.

"And where did you say you were goin'?"

They repeated gutturally those first clicking sounds, bristling with sharply aspirated *k*'s.

"Where can we get fish—like this on your sled? *Fish*. Hey? Where get?"

They pointed.

"How far?"

They stared.

"Winter village?"

Whether they understood or not, they nodded. One of them, pointing back the way they had come, added, after a volley

of harsh consonants, a word that sounded like "Cut-off."

"Oh, that's the portage to their village. And what river's this?" The boy made a sweeping gesture up and down the frozen highway, saying hopefully, "Yukon?"

Simultaneously the Indians shook their heads, and exploded a reply.

"Hey? Wait! Not so fast! *What's this river?*"

Again the long word, like a missile, ending in "cockett," and the Indians went on, looking back through the snow and nodding encouragingly as the white men took up their trail.

"Do you suppose it *ever* stops snowing in this country?" asked Burnet by and by.

"Begin to doubt it," said the elder man.

"If it goes on like this, in an hour we'll lose even this trail, which is probably the wrong trail."

"Any old trail's good enough for me."

Both had the highest opinion of it in that moment when it brought them in sight of an Indian village.

They had not wintered in Alaska without discovering that the inland aborigines, like the Eskimos of the coast, crave nothing so much at the hands of the white man as intoxicants, preferably "hootch," the deadly home-brewed liquor of the North. Nevertheless, Colonel Warren and young Burnet had hitherto encountered no insuperable difficulty in keeping to their original trading staples, sugar and tea (the copper and small silver coin of the country) and tobacco (next in value, in native eyes, to the pure gold of gin). But at this particular village, in response to the white

man's demand for moose-meat or ptarmigan in exchange for tea, the natives shook their heads, coughed, and whined, "Hootch," as if nothing else on earth would tempt them to part with even a portion of their game. The travelers cut short the parley by buying a small quantity of inferior fish, leaving the more important negotiation till they should have had some sort of meal, however frugal, and a night's rest in one of the miserable huts.

They waked to hear the fire crackling in front of the bear-skin curtain that did duty for door, and to smell an agreeable mingling of the aroma of salmon and tea.

The brown men were finishing breakfast.

With the exception of one, who every now and then punctuated his coughing by a feeble inquiry for hootch, they manifested very little interest in their guests, until Colonel Warren displayed his tobacco. Then their eagerness became rather painful, as eagerness on the part of the naturally stolid is apt to be.

Yes, yes, they should all have some, said the white man; let them bring out their meat, their game, and their flour.

He tried to supplement this demand by pantomime, but it seemed singularly difficult to make them understand. In addition to the winter stock of game in their caches, they must have trading-post supplies as well, for they were dressed in denim.

"What's the nearest white man's camp?" asked Warren. There was no answer.

"Where you buy clothes? How you get this?" Young Burnet pointed to the frying-pan.

The master of the hut, frowning, took the pan up and laid it down on its face as if it were somehow in disgrace.

"What's he mean by that?"

The others, crouched by the fire, devoured the tobacco with their eyes, but to the strangers' words and gestures, having reference to provender in return, only blinked and were dumb.

"They're waiting till we bring out the whisky, devil take them!" observed the elder man. He began to pack away the tea and tobacco in the sleeping-bag. The coughing about the fire was punctuated by despairing grunts. An old squaw went out and came back with two little dried fish, for which she received a measure of tea and a leaf of tobacco, whereupon a man

disappeared and returned with a single fish.

"But *meat* is what we want—caribou, moose, rabbits."

The entire company blinked, coughed, waited.

"This is the stupidest lot I ever struck," said the younger of the travelers. "Let's go out and talk to the others."

It was not snowing, for a wonder, but the clouds hung low and a heaviness was in the air. In the gray light of early morning the village looked even more desolate than in the evening shadows and the fire-light.

A band of lean and mangy curs, occasionally pausing to give battle, were being chased about by the white men's wolf-dogs.

In the huts forlorn figures, hardly human, huddled about the fires.

"Hootch?" inquired one or two, as the strangers looked in. But they asked for supreme happiness much as other men do, hardly expecting it and meaning to take a lesser if it came.

Colonel Warren drew some "black Jack" out of his pocket. No one so sick, or so old, or so young, that the eye did not brighten at the sight of "tabak." But when asked about something besides fish, they returned only the same grim looks and slow head-shakings.

It was then that the travelers, out of patience, marched boldly on the caches—climbed up, looked in, stopped aghast. Empty—all empty! It was from famine, then, that those Indians on the trail were fleeing. And these had stayed behind only because they had not strength to go. Famine and Disease were masters of the camp.

The white men stopped to examine a sled, but, like the others lying about, it was as dilapidated as their own. Only the birch-bark canoes, lifted high on crossed poles, seemed in decent condition. These boat-racks, and the raised platforms where the natives kept their harness, fishing-tackle, and skins, were all together, off to one side, a stone's throw from the huts.

The white men, ready to start, but still debating in which direction, strolled over to look at a three-holed *bidarki*, laid keel up on the biggest of the driftwood platforms.

"These people have been prosperous enough before this winter."

"Lots can say the same," was the dejected answer, as Burnet moved farther

away to look at the only *kyak* he remembered seeing up the river. This one was evidently old, but ingeniously ornamented with beluga teeth and bits of ivory carved into crows' heads.

"How can they live in such wretchedness—fellas who can turn out a piece o' work like this?" The colonel was still examining the admirably made bidarki. There was not a rivet, not a scrap of metal, in the whole adroit combination of wood and hide and sinew.

Here and there, half-buried in the snow about the platforms, were rude wooden masks, such as are worn at native feasts. Was it possible that such people had ever danced? Perhaps their fathers had; and these, their sorrowful children, in sight of the evidence of better days, stood with heavy looks and down-hung heads, as if rebuked by the memory of the skill and the merry-making of their sires.

The white man has not even set these people on his map, but they shiver in the white man's cheap cotton, having bartered their costly furs. White traders and prospectors have slaughtered caribou by the herd, and left them to rot on the hills. The few that escape are scared away by the white man's steamers. Very necessary that some of the Indians should find their way to the nearest trading-post. Lacking the wild meat their fathers flourished on, they would buy or beg a little flour, and come back here to die. There is no commoner story in the North.

On the same platform with the bidarki, half under snow, was a long, narrow roll, wrapped in a finely woven grass mat and a bit of old sail; beyond that—

"Hooray!"

"A sled! Yes, sir; a tiptopper!"

It was overlaid with paddles, boat-hooks, throwing-stick, etc.; but they pulled it down, dumped out what snow the wind had left along with fishing-tackle, floats, decoys, and various unknown objects, joyfully agreeing there was "nothing the matter with this sled, anyhow."

"Did you notice what was wrapped in the long bundle?" inquired the colonel, briskly. As Burnet laid his hand on the crisply frozen grass mat, a commotion in the camp made him turn his head. Several Indians were running toward the white men with sharp cries and angry gesticulations.

The strangers stared. "It's all right," they called out. "Whatever we take, we pay."

"Heap tabak," Burnet assured them.

But it was obvious that, by means of a telegraphy invisible, some stirring news had spread. Other groups were converging toward the first; even the sick and old came running as if for life. The very dogs forgot fish and private feuds, and followed their masters, howling. The little huts yawned, and out came more people than they could hold—like a thousand yards of ribbon from a conjurer's hat. On they came, screaming, crying, catching up sticks on the way, menacing the white men as they gathered about.

"What the devil's the matter with you?"

But they only seized hold of the sled, feverishly pulling it away from the white man's reluctant hands, pushing the strangers back from the platform and screaming abuse above the howling of the dogs.

"They've gone clean crazy," said the colonel. He pulled out some black Jack and waved it over their heads; but the black-Jack spell was broken.

The white men, trying to resist the pressure without aggravating it to the pitch of actual violence, had worked round the bidarki platform rather than away from it. At the bow of the big boat they lifted up their eyes and understood. Under the woven mat the sail-cloth wrapping on the bundle by the bidarki was weather-worn, worm-eaten, rotted; a tuft of coarse black hair stirred in the sluggish wind. The bidarki platform was a grave.

"Oh!"

"We did n't know—"

But it was no use. With looks of unap-peased horror, the stronger of the natives pushed the strangers farther away, and more roughly now, as they saw no resistance was offered. Others, still chattering abuse, restored the sled to the corpse, and carefully put back the floats, decoys, and things. Then they joined the rest in chasing the white men out of camp.

THE winter dark had yielded. No matter now if the snow would not bear at midday. It was light enough at any hour to keep the trail, if only they could find it; and each night's newlyiced-over surface made splendid going. Instead of the eight or ten miles a day they had made at the beginning,

nightly now they covered from thirty to forty miles. So they refused to lose heart.

They waked up that second afternoon after their ignominious exit from the last settlement to find it still clear and warm.

"Like April."

"Well, it *is* April, all but a day or two."

"Oh, but like April down below—in God's country."

The colonel got a fire going, and just as they were sitting down to a meal four men with a dog-team came laboring along last night's trail.

Young Burnet shouted out such a welcome that the colonel nearly dropped the fish in the fire.

"Somebody you know?"

"No," replied Burnet; "but I'm glad, good and plenty, all the same."

"Oh, yes," agreed the colonel, shielding his eyes from the snow-glare and watching the approach. "It's queer how brotherly you feel toward 'any old' white man you meet in this blasted country."

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Where is this?"

"Where is what?"

"This camp o' yours."

"Ask me an easy one."

The two white men in advance looked blank; the cordiality of their greeting faded.

"Do you mean you don't know where you are?"

"That's about the size of it."

"And we've been plodding along your trail only to—"

"To help us eat a fish-dinner," said the colonel. "Walk in—walk in and make yourselves miserable."

"Give us the fish for our dogs. We've run out. But we've got moose."

Indeed, their larder was nothing short of princely in a trailman's eyes, and all they lacked was fish. The Indians of the party were coast natives who had come up the river with a trader last season and were fabled to know the trail. They had lost that article some time before, and hoped they had found it at last.

"No, sah. You've only found two other fellas who've lost it."

When the dogs were satisfied—no; no husky worthy of the name is ever satisfied—but after each of the new dogs was given his fish, masters and Indians sat down

together and ate as only men on the trail are able. And the white men made friends, and told, man-fashion, the exterior and comparatively unimportant facts of their history, and talked about the country and its prospects, meaning their own.

Nathan Black, the elder of the two white strangers, believed there was a great future for Minook, as behoved a newly appointed A. C. agent for Rampart City. He was on his way with a couple of natives from that point to St. Michaels, for the purpose of reporting to the company and arranging for supplies. His young *chechako* friend was also on his way to St. Michaels, for the purpose of taking the first boat back to the States. He had come in ("in" is always the frozen North; "out" is just the rest of the world)—he had come in with a middle-aged partner who, like himself, had left a good salaried position in Washington, hoping to gratify the ambition of a wife and daughters "who wanted to go to Europe!" said the young Washingtonian, with scorn unlimited. "I was with poor Steele when he bought his ticket. He turned to me, and says he: 'I feel as if this is really their passage across the Atlantic that I'm buying!' It was really his own across the Styx, poor devil. They may not get to Europe, but he's got to heaven."

"Dead?"

The young man nodded.

"Under the snow on a hillside at Rampart. And his wife and daughters think he's digging out gold by the bucketful, and are deciding what they'll wear to go to court in."

It was agreed they could not travel till night, so they stretched themselves on the A. C. agent's magnificent furs, and lighted their pipes.

"I'd like to take home some skins if I can get anything as good as this," said the colonel.

"Hard to find in these times. The Indians are getting so almighty greedy," replied the agent.

"What did this cost you?"

"Ah, this happens to be a bargain." He laughed. "You could n't buy this in the States for two hundred dollars. I got it from an old squaw who'd taken a fancy to a golf-cap I was wearing. But, as a rule, they make you pay. Think what it must have been in the old Russian days!"

Why, a man could make a fortune in a single summer's trading."

"Swappin' old caps for two-hundred-dollar bearskins?"

But the agent was proof against the edge in the colonel's voice.

"Yes, caps and beads and knives and rum and guns. But even in the early A. C. days, only twenty years ago, a beaver-skin was the standard of value. One 'made beaver' was worth two shillings, or four bits, or two marten-skins. Think of it! And you got the very finest kind of otter for a bunch of Chersatsky tobacco. The storehouses up here were literally bursting with valuable furs that cost next to nothing. But it's mere chance nowadays whether you can pick up a really good thing for—"

"For a golf-cap—ye-e-s."

The agent was absorbed in some amusing recollection. "I did know a fellow once, up on Kotzebue, who got twenty silver foxes for ten of those little tin tags they fasten on plug tobacco." He chuckled delightedly and then fell grave. "But, Lord! the times are changed. You're lucky now if they don't palm off marmot on you for pup-wolf."

Young Burnet had jumped up to look for matches. No; he waved away the agent's offer—he'd find his own box. During the hunt a girl's photograph fell out upon the snow. The agent grinned.

"That's my sister."

He laughed the more, and they fell to talking about—Woman, forsooth, much as though each sat in the cavernous comfort of an arm-chair at the club, with leisure and luxury to tempt them to unprofitable themes.

The colonel and the A. C. agent, being men of experience, spoke with less confidence than the young man from Washington, who dealt somewhat haughtily with the sex.

"In civilization," says he, "we forget, or we pretend we forget, that woman is really an inferior creature."

"Oh! oh!" interrupted the colonel, who in another age would have been a knight-errant.

"What has woman ever *done*?" demanded the young gentleman from the capital.

"Why, several things," said the colonel, "not to mention bringing you here."

"Yes," said the A. C. agent; "she manages to put through the little job of keeping the race going."

"Oh, *that!*" answers the young stranger; "that's the last achievement she takes any stock in. What with her rights, and her colleges, and her clothes, and her caprices—ha! I've longed many a time, since I came up here, for one or two spoiled darlings I know of—"

"Oh, oh, he longs for spoiled darlings!"

"That's all a man means when he rails against woman."

When he could make himself heard above their laughter: "I've longed to have one or two of them—"

"Turk!"

"—who think men are made for them to wipe their feet on, I'd just like 'em to come out to the Yukon and see what woman is really like—primitive woman, before we set her up on a pedestal and pretended she was as good as we are."

"Better!"

"Better!"

"Well, I'd like 'em to see how the noble red man looks at the matter. No nonsense about the equality of woman when you get down to the bed-rock of nature. For men who lead the life of nature, woman is the proper person to fetch and carry and do the dirty work, while the nobler animal cultivates manly sports, and sits in council round the *kachime* fire, when he is n't making war on other men. Now, hang sentiment! Is n't that *the fact?*"

"Indian women often have a bad time," admitted the colonel; "but, then, so do Indian men."

"Keep to the point! All I'm saying is that the natural man looks down on woman and treats her accordingly. No natural woman ever dreams of making a protest. She knows she is inferior, and she accepts the lower lot. When I think of the monstrous pretensions of our women—" His thoughts seemed to beggar language; he stared, frowning, at the blue smoke curling up from the fire.

"You, too!" mused the colonel, smiling, but without further explaining himself.

"The Indian," pursued the young gentleman—"even the converted Indian, can't believe his wife's got a soul. With us, the women seem to think the men have n't."

"I reckon you've been pretty hard hit," said the colonel.

The A. C. agent stretched his cramped legs and gave it as his opinion that, "Anyhow, our women have got more gumption about some things than we have."

"What, for instance?"

"They know when they 're well off. They 've got the sense to stay at home."

"Not all," said the colonel.

"Not a bit of it," pursued the young man from Washington. "That, too,—that same 'home-keeping,'—is fast becoming an antique virtue, fading out of use."

"Well," protested the agent, "they 've got more sense than to go on the trail."

The colonel shook his head. "The difference seems to be that when once a woman goes on the trail, she does n't come back. Now *I* shall go back. We 'll all of us—bar accidents—go back. I shall settle down on the farm, there, in Jefferson County, Kentucky, and raise stock, just as my grandfather did. Yes," he said quite low to Burnet, as the two guests sprang up to thrash their dogs for stealing fish—"yes, Boy, that's the difference. I shall go back. I don't believe she ever will."

"Reckon you 'll find her down there in Kentucky, when you go back next summer with your Klondike gold-mine."

The colonel shook his head: "She 's lived in foreign places ten years now—Paris, Vienna, Rome. No, she won't ever come back to the Blue-grass Country. They don't—not the women."

THE travelers were a good deal disgusted when, as they were breaking camp that evening, it came on to snow again, and they had to put in another night where they were. The chief anxiety was that the dog-fish had given out.

The following evening was clear, and although the day had been too warm for the thawed and soppy snow to harden quickly into a good surface, the going was possible to dogs thoroughly rested and sharp-set for supper. Besides, it was bound to get better as the dusk came on. The party had not gone two miles when they saw moving along the ridge above, nearly parallel with them, a welcome spectacle—three human figures and a dog-team. They shouted and signaled, left their own dogs to rest, and toiled up the steep.

Two Indians and, oddly enough, a squaw, young and not ill-looking, stood waiting their approach.

"Where you goin'?" the white men inquired.

"Goin' Monica's village."

"You Monica?" Burnet asked the Indian girl. Whereat she laughed and shook her head, and looked at her two companions as if they must appreciate a notion so droll.

"Who is Monica?"

"Oh, Monica—" The elder of the men looked serious, but unequal to so great a task of elucidation.

"How far?"

They pointed over the ridge. "Six miles," said one.

"Indian village?"

"Yes."

"You belong there?"

"Yes."

"Where you been?"

The native pointed back vaguely.

"Huntin' caribou, settin' traps?"

He nodded.

"Any luck?"

He shook his head.

"What you 'got there?"

"Fish."

"I see; left over. We 'll take it."

"No—no take."

"Oh, yes; we pay good price."

"No; you come Monica's village."

"We are coming Monica's village. We buy heap fish there, too."

But the Indians were moving on.

"Stop! I want that fish." It would be absurd to repeat their last mistake, and let fish pass them on the trail. Burnet pointed down the slope. "Dogs hungry." The Indians shook their heads, and told their own well-conditioned beasts to "mush," calling back: "No far, Monica's village." And for all the white men could do in the way of showing big silver dollars and threatening looks, nothing would make the Indians wait till the white men could bring up their team, or make them part with the good store of fish they were wilfully carrying back to a well-stocked camp. Horrible thought! Was there famine in Monica's village?

"No, no; Monica got heap fish," they called back. It was a mystery.

"I never heard of their——village," said the A. C. agent; "but, then, I 'm new to these parts. So are my men; they can't even speak the up-river language."

"It does n't sound a natural name for

any Indian village. They 're tryin' to jolly us!" said Burnet, and his hand traveled round to his pistol-pocket. "I've a notion to hold 'em up."

The colonel stayed his action and called after the Indians: "Is this village of yours on the Yukon?"

"No; on Koyukuk Slough."

"Ah, that accounts for it. Thought it must be off the highway. Funny name, though."

The white men went down and brought the hungry dogs, as quickly as they could, up to the Indians' trail; but the three natives were out of sight.

The young gentleman from Washington, remembering the account of the Nulato massacre of half a century before, had doubts about the wisdom of going to Monica's in the land of Koyukuns. But the others guyed him, and he relapsed into silence, after quoting the dark saying of the old chief whose second daughter had been decoyed from home by a Russian official: "The salmon shall have blood to drink before they go back to the sea."

Keeping to the fresh trail, they heard by and by in the dusk the howling of dogs, that invariable chorus announcing a native settlement. Instead of pushing on to the kachime, the travelers stopped at the first little hut on the outskirts of the village, walked in, and demanded to buy fish; for, although tired enough, wading through the sticky, clogging snow, and as hungry as a pack of huskies, men up there do not eat before they feed their dogs.

A smoke-dried, wrinkled squaw, looking like a painfully thin and aged monkey, was squatting over a fire, warming a heterogeneous mess in an old lard-can. There were some children huddled on one side of the fire, and the air, as usual, was nauseous. The old hag signed to the white men to sit down.

"No, no; buy fish." She shook her head. "Yes, buy fish; dogs hungry."

"Go Monica," said the crone, seeming to mean to bear them company.

"But you sell fish."

"Yes," she repeated—not seeming, as they thought, to understand; "go Monica."

"Blow Monica! You got plenty fish here," pointing to the bunches hung up, dried and blackened. She shook her head, muttering, "Monica." Just then the *pot au feu* boiled over and she rushed to the res-

cue. Her visitors turned away in a rage, jingling their unavailing silver and expecting she would run after them; but as they looked back, before crouching to get out, they saw her, imperturbable, stirring the mess in the lard-can with a stick, while the brown children scrambled out of their corner, knowing the blissful moment had arrived. The white men knew, too, by experience, that they might have shared in it had they the desire—and the courage. But, first of all, fish for the famished dogs. They drove them into the village. It was more of a place than any native settlement they had seen.

"It can't be an Indian village," said Burnet, remembering all the squalid settlements they had passed, and that last one, worst of all, where the sick and starving kept watch by the dead.

"No. More like a trading-post."

Near a little group of log cabins a young Indian was unharnessing his team. Before the colonel recognized him he called out:

"You sell fish?"

"Yes. Now?" inquired the Indian.

"Yes—now!" roared the colonel, seeing it was the man who had refused them in the afternoon.

"All right; you come." He adjusted the harness and began to drive the dogs farther up the village.

"What are you up to?"

"Sell fish."

"You've got it there!"

"Monica no like I sell. Come," he beckoned vigorously; "no far."

"Hungry as I am, I'd defer dinner to wring Monica's neck," remarked Burnet. "I say, colonel, you and the others go to the kachime and hustle the grub. I'll go with this beggar and see about the fish."

"See about Monica, too, while you're about it."

"Trust me!" said Burnet.

He caught up with the Indian, and then stopped in sudden surprise before a double log house, solidly built, of workmanlike finish, and with a light of unusual brilliancy, for this country, flashing from its windows.

"Windows! Glass! Whew!" Burnet whistled. "Big chief live there?" he asked, expecting to hear: "No; white trader."

But the Indian answered: "Monica she live here."

Ah, Monica at last! Pricked on by his

sense of accumulated injury, Burnet fore-stalled his slow-moving guide and sprang forward to open the door, as is everywhere the custom here, without knock or preamble.

But, behold! Monica had not only light and glass windows: she had something still more strange to come upon in an Indian village—a lock or bar to her door!

Burnet's anger at her blazed anew. The idea of a squaw setting up style like this! And he indulged much the same scorn that his grandfather would have manifested catching one of his plantation negroes wearing a silk dress with a court train.

He knocked at the barred door loudly—knocked as youth knocks when it is out of patience. But not instantly was Monica's door thrown wide. He pounded with his sealskin-mitten fists, and stamped with cold or anger, or both, on the log before the door.

"Heap hurry! Heap cold!" he cried to the squaw within. "You no mush. I no wait. Buy heap fish!" Again he battered with his fists. "Mush, Monica! Mush!"

The door was unbarred.

He caught his breath. A tall woman stood there, with an air of majesty that struck his impatience silent. He lifted his eyes from the stunted level of the squaw he had expected to the unusual height of this figure, slight, erect, holding up a candle whose rays fell on a mass of heavy white hair, and turned it, glittering, to silver,—fell on the abashed face of the traveler as he stammered:

"I—I want buy dog-fish."

She looked keenly at the young fellow standing there; and, whether it was that most of the few white men knocking at that door were older or more graceless, certain it is the stern face softened. A slight inclination of the white-crowned head, and she turned away and set the candle down—on a dresser!

Burnet, following her in, looked wondering at the only bureau he had seen since leaving San Francisco, at the austere seemliness of a big room furnished with all needful things, carpeted with costly rugs, and lighted lavishly by candles burning in carved candlesticks of walrus ivory.

The Indian stood at the door, but deferentially, not entering. Burnet looked again at the tall woman, lost in wonder as

to how a squaw came by those high Roman features and that imperial air. Half-breed, of course, he said to himself, and dropped with "Thank you" into the chair she motioned him to, by the great fire, staring at her the while with a frank curiosity. But when, seeming to resent, for some reason, the admiring wonder of the young stranger, the steely eyes turned sharply upon him, they forced, unexpectedly, an apology out.

"Heap tired," he said, to minimize the rudeness of his assault on the door. He pulled off his sealskin mittens and held out his hands to the generous fire. "Me come Innuit country." He pointed westward. "Heap far—more than a moon—more than thirty sleeps away." And he held up the fingers of both his hands and dropped them three times, to indicate Indian fashion that he had been a month on the trail. "Dogs heap hungry."

"It's a bad time to travel," she said; "you should have started earlier, or waited for the ice to go out."

Burnet stared. Her English was unimpeachable. Few white men in that country spoke as purely.

"Oh," he said frankly, "I—I did n't know. I ought to have known, just to look at you."

"Come in, Antoshka," she said to the Indian, and added something in his own tongue. He came inside and shut the door, still standing over there, away from the fire. They held a short colloquy.

"He can let you have eight dog-salmon to-night for three dollars."

"Oh, no; that's too much."

"Too much fish?"

"Too much mun."

"It is not too much," she said in a tone that made him ashamed of his slang; "it is fair."

"But we bought sixteen salmon at Kalgat for eighty cents."

"Very likely," and there was something curious in the low voice, and thereafter silence in the room. Then, piercing him with a sudden scrutiny, she said:

"Would you rather trade?"

"Trade what?"

She shrugged. "It depends upon what you have; they need sugar here."

"I've come a long way. I've only got what I need now," he answered shortly. Silence again.

"You don't look like the sort of person who drifts into this country penniless."

Burnet flung up his head.

"I can afford to pay a reasonable price," he said, unreasonably angry, although he felt sure that had he said he was "short," and had he made her believe it, he would get easier terms. "We've never been asked more than forty cents apiece all along the river—and usually five. Why,"—waxing indignant,—"just below you here on the Yukon they gave my pardner six king-salmon for a quid of tobacco."

"Yes," she assented, and her eyes were not pleasant to meet; "it's an old story for the white man to take advantage of the Indian."

"It was n't taking advantage," Burnet burst out, hot to his ear-tips; "he wanted the tobacco more than he did the fish. Now, look here; there are two parties of us, and we want a lot. I'll give five dollars for twenty full-sized salmon."

"This man can only sell you eight, and they will cost you three dollars."

"I don't think I'm goin' to pay more than I need."

"You can't buy for less in this village."

"How do you know?"

"Well, try." She turned away and took a "thief" out of the nearest candle.

"H'm! Well, I'll buy enough at your price to feed our dogs to-night," said Burnet, reading aright the woman's unyielding aspect; "and I'll make better terms in the morning."

She said something to the Indian, who merely nodded.

"He will take the fish to the kachime, if you like. Pay him here."

Burnet opened his eyes.

"Before he delivers the goods?"

"You can trust him," she said shortly.

"But he can't trust me, hey?" Burnet returned with a flash.

"The Indian has not always found the white man as good as his word."

"I've never taken advantage of him." The traveler lifted his head proudly.

A peculiar expression crossed the fine, dark face in front of him, and the whole room seemed filled with scorn of her unspoken words. "Never taken advantage, eh? Not even below me, down on the Yukon, where for a quid of tobacco—" But all she said was: "It is the custom to pay here."

He pulled out his buckskin bag, and counted the money under her vigilant eyes, the Indian never budging. "How much of it," thought Burnet, resentfully, "is her commission, confound her!"

With a movement of the white-crowned head she summoned the Indian across the room, seemed to explain the transaction in his own tongue, and recounted, in uncouth syllables, the entire sum into his hand. The Indian grunted and went out, shutting the door.

Burnet stood, stuffing his poke back into the pocket of his tattered deerskin breeches; but his resentment had not altogether got the better of his curiosity. His sharp eyes roved the room, resting at last on a couple of shallow bowls on a table laid for a meal. They could not be thick china; no, they were delicately tinted, translucent.

"Polished stone?" he asked.

"Jade," answered the woman.

"Jade! Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed Burnet.

"Oh, there are mountains of it up here at the North."

He opened his eyes.

"Native copper, too?" he said, looking at the rude utensils hung by the fire.

"Yes, native copper, too. The fools rush here for gold, but the men that make the most will make it out of—other things."

"Make it chiefly out of the fools, eh?"

They were becoming almost friendly.

"That market is always stocked," she said; and then, as though to divert her visitor from his renewed inspection of herself, went on: "The natives can't make anything as good as this Russian *chynik*."

His eyes, fascinated, seemed unable to leave her face; but when he said, "You've come a long way, I reckon," she lifted her eyes from the shining kettle, and he was instantly permeated by a sense of his boldness. But he grasped his courage in both hands: "A man does n't expect to find a woman—like you—up here in the arctic regions—off the main trail, too." She turned away and set down the glowing copper. "I feel I ought to apologize for hammering on your door like that."

She bowed her head gravely, and seemed to wait with dignified impatience for him to be gone.

"I rather think, from the way you soften your 's," he said, drawing on his mittens,

"that your home must be in the same part of the world that mine is."

"My home is here," she answered, and held the door for him to pass out. She seemed to him so wonderful, as she stood there, with the flood of firelight and candlelight shining on her tanned face and milk-white hair, that still he lingered.

"Will you let me come and see you to-morrow? I think we'd agree, after all, about the fish."

"You'll find the price here what I told you. Good-night."

And he was out in the wet snow with Antoshka, and Monica's door was closed.

"I'll go back in the morning, sure as a gun! Look here, Antoshka; where did Monica come from?"

Antoshka seemed to meditate.

"Some say—" he pointed significantly down—"Some say—" he hitched his head upward. "Me think—" Again he lifted chin and eyes to the windy sky.

Burnet smiled.

"How long she been here?" he asked.

"Oh-h-h—" Antoshka seemed lost in the mists of antiquity.

"Can't you remember?"

"Me? Oh, no."

"Was she here when you little chap?"

"Oh, yes."

"Your father he know when she came?"

"Oh, no."

"Monica no Indian?"

"No."

"Monica she white woman, eh?"

"No."

"What then, eh? No squaw, no white woman—what then?"

The Indian murmured in his own tongue some awe-struck syllables, looked apprehensively over his shoulder, and quickened his pace.

At the kachime he unloaded, paid over the fish, helped Burnet to feed the dogs, and crawled into the council-house after the white man.

The usual group sat behind the fire; there were the usual grunts on the entrance of the stranger. The A. C. agent and the colonel had "hustled" to some purpose. They had a supper fit for a king cooking at the kachime fire—fried fish, caribou stew, back-fat, beans, and tea and—marvel of civilization—bread!

"Where did you get that?" asked Burnet. But he did n't wait to hear; he broke

and ate, and poured down draughts of fragrant tea, and told of his visit to Monica. His companions did not seem as surprised as he expected.

"Oh, we've been hearing all about her," said the young man from Washington, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to the smoking, silent group of natives.

"Of course. They can tell us. I suppose it's she who's taught you English. How long she been here?"

"All the time," answered the oldest man there, a wizened fellow with iron-gray hair.

"By George!" said Burnet to his companions, "she does n't look older than that fellow!"

"He's younger than you think. You know they age early and die early in this climate. You almost never see a really old man—except the Shamáns: they have a soft thing of it and hang on."

"But what do they mean by saying she's always been here?"

"Well, as far as we can make out, Monica built this village. She came from a native settlement on the Yukon near the mouth of the Koyukuk."

"I'm sure she must be the one they say the old traders tell about. There used to be a half-breed woman up here."

"No; she's white," said Burnet.

"Well, she *may* have been white," said the agent, as though it were a thing that could be outlived; "but this one I mean used long ago to be a river-pilot, of all things, and a damn good pilot, too. Before there was much traffic—long before the A. C. Company built the big steamers and brought up Mississippi men to take charge—all the pilots on the Yukon were Indians, except—I've heard an old miner say—one woman up by Koyukuk, and she was the best of them all. Learnt it from the Indians, you know, and went 'em one better."

"Where did she come from?"

"Ask me another."

"What made her come here?"

"No feller knows, eh?" The A. C. agent appealed to the natives. They shook their heads and grunted in unison.

"Why did she leave the Yukon?"

"They say plague about cleaned out the settlement," the A. C. man explained. "She nursed 'em and doctored 'em, and brought those that pulled through up here, and made 'em build a new village."

"She seems to have the knack of getting some work out of the noble red lazy-bones," said the colonel; "makes 'em cut and haul her wood and bring her water; sends 'em out in squads to hunt and fish—is n't that what you said?" he called over his shoulder.

The old fellow, who seemed to know most English, nodded gravely.

"Monica heap mad if no plenty fish—no plenty caribou."

"Sends 'em to a summer camp on the Yukon when the salmon begin to run, and sends 'em up yonder in the hills for moose, and makes 'em bring everything to her. You remember those big caches up behind the settlement?"

"Yes."

"They're Monica's—chock-full o' grub, too. There's never been a famine in Monica's village." Among the native settlements a rare distinction, as every man there knew.

"She knows something about medicine as well, eh?" The colonel appealed again to the gray-haired native. Slowly he took his pipe out of his mouth and said:

"Yes, Monica cure all sick Indians. Monica take sick kids her house; make all well."

"That's the way she's got her hold, you see. That's why people of all sorts bring her offerings, apart from what she exacts for the general store. I should think, from what they say, she probably has the finest collection of furs and ivory in the North. Gold, too; bucketsful hid away somewhere under her house, eh?" The colonel appealed this time to a young buck sitting a little apart from his elders. The other natives grunted, "No," and turned angry eyes on the youth in disgrace—for a previous indiscretion, it would seem.

"Bucketsfull!" repeated the Washingtonian. "That's the way that kind of thing is always exaggerated."

"Yes," said the A. C. man, "when it is n't understated."

"I don't believe it; too far off the mines."

"I believe it," said Burnet.

"Why? Did you see—"

"I saw gold-scales on the table."

"There may be mines about here," said the A. C. man, sitting erect suddenly. "She would never tell." In a low voice he added: "The Indians, too, are getting to know—"

"Anyhow, the Birch Creek Diggins's can't be much farther one way than Kaltag is another. When a miner has wandered off the trail he'll empty out his sack o' dust quick enough to get a little grub."

"I did n't see any gold, but I saw a glorious Russian samovah," said Burnet; "and some copper things that shone like gold."

"Loot, very likely, from the Nulato massacre," said the young gentleman with the historic imagination.

"I can't find out," said the colonel, "whether she teaches these people to be Christians."

"I guess," said the agent, "she thinks she's got her hands full teachin' 'em to be men." He had been talking to the old native again. "They seem to have a vague idea of God, filtered through from Russian days, or imported, maybe, by some Indian strayed up here from the missions. Monica, they say, 'she no like it when the old people and the children pray to her!'"

The colonel looked shocked. "I wonder," said he, "how she got such a hold over them." Then, turning to the group at the back, he added: "Thought you bucks no think much of women?"

"Monica no woman."

"What is she, then?"

Long silence; then one of the younger men in the group said something in his own tongue that reminded Burnet of the sounds Antoshka had made under similar interrogation. The natives exchanged glances and nodded. The white men looked at one another and nodded, too, but with covert smiling.

"Well," said Burnet to the young gentleman from the capital, "I'm afraid, after all, it would n't cure your 'spoiled darlings' of their high notions if they came to Monica's village."

"They've just told you," he answered, "they don't obey her as a woman. In their eyes she's a sorceress."

"Every woman's a sorceress who does n't too diligently explain away her mystery," said the colonel, meditatively.

THE next morning the weather was pronounced too blizzly still, for men who had learned caution, to hit the trail again. Burnet was delighted. The moment he had swallowed his breakfast he made off and presented himself at Monica's door.

He stood there in the howling wind, knocking discreetly and discreetly waiting. Presently the old native with the grizzled hair came round from behind the house.

"I sell fish to-day," he said. "Come—"

"I want to see Monica."

"Monica no there."

"Where she gone?"

"Over—" he pointed northward.

"To the Jade Mountains," thought Burnet, smiling inwardly, "on a broom-stick." Aloud he said, "She no *walk*?"

"No. Monica got heap good dog-team."

"What she go for?"

"Metlahk's kid heap sick; Metlahk's kid die Monica no come."

"Monica gone to nurse a kid?"

The Indian nodded. "Gone with box."

"Oh, medicine. Does she often do that kind of thing?"

The native nodded.

"Man sick, squaw sick, anybody sick, Monica hitch up team, take box, and—" he motioned as if indeed she rode the air.

"When she be back?"

The Indian shook his head. "She get Metlahk's by moonrise."

"Not till to-night?"

"To-night, yes. Me no savvy how long kid sick."

"Monica stay till kid better?"

The man nodded. "Till kid better or till kid—" He shut up his eyes and dropped his lean jaw, a hideous image of the common doom.

Burnet turned back toward the kachime, bending before the sleet, but conscious of it more for this strange old woman's sake—this Monica of unknown story. He turned an instant and looked back at her house, seeing through the slanting, half-frozen snow a vivid vision of her, as she had stood at the door the night before, gaunt, forbidding, with that heavy drift of white hair on her head. Yes, she belonged to the North now, as she had said, and the North had set its seal upon her. The arctic snows had fallen upon this daughter of the South for too many winters ever to melt or yield to any sun of heaven to the end of time. Yet she had spoken as the lettered speak—like the women far away.

What did it mean? What lay behind? What "old, unhappy, far-off things," what "battles long ago," had made of this proud spirit a wanderer "on the trail"—one of those "who will never go home"? Whatever the story, whatever the original impulse that had driven this woman forth, out of her unwillingness to endure some lot so heavy and so evil, that the hard life up here was easy by the side of it—at all events, out of the strange, fierce battle that it must at first have been, had come for Monica peace with honor. For no woman on earth performs more faithfully the woman's task. Monica is healer, nurse, protector. Monica is prophetess, not foreseeing only: forestalling sickness, woe, and famine. Monica is Mother of her People.



RESPITE

BY MILDRED I. MCNEAL

COME, kindly sleep, from thy far home of peace,
And help me steal a little time from life
For happiness. The storm encroaches not
Where thou art—nor the ugliness of strife.

They war till death—these two strange souls of mine;
Their hate hath blackened yesterday—to-day.
Give me good Lethe's cup, thrice blessed sleep:
I will forget to-morrow while I may.



"AT LAST YOU WERE OFF"

GOIN' FISHIN'

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

IT was twenty feet long, and cost ten cents—a whole week's keeping-the-woodbox-filled wages. To select it from amid its sheaf of fellows towering high beside the shop entrance summoned all your faculties and the faculties of four critical comrades, assisted by the proprietor himself.

"That's the best of the lot," he encouraged, not uninfluenced by a desire to be rid of you.

So you planked down your money, and bore off the prize; and a beautiful pole it was—longer by three feet, as you demonstrated when they were laid cheek by jowl, than that of your crony Hen.

Forthwith you enthusiastically practised with it in the back yard, to show its capabilities, while the hired girl, impeded by its gyrations, fretfully protested that you were "takin' all outdoors."

Your father viewed its numerous inches and smiled.

You clothed it with hook and line, an operation seemingly simple, but calling for a succession of fearful and wonderful knots, and a delicate adapting of length to length.

Thereafter it always was ready, requiring no fitting of joint and joint, no adjustment of reel, threading of eye, and attaching of snell. In your happy-go-lucky ways you were exactly suited the one to the other.

During its periods of well-earned rest it reposed across the rafters under the peak of the woodshed, the only place that would accommodate it, although in the first fever gladly would you have carried it to bed with you.

HALF the hot summer afternoon Hen and you dug bait, for you and he were going fishing on the morrow. Had you been obliged to rake the yard as diligently as you delved for worms you would have been on the verge (for the hundredth time) of running away and making the folks sorry; but there is such a wide gulf betwixt raking a yard and digging bait that even the blisters from the two performances are totally distinct.

With a prodigality that indicated at the least a week's trip, you plied your baking-powder can—the cupboard was continually stripped of baking-powder cans, in those days—with long, fat angleworms and short, fat grubs; and topping them with dirt to

preserve their freshness, you set them away till the morning.

Then, with mutual promises to "be on time," Hen and you separated.

"I suppose," said father, gravely, to mother, across the table, at supper, "that I need n't order anything at Piper's [Piper was the butcher] for a few days."

"Why so?" asked mother, for the moment puzzled.

"We'll have fish, you know."

"Sure enough!" agreed mother, enlightened, and glancing at you. "Of course, Johnny's going fishing."

From your end of the table you looked keenly at the one and at the other and pondered. If the show of confidence in you was genuine, how gratified and proud you felt! But was it? Father went on soberly eating; mother, transparent soul, smiled at you, as if in reparation, and winked both eyes.

You grinned confusedly, and bent again to your plate. Yes, they were making fun of you. But who cared! And you had mental revenge in the thought that perhaps you'd *show* them.

You turned in early, as demanded by the strenuous day ahead. To turn you out no alarm-clock was necessary. The sun himself was just parting the pink hangings of the east, and on earth apparently only the roosters and robins were astir, when, with a hazy recollection of having fished all night, you scrambled to the floor and into your clothes.

Mother's voice sounded gently outside the door.

"Johnny?"

"Yes; I'm up."

"All right. I was afraid you might oversleep. Now be careful to-day, won't you, dear?"

Again you assured her. You heard her soft steps going back down the stairs. She never failed to make your rising her own, both to undertake that you should not be

disappointed and to deliver a final loving caution.

Your dressing, although accompanied by sundry yawns, was accomplished quickly, your attire for the day being by no means complicated. Your face and hair received what Maggie, the girl, would term "a lick and a promise," and kitchen-ward you sped.

To delay to eat the crackers and milk that had been provided was a waste of time; but you had been instructed, and so you gobbled them down. On the kitchen table was your lunch, tied in shape convenient to stow about your person. It was a constant fight on your part with mother to make her keep your lunches at the minimum. Had she her way, you would have traveled with a large basket; and be bothered with baskets and pails and things?

Upon the back porch, where you had stationed them in minute preparation, had been awaiting you all night the can of bait and the loyal pole. You seized them. Provisioned and armed, you ran into the open and looked expectantly for Hen.

From Hen's house came no sign of life. You whistled softly; no Hen. Your heart sank. Once or twice before Hen had failed you. Affairs at his house seemed to be not so systematized as at yours.

You whistled louder; no Hen. You called, your voice echoing along the still somnolent street.

"All right," suddenly responded Hen, sticking his head out of his window.

He was not even up!

You were disgusted. One might as well not go fishing as to start so late and have all the other fellows there first; and you darned "it" gloomily.

After seemingly an age, but with his mouth full and with other tokens of haste, Hen emerged from the side door.

"Bridget promised to call me and she forgot to wake up," he explained.



"JUST A BULLHEAD!"

Had Hen *your* mother, he would have been better cared for. But, then, households differ.

At last you were off, your jacket, necessary as a portable depository, balanced with lunch, and the can of worms snugly fitted into a pocket, over the hard-boiled eggs; your mighty pole, become through many pilgrimages a veteran, sweeping the horizon; and your gallant old straw, ragged of contour and prickly with broken ends, courting, like some jaunty, out-at-the-elbow, swash-buckler cavalier, every passing breeze.

As you and Hen hurried along, how you chattered, the pair of you, with many a brag and "I bet you" and bit of exciting hearsay! How big you were with expectations!

"By jinks! I pity the fish to-day!" bantered "Uncle" Jerry Thorne, hoe in hand in his garden patch, stiffly straightening to watch you as you pattered by.

You did not answer. Onward stretched your way. Moments were precious. Who could tell what might be happening ahead at the fishing-place? Busier cackled the town hens, into view rolled the town's sun, from town chimneys here and there idly floated breakfast smoke. The town was entering upon another day, but you—ah, you were destined afar and you must not stay.

To transport your pole, at times inclined to be unruly, with its line ever reaching out at mischievous foliage and its hook ever leaving butt or cork and angling for clothing, was an engineering feat demanding no slight ingenuity. The board walk, which later would be baking hot, so that the tender soles of barefooted little girls would curl and shrink and seek the grass, was gratefully cool, blotched as it was with dampness from the dripping trees. When the walk ceased, the road lay moist and velvety, the path was wet and cold, the fringing bushes spattered you with diamonds, and the lush turf, oozing between your toes, gave to your eager tread.

Rioted thrush and wood-pecker and all their feathered

cousins; higher into the silver-blue sky climbed the sun, donning anon his golden robes of state; one last impatient halt, to extract your hook from your coat collar, and now, your happy legs plashed knee over with dew and clinging dust, you had reached your goal.

You and Hen were not the first of the day's fishermen. As the vista of bank and water unfolded before your roving eyes you despaired a rival already engaged. By his torn and sagging brim, by his well-worn shirt, by his scarred and faded overalls, dragging about his ankles and dependent upon one heroic strap, you recognized a familiar. It was Snoopie—Snoopie Mitchell, who always was fishing, because he never had to ask anybody's permission.

Snoopie's flexible life appeared to you the model one.

"Hello, Snoop!" called you and Hen.

"Hello!" responded Snoopie, phlegmatically, desisting a moment from watching his cork, as he squatted over his pole.

"Caught anything yet?"

"Jus' come," vouchsafed Snoopie. "They ain't bitin' much. But yesterday—gee! you ought to 've been here yesterday!"

No doubt; that usually was the way when you had to stay at home.

You tugged your bait from its tight



"'BITIN' AGAIN!'"

lodgment; you peeled off your coat and tossed it aside as you would a scabbard; with feverish fingers, lest Hen should beat you, hopeful that you might even outdo Snoopie, you unwrapped your gallant pole of its line, and selecting a plump worm, slipped it, despite its protesting squirms, adown the hook.

The favorite stands at this resort were marked by their colonies of tinware—bait-cans cast away upon the grass and mud, some comparatively bright and recent, many very rusty and ancient, their unfragrant sighs horrifying the summer zephyrs. You sought your stand and threw in.

From his stand Hen also threw in.

An interval of suspense ensued. The placid water was full of delightful possibilities. What glided therein that *might* be caught! You besought your bobber with a gaze almost hypnotic; but the bobber floated motionless and obdurate.

"Snoopie's got a bite!"

At the announcement you darted apprehensive glances in Snoopie's direction. You were greedy enough to harbor the wish—but, ah!

"Snoopie's got one! Snoopie's got one!"

Snoopie's pole had energetically reared upward and backward, and, as if at its beckoning, something small, black, and glistening had popped straight out from the glassy surface before and had flown high into the brush behind.

Snoopie rushed after, and Hen and you discarded everything and rushed, too.

"Just a bullhead!"

So it was, and quite three inches long.

Snoopie ostentatiously strung it on a bit of cord and tethered it, at the water's edge, to a stake. Then he threw in again and promptly caught another.

Somehow, Snoopie invariably did this. He was lucky in more respects than one.

From each side Hen and you sidled toward him and put your bobbers as near his as you dared.

"G' wan!" objected Snoopie, with shrill emphasis. "What you kids comin' here for? Go find your own places. I got this first."

Presently, to your agony, Hen likewise jerked out an astonished pout.

"Ain't you had any bites yet?" he fired triumphantly at you.

"How deep you got your hook?" you replied.

Hen held his line so that you might see. To miss no chances, you measured accurately with a reed. Once more you adjusted your cork, moving it up a fraction of an inch, and you spat on your baited hook.

Again you threw in, landing your now irresistible lure the length of your pole and line from the shore.

"Quit your splashin'!" remonstrated Snoopie. "I had a dandy bite; an' you scared him away. Darn you! can't you throw in easy?"

The ripples caused by your bobber widened in concentric circles and died. You watched and waited. A kingfisher dived from his post upon a dead branch, and rising with a minnow in his bill to show you how easy it was, dashed away, laughing derisively.

With a quick exclamation, Hen swished aloft the tip of his pole.

"Golly! but I had a big nibble! He took the cork clear under!" he cried.

You wondered fiercely why *you* could n't have a nibble.

As if in answer to your mute prayer, your bobber quivered, spreading a series of little rings. An electric thrill leaped through your whole body, and your fingers tightened cautiously around the well-warmed butt, which they had been caressing in vain.

"I've got a bite! I've got a bite!" you called gleefully.

Hen and Snoopie turned their faces to witness what might take place.

Then your cork was stricken with intermittent palsy, and then it staggered and swung as though it had a drop too much. Your sporting blood afame, you bided the operations of the rash meddler who was causing this commotion.

The cork tilted alarmingly, so that the water wetted it all over. With a jump and a burst of pent-up energy (no cat after a mouse could be quicker), you whipped the heavens with your great pole; but only an empty hook followed after.

"Shucks!" you lamented.

"Aw, you jerked too soon!" criticized Snoopie.

"Darn him! he ate all my bait, anyhow!" you declared. "See?"

With utmost speed you fitted another

worm and very smoothly let down exactly in the same spot.

Scarcely had the cork settled when it resumed its erratic movements. Its persecutor, whatsoever he might be, was a persistent chap.

"Bitin' again?" inquired Snoopie, noting your strained attitude.

You abandoned your pole; you plunged after him. Upon hands and knees you wallowed and grappled with him. With fish instinct, he was wriggling for the deeps and safety. You grasped him. He slid through your clutch. You grabbed at him again and obtained a pinching hold on his tail. He broke the hold and was off.



"IT'S NOTHIN' BUT A SNAG!"

You nodded; the moment was too vital to admit of conversation.

"I got him! I got him! I—"

You had exulted too soon. Out like a feather you had whisked the meddlesome fellow, but in mid-air, unable to maintain the sudden pace, he parted company with the impaling steel. Down he dropped, and while the lightened hook went on without him he dived into the shallows where mud meets water.

"Get him!" shrieked Snoopie.

"Get him!" shrieked Hen.

Desperately you scooped up the slime. Once more you had him. He stabbed you with his needle-like spines, but you flinched not. You hurled him inshore and tore after, not allowing him an instant's respite.

There! He lay gasping upon the drier bank. He had lost, and out of his one pigish eye not plastered shut he signaled surrender.

Of the two parties to the wrestle you were much the muddier.

"How big?" queried Hen, anxiously.

"Oh, 'bout as big as the first one Snoop caught," you replied, which was strictly the truth.

You devoted a few seconds to squeezing your pricked thumb; then pleasantly aware that several new arrivals were viewing your success, you gingerly strung him and deposited him, thus secured, in his native element. Here he flopped a moment, but finding his efforts useless, sulked out of sight.

You baited up; you were more contented.

Two pole-lengths from shore occurred a quick splash and a swirl.

"Gee!" burst simultaneously from the three of you; and you stared with wide eyes at the spot where the bubbles were floating.

"What was that?" ejaculated Hen.

"A big bass, I bet you," averred Snoopie. Nobody—within your memory, at least—ever had actually caught a "big bass" in these haunts, but upon various occasions, such as the present one, he had made himself known. To doubt his existence was heresy. He was here; of course he was. Nearly to see him was an exploit accomplished by many; nearly to catch him was accomplished by only a few less; but really to haul him out had been accorded to none.

In the meantime he cruised about, in his mysterious way, and now and then made a rumpus on the surface, to wring a tribute of hungry "Gees!" from the astounded spectators of his antics.

You gripped closer your pole and barely breathed. Perhaps he was heading in your direction; perhaps, at last, he would accept your worm, and, glory! *you* would be the boy to carry him through town, and home! Could anything be more deliriously grand?

On the other hand, misery! perhaps he was heading for Snoopie or Hen. However, he might turn aside.

Silence reigned; the atmosphere was tense with expectation. Another swirl, a small one, off a brush-pile nearer the shore, just to your left. Cautiously you tiptoed down there and craftily introduced your tempting hook.

The cork vibrated. For an instant you lost your breath. The cork dipped. You

poised, rigid but alert, daring to stir not even a toe. The cork righted, dipped again, and slowly, calmly sank into the pregnant depths.

Furiously you struck. Your good pole bent and swayed. You were wild with excitement.

"Say! Look there! Look at John!" exclaimed Hen.

"Hang on to him! Don't let him get away!" bawled Snoopie.

Spurred by your down-curving pole and your violent endeavors, they scampered madly to your succor.

"Don't you give him slack!" instructed Snoopie. "He'll get loose!"

"Don't bust the pole, either!" warned Hen.

As for you, you were fighting with all your strength. The line was taut, sawing the water, as valiantly you hoisted with the writhing tip. Your antagonist yielded a few inches, only to demand them back again. You were in deadly fear lest the hook would not hold. You hoped that he had swallowed it. But who might tell?

At any rate, you were determined that he should not have a vestige more of line if *you* could help it.

"Can you feel him?" asked Hen.

"Uh huh," you panted affirmatively.

"Gimme the pole," ordered Snoopie.

You shook your head. You wanted to do it all yourself.

Little by little, in response to the relentless leverage that you exerted, your victim was being dragged to the surface. Higher and higher was elevated your pole, and the wet line followed. The cork appeared and left the water. Victory was almost yours, but you would not relax.

"It's nothin' but a snag!" denounced Snoopie.

You would not believe. It was—if it was not the big bass, it was something else wonderful.

A second—and up through the heaving area upon which were fixed your eyes broke a black stem. Swifter it exposed itself, and suddenly you had hoisted into the sunlight an ugly old branch, soaked and dripping, wrenching by your might from the peaceful bed where it long had lain.

Amid irritating jeers you swung it to shore.

"Well, I *had* something all right—and

it was a bass, too ; and he snagged my hook on me. He took the bobber under in less 'n no time, I tell you!" you argued defensively.

That was a favorite trick of the "big bass" and other prodigies of these waters — to be almost caught and to escape by cleverly snagging the hook.

Hen and Snoopie returned to their stations. You ruefully twisted your hook from the rotten wood and tried in a new place for bullheads.

You tired of this location and changed to a log; and tiring of the log, you changed to a rock; and tiring of the rock, you changed to a jutting bank; and tiring of the bank, you waded into the shallows, where, at least, the flies could not torment your legs. In the course of your wanderings your can toppled; you snatched at it, but it evaded you, gurgled, and gently sank beneath. You borrowed bait from more or less unwilling brethren, or appealed to the most respectable of the riffraff cans scattered about. From the zenith the sun glared down upon your neck, and from the water the sun glared up into your face, and neck and face waxed red and redder; turtles poked their heads forth and in-

spected you; and dragon-flies darted at your bobber and settled upon it, giving you starts as you thought for an instant that you had a bite. You pricked your fingers on the "stingers" of vengeful victims, and you cut your feet on tin and shell and sharp root and branch; you luxuriously dined on butter-soaked bread and saltless eggs (the salt being spilled), and you drank of water which, in these scientific later days, we know with horror to have been alive with deadly bacilli; and Snoopie, lying on his back, with his hat over his eyes, tied his line to his big toe and went to sleep.

Finally, spotted with mud and mosquito-bumps, scarlet with burn and bristling with experiences, in the sunset glow homeward you trudged, over your shoulder your faithful pole, and your hapless spoil, ever growing drier and dustier and more wretched, dangling from your hand.

"Mercy, John! What *do* you bring those home for!" expostulated mother, from a safe distance surveying your catch, none thereof longer than a clothes-pin.

"Why, to eat," you explained. And she fried them for you, her very self.



"YOU LUXURIOUSLY DINED"





Drawn by C. D. Williams. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

THE REGRESSION OF PROFESSOR SLOCUM

BY HERBERT D. WARD

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. WILLIAMS

PROFESSOR DUFFIELD SLOCUM sat under the soft light of the old-fashioned student-lamp. His lean hands were folded across his waistcoat. His spectacles were balanced upon his brow. His eyes were shut, revealing dark caverns above the lids. A green pamphlet lay turned down upon his knees. From his bald head the reflected light gleamed almost like an aureole. The professor was in a trance of speculation.

Beside him his wife sat sewing contentedly. Her placid, full face beamed with serenity. Their years together were approaching the golden age, and she was

perfectly happy. Is there any greater joy in life than to grow old in satisfied love? From time to time she cast at her husband a quick glance of appreciation, and then went on with her work. Only years of absolute married trust can engender such glances, needing no running accompaniment of explanation.

Coming to a bit of hemstitching that needed more light, she arose softly, so as not to disturb the dreamer, and started to move the lamp nearer. As she did so, she glanced straight down upon her husband's pate. There seemed to be a little shadow upon it that looked like soot. She bent

closer, for although he was always busy in his laboratory and usually more or less smutched or spattered while at work, she had never known him to seek her presence in a state of personal untidiness. As she peered, the general smut resolved itself into unmistakable form. With a cry, whether of delight or of fear, she put her dimpled hand upon the professor's shoulder and shook him so violently that his glasses dropped to the bridge of his nose.

"Wake up!" her voice came hoarsely. "Oh, Duffy! There is fuzz coming out on the top of your head!"

"Good Lord, Abbie! what is the matter with you?" Professor Duffield Slocum straightened up with a start, and glanced apprehensively and then severely at his wife. Never before had that peaceful woman exhibited such energy; nor, it might be said, such independence.

But Mrs. Slocum was not to be hushed by the looks or the tone that used to quell the serried ranks of lawless students.

"Duffy dearest, put your hand up yourself, and feel."

"Are you crazy, Abbie?"

"There!" For answer she lifted his limp hand and deposited it palm down upon his crown. "There! What did I tell you? There is fuzz on the top of your head."

The professor passed his hand over his bald pate with the delicate touch of a scientist whose finger-tips are sensitive to sensations. He passed it over experimentally, then critically. As his trained fingers felt unmistakable signs of new hair, his face became a study in wonder. To his mind there could be no effect without a cause. Here was a marvel, if not a miracle, worth the absorption of his great intellect. For the first time in twenty years he felt hair on the top of his head. How did it get there? He looked at his wife in dismay. How could he account for it to her?

"Duffy dearest," said Mrs. Slocum, with an engaging smile, putting her plump arms around his neck, "you had better own up and tell me the kind of wash you have been using. This is so sudden! You ought to have warned me. And it's black—just the color it used to be when we were young together. Oh, Duffy!"

But the professor stared ahead, trying to correlate the experiences of the last three months. Could it be that this fuzz, as his

wife called it, was the evidence of a new force—the result of his latest experiments?

Professor Duffield Slocum was professor emeritus of physical science in one of the leading scientific institutions of the country. He was a corresponding member of all the royal societies on the other side of the water, and none had made greater discoveries and strides than he in the science of electricity. It was he who, while a young man, in 1853, increased the spark in the secondary by a condenser in the primary. Later it was he who passed the spark through a vacuum, and thus won European recognition. By exhaustive experiments, he calculated that the conductivity of gas estimated per molecule is about ten million times that of an electrolyte. This monumental calculation alone raised him to the front rank of electrical physicists. It was he who discovered a dust portrait on glass. But, above all, and standing out like a crag among electrical achievements, it was Professor Slocum who made the first discovery of the cathode rays. This he communicated in a letter to his friend Hittorf, who in turn told Crookes about them.

In a short paper delivered in 1888 Professor Slocum stated that before six years physicists would have to deal with a fourth state, which might be called "radian electricity." Thus he anticipated the dramatic discovery of Roentgen, as well as the demonstrations of Tesla.

It was once said of Professor Slocum that most of the notable and dramatic electrical novelties of the age were almost wholly due to his suggestion. To Professor Pupin he suggested the "relay," which was the same as presenting him with a huge fortune. To Edison he wrote: "When you have finished your exhaustive experiments you will find that no substance will exceed calcic tungstate in the power of fluorescence." We all remember Edison's discovery.

Possessing, through his wife, a sufficient fortune to maintain a private laboratory that occupied the whole attic of his house, Professor Slocum had the old-fashioned New England shrinking from fame or from the notoriety that inevitably accompanies the discoverer. Besides, he was such a lover of science that when he wrested another secret from nature's firm grasp he considered that it belonged to mankind



Drawn by C. D. Williams. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'DUFFIELD!' SHE CRIED, 'WHAT IS IT? THIS IS AWFUL! OH, TAKE ME AWAY!'"

without the payment of a premium to the discoverer. In this simple, beautiful way, how often had he spurned fortune, content to be on intimate terms with his wife and those elemental forces that are of fundamental importance to human living! Married love was his vocation; devotion to his electrical pursuits was his avocation. So it happened that in his seventy-fifth year he had almost entered into that mysterious fourth state of which he speculated, and had become radiant matter himself.

"It cannot be, can it? Great heavens! Can it?" The professor started at the possibility that his intense thought suggested. "If it were so—" He stopped and gave his wife the tender look of a man who has lived in accord nearly fifty years with one woman until she has become thoroughly harmonized with his nature.

"What is it, Duffy? Tell it all to me. I'll try to understand." Mrs. Slocum sank upon the floor, put her arms around her husband's legs, and rested her head upon his knee, just as she had always done since their marriage. The great advantage of a childless family is that one is apt to continue the endearments of youth until one is confronted with death. Mrs. Slocum's happiest hours had been thus spent at her husband's feet, where, year after year, she had listened to the succeeding accounts of his many experiments. She did not always understand him; all the more reason, she thought, for considering Duffy the greatest man of his age.

"You see, deary,"—the professor laid his nervous hand lovingly upon his wife's gray head and patted her as he spoke,—"I have been giving the last six months to the X-rays."

"Oh, Duffy!" His wife bobbed her head up with the enthusiasm of a young girl. "I do wish we could start all over again. You are so splendid, and there is so much work to do; and you are *the* man in the world to do it."

"Nonsense, Abbie!" The professor's pallid face flushed with pleasure over his wife's appreciation. "I have almost done my work, and I have had my share of recognition. Why dream?" While he had his wife he could look fearlessly toward the grave. Nevertheless, he closed his eyes and imagined himself once more a young man, his young wife by his side, entering with the enthusiastic ardor and

faith that only fresh blood can give, yet with his present subtlety and equipments, into a series of important or even vital experiments that would take years to consummate. Which one of us does not dream of living his own life over again, with the plus quantity of his own experience? After a few moments of this pleasant reverie, the professor awoke and proceeded with the sententiousness of a class-room lecturer:

"Ever since I found out that the radiation emitted by uranium salts affects the photographic plates, but cannot be seen, I have been studying the question of light that is invisible and that gives out no heat. This is the great problem of the future physicist. This investigation into the nature of light naturally led me into an exhaustive study of the cathode and the X-rays. You have seen many of my experiments, and I do not need to explain to you that the cathode rays are formed in the Crookes tube. These rays respond to many of the tests of light. They can be deflected by a magnet, but they will not pass through the glass of the tube. But the X-rays are different. To come to my final experiment, which may revolutionize medical science,—I do not say that it will,—let me explain more minutely about the mysterious Roentgen or X-rays, as they are called."

"Have n't you shown them to me?" Mrs. Slocum raised her head from his knee, and looked up at her husband adoringly. She was trying her best to understand.

"Yes, dearest; but as this may become a matter of mutual experiment, I want to tell you over again. These X-rays start from a surface within the Crookes tube upon which the cathode rays strike. Platinum is most extensively used to generate these rays; but after my experiments upon invisible light I began to use uranium with wonderful results. Now what is the peculiarity of this strange X-something that is induced? That these X-rays are not light is evident. They cannot be reflected, refracted, or in any way interfered with. They penetrate all substances in a greater or lesser degree. The X-ray has the energy to cure cancer or lupus, to distinguish between real and paste gems, to locate bullets, and to do what might be called mysterious tasks. Among other things, it has the power of revivifying dying matter. The X-ray derived from uranium has this latter quality in a marked degree. Medical

science is using this power in a new way every week."

The professor stopped and moistened his lips, while his eyes grew bright and young.

"Now, dearest," he proceeded with animation, "I come to the crux of the whole

"Duffy, did you discover radium yourself first, and never told me anything about it?" Mrs. Slocum raised her head and looked up at her husband in mock severity.

The professor smiled indulgently. "No, sweetheart,"—he spoke softly, as to a bride,



Drawn by C. D. Williams. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"*THUS THE TWO, UNDER THE SPELL OF A SCIENTIFIC MARVEL,
REPASS THEIR HONEYMOON*"

matter. It occurred to me that if I could find a substance that far surpasses uranium in those peculiar qualities, I might create an irresistible radiant energy. And this substance I have discovered in radium."

"Radium? I have never heard of that. Is it a new element?"

"Radium is the most marvelous element in nature. It emits visible light without diminution of energy. Pure radium salt will melt more than its own weight of ice perhour without losing potency or strength. It is vital as life, permanent as the sun, mysterious as a god."

—"I wrote five years ago to my friend, Professor Curie of Paris, and suggested that there was an element missing in the series, and described what properties it should have, and how it might be found. He has a wonderful wife, and between them they have made the discovery that will immortalize them, I hope. But, in recognition of my suggestion, they sent me a piece of radium as large as a buck-shot. With this I have recently been experimenting."

"You always want others to get in ahead of you, Duffy," replied his wife, dreamily.

"I don't believe that there is another man like you anywhere."

"Not a bit of it, deary. One man can't do everything. I experiment, and see what ought to be done, and know my own limitations, and make suggestions where they belong. But this radium—it is the most marvelous substance in nature yet found. Its rays have many of the photographic, deadly, and curative properties of the X-rays. It constantly projects into space streams of corpuscles at the speed of one hundred thousand miles per second, and yet, with the expenditure of this titanic energy, there is no exhaustion of the properties so mysteriously stored in the marvelous metal. What is it? Perpetual motion? Perpetual life? If a man entered a room containing a pound of radium he would undoubtedly be blasted to death. By the equally mysterious laws of homeopathy, will an infinitesimal amount of the metal renew the youth? My dearest,"—the professor's voice sank to a whisper,—"instead of platinum or uranium I have been using radium within the Crookes tube, and the X-rays I have produced are such as science never dreamed of. Come and see!"

Trembling as if she were on the threshold of a new fate, the wife followed her aged husband. He did not walk like an old man. In a dazed way she noticed the elasticity of his step, the erectness of his carriage, the youthful poise of his head. What did this all mean? Was it the elation due to a new discovery, or had—She did not finish the thought, for at the door of the laboratory her husband stopped, waiting for her slower steps, and then, taking her by the hand, drew her into the dark room.

"Oh, Duffy, turn on the light!" Mrs. Slocum cried out, almost in hysteria, overwrought as she was by the events of the evening.

"Quiet, dear, and watch!" The professor's hand tightened on hers lovingly, and his voice comforted her with gentle assurances. Even as she wondered anew she felt a glow stealing around her, radiating from some unknown source, and lifting, one might say, the blackness of the night into the mystery of a dawn. It was as if a thousand Japanese fireflies were yielding up their lives in one last gleam of cold phosphorescence. She took a step forward,

and there burst into view the source of this strange luminosity.

"Duffield!" she cried, "what is it? This is awful! Oh, take me away!"

"Yes," said the professor, quietly; "that is radium. There! I'll put this mask on your face—so. You see I have one, too. Now look at it. We can go a little nearer now." He led his wife to a chair, and placed her tenderly in it. "That is all the radium there is in the United States. It is probably worth over fifty thousand dollars as it is. You see it reposes in a cup in the Crookes tube. On the lower side it is connected with the anode. Above, the cathode rays can be trained against it. Now let me start the gas-engine." The *chuck, chuck* of the engine was quickly answered by the sparkling whir of the static machine. The room seemed now full of lightning, while sharp reports followed one another in quick succession, until they were lost in one stream of rapid-fire artillery.

"Now, Abbie dearest,"—the professor bent over his wife,—"don't tremble! Trust me. It is perfectly safe. I am now going to connect the current with the Crookes tube. Don't jump or move. What you will feel cannot hurt you. Are you ready?"

Mrs. Slocum was not by nature a brave woman. Born into luxury and brought up a society butterfly, she had imperceptibly preferred the seclusion of a dear home to a life of fashion. When she gave her husband her hand and her fortune, she unconsciously accepted his simplicity and high ideals, and conformed to them with a pleasure that had often surprised her. She was a very affectionate and a very timid woman. These qualities often go hand in hand. So, while she had frequently of late years stolen into the sacred precincts of the laboratory for a moment or so, nothing could induce her to stay and witness weird electrical experiments. She preferred to have her husband describe them downstairs when the gas was well turned up. So, for her to stay perfectly still at this time was certainly a test of courage of the highest order, and this the professor appreciated. With a last tender pressure of the hand, Professor Slocum left his wife and went to the switch. For an instant he stood uncertain. He did not know how the woman would stand the shock of the wonderful vision.

"All ready, Abbie," he said gently. He pulled the lever down, and with the spring of a young man was immediately at her side.

Suddenly the place where she sat and he stood was flooded with a light such as no mortal ever saw before. One should not call it light—rather an irresistible power. It seemed to reverse all the ordinary laws of physics. It was not that you saw it: it was that it saw *you*; it felt you. With a seeming intelligence that was monstrous, it estimated you. It streamed into you; it passed through you. It was like the fire of an almighty eye, that searched the marrow rather than scorched the body; that attacked all waste and disease, and drove them out by the inexorable power of command. Like dioxygen, which foams at the contact with dying tissue, so this gleaming, godlike force fought battles with death and drove it headlong from the domain of the body. It was as if one were bathed in a fountain of divine fire, and so born again into eternal youth. Caressed by this cold, luminous energy, from the insistent rays of which nothing in the human frame could be hidden, you felt for the first time the meaning of the words, "the omniscient eye of God."

If the radium ray can look through platinum and granite as through glass, how can we expect a dark closet to hide us from the Almighty? When a knife cuts through you, you know it, even if the pain is not all there at once. In the same way these two people, on the threshold of a new force, knew in some way—who can explain how?—that these rays of radium pounced upon their nerves, their tissues, their vitals, like beings; tore out the dying, left the living behind, and then passed on.

For fully ten minutes Professor Slocum and his wife endured this beneficent bombardment. Tingling, dazed, ecstatic, intoxicated, frightened, mad with joy, they dimly understood and accepted their fate.

Leaving the little globule of radium gleaming mysteriously in the darkness, they returned to their own room below.

"Abbie,"—the professor took his wife upon his knee; she no longer looked old to him; her color was fresh and youthful, and her eyes as dancing as a girl's, but as serious as a woman's,—"will you share this great discovery with me?"

"Do you think, do you really believe?" She passed her hand over his head.

"Yes," he said, "I believe I have discovered, without understanding what it is, the principle of eternal youth. Anybody would call me mad. But I have never made a statement without pretty good authority. At any rate, it must be tested thoroughly and scientifically. If there is anything in it, and youth comes, we must grow young together. Will you?"

"Oh, Duffy! What a question! Why, it will be the dearest thing in the world. I have always wanted to start over again with *you*. It would be so different. Just think what you can do. I don't suppose we ought to speak about it."

"On no account, dearest. No one must suspect the discovery until it is proved by actual scientific experiment, and then—and then—we'll see!"

They looked at each other hungrily.

"Oh, Duffy! You've lost that wrinkle under your eyes!"

"And you—you have none at all! But just wait six months, and then we *can* compare notes. You had better turn in now," he added dreamily.

"But I can't sleep! I never can again!"

"You'll have to. Good night. I sha'n't talk any more. I want to collect my thoughts."

And, like a good wife, she let him. She was one of the few women who understand that a man does not necessarily stop loving when he wants to think alone.

Only a specialist on nervous diseases would have believed that such madness could overtake such sane people. The most masterful poise overtopples at the sight and sudden possession of enormous wealth. Strong men have wept like children when the doctor's verdict has restored their lost hope and given them the promise of life and health. Think, then, how, in this cold, unimaginative, scientific twentieth century, an aged saint would behave under the proved promise of his restored youth!

Three times a day these two stealthily repaired to the attic laboratory, locked the door, and bathed themselves in the potent and inexplicable rays that streamed from that little globule of radium. There it glowed like the sun of the morning, giving up everything, losing nothing, an inconceivable, paradoxical force, a vibrant, rejuvenating reality.

It is said that a diet of absolutely pure

food restores the beautiful pink color to the cheeks: so the rays of radium restored day by day the glow of youth to our two friends. They could no longer be called aged. In that this agent differed from the common X-ray, that burns and sears and turns the patient a sickly lavender, even as it heals. But these mysterious rays were entirely beneficent, like the good fairy of our childhood's tale.

"I think we had better dismiss the servants. They will not understand the change." Mrs. Slocum made this suggestion one evening some weeks later, as she passed her hand lovingly over her husband's bushy black head. "They are already talking. I am strong enough to do everything myself. We will have chafing-dish parties, and I will do all the cooking."

The professor looked down at his wife like a happy boy. He no longer needed spectacles. The skin of his forehead was soft. He was plump over and under the eyes, and pink in the cheeks. He looked like a man of forty, marvelously preserved. He stood straight; his hands had lost their knotted, veined appearance, and were velvety to the touch. As for his wife, she did not look thirty. Buxom, blooming, handsome, she seemed like a withered Jacqueminot, that, having been put in water, by some strange alchemy has become a fragrant bud once more, a re-creation, a miracle.

The professor nodded happily. "Do as you will; you are an adorable cook. I think we had better take our outings evenings after this." He stopped and hesitated. "Eh—I—"

"What is it, Duffy? Anything wrong?" With the unerring intuition of a young loving woman, she caught his arm.

"Tell me truly, did I go out to lecture this morning? It seemed as if I had given my lecture on thunder-storms to the junior class."

Clinging, the two looked at each other, strained, appealing, as if questioning the meaning of an onrushing fate.

"Yes," the woman spoke slowly, with closed eyes. "I know you were not, but I *thought* you were. What does it mean? I have n't said anything, but I seem to be reliving my old life in thought. Somehow, the past, when we were old together, is slipping away from me. Oh, Duffy! I am living over what I thought was gone, not in

reality, but here—here!" She put both hands up to her head and questioned her husband with an agonized stare. "And now—now—" she proceeded—"it has come to you!"

For some minutes they stood, their eyes turned away, fixed upon this fateful phase of their vital regression. What would the future bring? Only the old. And where was the old? Going as if under the hammer of an inexorable auctioneer.

"And I, too—" Professor Slocum took his wife into his arms tightly—"I, too, am living over the past, passively, if not actively. I know I am. This rejuvenation is like a dream. I don't know—whether—ah, but we must, for the sake of science, of humanity, we must let our radium lead us where it will. But I have you, and we have each other—for always."

"Yes, my darling." Their lips met in a long loving kiss, one that had been almost forgotten. "Yes—for always!"

MYSTICISM, charlatany, and fiction have never tired of dealing with the elixir of youth. The Wandering Jew was the prototype of these fanciful hopes. But in no case did the quest include *mental* minority with physical youth. That was a possibility never dreamed of. The wisdom of a sage, the experience of a centenarian—these were the paradoxes of an untrained faith. But now Science steps in, and in her logical and mysterious way decrees that if the body grows young the mind rejuvenates at the same time. It is in the heart of every man to dream of the fount of eternal youth, but not of eternal youthfulness. Until his mind had begun obviously to retrogress, this possibility had never occurred to Professor Slocum.

As it was, he could no longer read his scientific pamphlets with understanding. Problems in physics that used to be but reflex actions of his trained mind were now incomprehensible figures of speech. One by one he forgot the use of the complicated pieces of apparatus with which his laboratory was stored. At a tremendous rate his mind was simplifying. Each day was detracting weeks from his mental attainments. He knew this fact, and trembled before it. He was in danger of becoming nothing but a healthy animal.

Mental growth is hardly appreciable, like that of a tree. Before we realize it,

we know. The professor now realized that he did *not* know what he used to. His previous attainments were rapidly becoming nebulous phantoms of a receding memory. In a way too hurried to describe in detail, he was reversing all his processes of thought. When he was not bathed in radium, he was dreaming back his past life at express speed, and in proportion as his body was recovering its prime. But somehow he did not forget how to start the gas-engine that was connected with his static machine, that in turn was wired to the Crookes tube. That was mechanical. In fact, in their physical delirium the two increased their radium baths to five a day. They were growing young at a rate so much faster than that with which they grew old that it needed a proper instrument to record the process.

Their rejuvenescence now began to be noticeable in the relation of the couple to each other. People who are married a long time either grow alike or grow apart. There is seldom a middle ground. Starting with unlike temperaments, with hardly a taste in common, with nothing but love to weld them together, our friends had achieved union. It had taken years of tact, of unselfishness, of mutual agreement, to outgrow a mental confusion that might have been fatal unless it had been well ordered and controlled. At the time of his great discovery Professor Slocum and his wife were in perfect accord. But now, in spite of an overwhelming love, they were growing apart. The lady forgot that she loved her husband's after-dinner pipe. She now began to sniff and criticize and flounce out of the room. On the other hand, Slocum, in the strenuous vigor of his youth, was not so tender with his wife's intellectual shortcomings as he had been some weeks ago. As her understanding became less, his tolerance decreased. The dovetailed structure of a long life was being pulled apart, and sometimes with a wrench that caused terrible burnings of the heart. Oh for the old days of lenity and peace and content! They were understanding each other less and less, and there was an awful threat on the horizon that the time might soon come when they would not understand each other at all. To the ignorant young, love is but a crimson chalice to be drained at a draught; but to the old, love is the complete harmony of two thoughts, and therein

lies the only content. The strange lives of these two people became now an intellectual reversion of experience—love the only sheet-anchor left of their ancient days.

"It seems to me, Duffy, as if we had been married only a few weeks." Mrs. Slocum leaned heavily upon her husband's stanch arm. They had just left the laboratory, and the blood leaped in their veins, and their skin glowed with youth and the ecstasy of life. It was in the heat of the summer, and they were walking alone upon the boulevard; the moon was shining brilliantly, mocking the electric lights. People turned and watched the young couple as they passed. They walked with such vigor; they were so unjaded and so unconscious of the stifling heat. He was tall and fair and slender, with clean-cut, intellectual features that gave promise of a noble future. She was a bonny brunette, a bit coquettish, with the quick, warm, active expression of a vivacious yet tender individuality. True, they looked a little old-fashioned, but therefore all the more distinguished. It was rumored that the aged Professor Slocum and his wife had gone on a Continental trip, leaving their nephew and his young wife to run the house in their absence. The exclusiveness of this young couple was condoned on account of their recent marriage. All social gauderie is pardonable within six months of a honeymoon.

The professor looked down upon his wife and squeezed her hand boyishly. "It does n't seem as if we had been married ten days, my own. Oh, what a glorious thing it is to be alive—with *you*!"

The young lady blushed and turned her head aside with the modesty of one who considers such speeches almost improper.

"I could stay out here forever," she whispered. This sentiment the young man bent his head rapturously to catch. There was very little of the intellectual in their faces at this moment. Science, the glory of achievement, the making of a great name, or even of a happy home—these thoughts fled before the insistent fact of a love just grasped and but recently expressed.

Thus the two, under the spell of a scientific marvel, repassed their honeymoon. They were living over those rapturous days again, accompanied by every remembered adjunct but time and locality.

But these discrepancies were unimportant, if indeed they were noticeable, for young Slocum and his wife were living out what was to them a tremendous reality. After all, what is environment but the shifting background of the picture of life? The ever vital and rejuvenating rays of radium could make life recessional, but not the world in which we live. At this to them ecstatic period the one cry of the ages had been at last answered. They lived their lives over again! Ah, bliss! What ineffable rapture! It seemed as if an eternity of joy were spread before them.

A few days after, they awoke early and looked at each other in the dim dawn. A feeling of suffocation overcame them. Dread and rapture struggled for the mastery. Inexorably hurried back across the past they had traveled so laboriously and so long, they instinctively knew that they had come at last to within a few hours of their wedding day. In the professor's wildest fantasies or maddest imagination, it had never occurred to him that the logic of regression included his marriage ceremony.

Where were the witnesses? Where was the joyous company? Long since dead. But to his mental experience, which was as vital and real as the preliminary action in which his dead relatives and friends played so conspicuous a part, the ghosts came flitting back, reclothed themselves, and the present was as indisputable as the past. This was no mania, no hallucination. It was reality. It was the sentence passed upon any one who had tampered with the greatest scientific mystery of the age. The laws of force may seem magical, but, when understood, they are noted in our commonplace book.

"We are to be married"—the bride blushed and hid her face—"we are to be married to-night. I knew it must be so. And then! and then!"

"Yes, yes, darling; but just think of our courting!"

"But, dearest, we won't have each other then! We can't, don't you see? We would n't be married."

"Don't worry about that, Abbie. That does n't seem possible, does it?"

"But, dear heart, we did n't know each other very long before we were married, not more than three or four weeks. It was very hurried, don't you remember?"

"Yes—I suppose so."

"And then," persisted his young wife, clinging desperately to her intuition—"what then?"

"Abbie, I will *not* be tortured. Hurry up and dress. It is early yet, and we can get in an extra sitting in the laboratory."

Blinded by the passion that overtakes every one who seeks for the fount of eternal youth, Slocum pushed his wife's arms aside and left her weeping alone.

HAND in hand the young couple sat shivering as those penetrating rays, whose god-like powers were now exploited for the first time, wrenched from their grasp the last moments of a happy married life. Those countless eons of force streamed into them with sardonic serenity. Had they not fulfilled the divine promise of youth? Only a demon could have stung their joy by exacting the limitation of the mind as he restored the functions of the body. Shall a compensating penalty overtake the rash soul that lifts the veil and dares to cheat nature of her infallible laws? And ever that white element glowed phosphorescent, rejuvenating, triumphant. Metals can be poisoned; they are subject to contagion; they waste and die. May not radium understand? Can it be a reincarnation? In it are pent energies that have many qualities of the Creator and are eternal.

Mr. and Mrs. Slocum had not sat many minutes in the laboratory when, as if impelled by the same thought, they jumped to their feet and moved from out the radius of the rays. They could not bear the promise of the awful power. The man bent down and looked eagerly into the girl's face, as if impressing its features upon a vacillating mind. With a hurried gesture the young wife responded by putting her hand to his face, like a blind person groping. Then with a cry she fled down-stairs. Stupidly he followed her. When he arrived at her door he found it locked. Slocum knocked loudly.

"No, no!" a sobbing voice answered as if muffled. "You cannot come in. I don't know. I cannot tell. But I feel that we are not married. No matter. I can never let you in again."

With a groan, the young man went into his own study. The books that once spoke to him with meaning were silent. Something snapped within. For a moment the fog of his past life, his achievements and

his happiness, lifted, and then closed impenetrably about him. In that brief period of illumination he knew that he had the legal right to take the woman in his arms, to comfort her and call her his own. For the life of him he could not do it. A commanding power held him back.

The days passed by confusedly. When the lights were turned low he found himself impelled to kiss the girl who seemed so strangely to be living alone in the same house with him. But, to his horror, he found that he knew her less and less, and that caresses became more and more infrequent. They were drifting rapidly, irrevocably apart.

It seemed now as if they had but recently met, and they chatted of the little nothings that go to make up the shallow joy of youth. He wanted to tell her how much he admired her, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. She was no longer Abbie, but Miss Butterfield. It seemed as if they had just been introduced.

On the evening of the day on which our two young people had just met, they went out walking. They did not talk. They had little to say and only cast shy looks at each other with a pathetic wistfulness that they hardly understood.

"And you are determined to devote yourself to science, Mr. Slocum?"

"I shall always do that," the young man replied eagerly. "And you? Does science appeal to you? I have met so few girls. You are very good to take pity on a poor student. You see, I don't dance."

"Yes?"

"I hope I may call on you sometime."

"Ah, Mr. Slocum, I have heard of you often from my friend, Miss Waterbury. She is very enthusiastic. I have been wanting to meet you."

"It is a great pleasure to meet a friend of Miss Waterbury's."

"Mr. Slocum."

"Miss Butterfield, I am delighted, I am sure."

As the young man spoke, a crowd collected at a corner. They drifted into it. When it parted he was alone. Had he not been talking to some one? Who was it? In a hazy way he remembered a bright, sympathetic dark face. Then—then—the vision danced away like an electric phantasm, and he found himself automatically walking to his father's house, the house in

which, unconsciously to himself now, he had spent nearly fifty happy years of wedded life.

It was ten o'clock at night. Like a man in a trance, Duffield Slocum let himself in through the door of his own house. Although he did not look a day over twenty-two, he felt horribly depressed, and he stooped as if he were carrying the burden of seventy years. He was oppressed by a sense of loss that he could not fully apprehend. He was alone, unutterably alone. Was he himself, or had his soul in some mysterious way escaped the past and projected him into a new existence? Vague memories assailed him, which he tried in vain to analyze. The library was familiar to him, and yet he could not comprehend it. Beneath the student-lamp he saw a piece of unfinished embroidery. He recognized it, yet he could not place it. There is not a thoughtful person living but is startled sometime in his life with what he thinks is an argument for the transmigration of the soul. Reincarnation is the elusive philosophy of every mystic. Slocum was at home, and at the same time he was as much of a stranger in his own house as if he had just stepped into it for the first time. Automatically he ascended the stairs to the laboratory. The reflex action of his fingers selected the key from his bunch, and he unlocked the door.

He was comforted by the steady gleam of that penetrating eye of radium. It greeted him, mocked him, gloried over him, and tried to dominate. Into its imperious presence the young man walked steadily. He inspected it with great curiosity, and with a fitful, elusive wonder at its vital fluorescence. How it glared in the dark, illuminating the room like a mechanical wonder, a toy will-o'-the-wisp! Carefully young Slocum detached the Crookes tube from the wires that connected it with the powerful static battery. As he touched the glass tube, he felt his nerves shriveling, and a burning sensation that traveled from his hands to his spine. By the aid of the cathode, the globule of radium no longer shot forth inexplicable rays of life, impregnating the receiver with its own divine energy, but now instead it sent forth the baleful, blighting influence of a substance surcharged with destruction. A hundred times more deadly than native phosphorus, more dangerous than liquid air, more

poisonous than the marriage of muriatic and sulphuric acid, it distilled the dissolution of life in its touch, for it attacks the nervous centers. Like all sources of life, it is likewise the element of death. But the young man held to it bravely, not knowing that he was being disrupted.

In the middle of the tube the globule of radium lay suspended. Carrying the tube steadily, the young student of physics, feeling that he had made a marvelous and painful discovery, started down-stairs. The other apparatus in the room could not interest him at all. It was beyond his education. He had also been projected youthward beyond the knowledge of the X-ray.

Now it is a scientific fact that no physicist can dispute, much less Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, herself, that the radiation of that unknown quantity, even as this man carried it down the stairs, would cause a rapid disintegration of the nervous tissues. The body and the mind that had rejuvenesced began to age with the baneful contact. Young Slocum put the tube upon the table and gazed upon its startling contents curiously. He carried the lamp into the other room and so received the full effect of its luminous power. And as he looked, out of the opaque cloud memory began to return. He did not know that unconsciously he was taking the only prescription that would lead to his mental recovery.

As he gazed, he groped for explanation. What was the dream that had hypnotized him? Why was he alone? Whom did he miss? What change had he undergone? Was this a new existence? And what was this imprisoned eye that glared at him as if grudging the knowledge he craved? As he looked, the sweat poured from his brow. He felt his spine tingling and his head aflame. He bent forward and fixed his eyes closer upon the extraordinary metal, as if trying to stare it out of countenance. As he did so, his hand touched the filmy embroidery. The veil had suddenly fallen. With a wild cry he called out:

"My wife! Abbie, Abbie darling! Where is my wife?"

He ran into the next room and snatched the lamp. As he did so, his face was reflected from a mirror. It was that of a man of thirty, and was furrowed with nameless anxiety. Madly he searched the house. She was not there. Her room was

empty; her clothes were hanging in the closet, the door of which was open. With a cry of anguish the professor precipitated himself into the street in a mad search for the woman whom he just remembered to have lost.

Duffield Slocum ran blindly into the night. It was after twelve and warm. The electric lights gleamed like purple stars. It reminded the panting runner of that other horrible substance that had led him with fateful persistence to his present doom. Mad, illogical, he had been not to have foreseen that the reversion of the laws of nature must necessarily include the whole man. And now he had lost his wife because he had impiously shaken the fist of science into the face of the Almighty. Vengeance had indeed followed his brief dreams, and with no lagging footsteps. By the occult rays of radium he had changed her into the girl she used to be fifty years ago, with the same limitations and ignorance, and she was now wandering, ignorant, homeless, half a century out of her mental reckoning. The sweat poured from his brow. He redoubled his frenzied pace, blindly forging ahead. The worst of it was that by the inevitable law of regression his wife could not recognize him. She was a child, an alien to her age and time, a mental outcast, and suffering the more acutely because of her ignorance of the cause of this catastrophe. What nameless crime had he committed in the guise of "investigation"?

But would he recognize her? Ah, yes! He now remembered the short, rounded form, the dark hair and black eyes, and the pink, vivacious face. He could pick his wife out of a thousand if he could but find her. Instinctively he turned his steps to the house of his wife's father. It was one of a few old-fashioned houses left unchanged in the business part of the city that had long since grown around it. Would she, too, turn naturally to her old home? Ah, she was all in all to him, his love, his life, his future, his past! The agony of a thousand deaths was racking the scientist's system as he ran more and more feebly. It was as if in the interests of science he had murdered the one being he loved. Perhaps he had. Ah, but that globule of radium should pay for this night's horror! He already looked upon the source of this woe as a living thing

upon which vengeance could be rightfully wreaked.

The professor stumbled. He caught himself with difficulty and heavily, like an old man. Indeed, his grief was devitalizing him rapidly. He no longer felt young and buoyant. Around the corner was the house of his father-in-law. A policeman passed and stared at the disheveled man curiously. So many respectable people look and act like criminals at night that the officer kept his beat with a philosophical smile.

But the man of science stopped to collect his courage. He had never had a God to call upon. Radium was the nearest to Deity he had ever known. Gray and worn, he took a wheezing breath and turned the corner. There was the high stoop—and there, in its shade, before the vestibule, lay a dark splotch.

With a fierce cry of hope the professor bounded up the stone steps. The black mass stirred uneasily. In an instant the man had his arms about it. It resolved itself into the form of a girl. In one look the man recognized his wife as she used to be before marriage.

"Abbie!" he cried, stifled. "My darling! my wife!"

The girl looked up at him with frightened, unacquainted gaze.

"Sir!" She sprang to her feet and regarded the intruder with a fine old-fashioned manner. "Sir, can you not respect an unprotected lady?" Then, worn with fatigue and fear, she lost consciousness, toppled, and dropped into his outstretched arms. Tightly, almost suffocatingly, lest she escape him again, the man bore his senseless wife down the stone steps into the silent street. He hailed a passing cab, gave the address, and, as a father would touch a daughter, he lifted her in, shut the door, and then rained kisses upon her cold, unresponsive cheeks.

The professor carried his wife into his house and bolted the door. Upon the table in the sitting-room, within the glass tube, the firefly radium leered upon them. Forgetful of its presence, with his wife still in his arms, the professor sank into the familiar easy-chair. Her head lay upon his shoulder, near to the tube. Exhausted, the man fell into a deep sleep, his arms locked about his wife, ignorant of the fact that the elfin rays had already begun upon the girl their devastating work.

THE hot morning broke dimly. The green student-lamp had long since smudged out. Within the tube the gleam of that gray globule of radium was checked of its phosphorescence by the advancing light of the sun. In ghostly silence, almost reverently, the dawn uncovered the gray faces of two people clasped in each other's arms. What an appearance the man had! It was as if youth had suddenly been blasted into age by hopeless grief. He had the white hair of the Prisoner of Chillon. But his face, in the very zenith of his hopelessness, showed the rapture of final possession.

Moreover, he seemed suddenly to have been blasted by some overwhelming force, like a poison, or some lethal chemical such as was compounded in the homicidal Middle Ages to rot a man slowly into an unexpected tomb. He was as one touched by a divine compassion even as he was smitten by a malignant fate.

But the woman! Her ashen, hollow, aged face exhaled the horror of an unknown future. Such a look smites the happy when they see insanity, inevitable death, or the excision of their heart's life staring them suddenly in the face. Clasped in each other's arms, the haggard couple looked like two fate-ridden mortals, in vain trying to escape the doom passed upon them by the angel of the scythe.

In a slant of the risen sun, the two stirred uneasily. The man tugged at his lids to open them. After several vain efforts they snapped apart. His eyes fell upon his two hands clasped about his wife. These were white, emaciated, ribbed, veined. They were the hands of an old man. His gaze traveled anxiously up the woman's dress to her face. As in the dissolving view of a magic lantern, the girl of her became more and more dim and then passed away, leaving the old familiar face of his dear wife.

"Abbie! *Darling!*!" he cried in a ringing voice. He raised her head from his shoulder and shook her awake. As he did so, his white hair fell like a cloud, leaving him entirely bald; the unobstructed rays of radium had withered it away at its roots.

The woman opened her eyes. Recollection came slowly and then in bounds. Then, with a shriek of ecstasy, recognizing her husband, she flung herself upon his neck and burst into a convulsion of tears.

But the professor, recovering his aged body, had also recovered his matured experience. His eyes rested on the tube of radium. He knew that when under the rays of the cathode it became transcendent, healing; but he also knew that when alone it became a terrible and subtle instrument of paralysis and death. Under its fatal glance in a few hours more the two might—who knows?—have been shriveled out of life.

"Abbie," he said quietly, raising his dear wife, "get up." Bewildered, the woman obeyed. Wrapping his arm about her tightly, lest she escape him again, he led her to the other end of the room.

At the door the professor stopped and looked back. The sun had flooded the room. It looked cheerful and natural. With a cry of joy the wife threw her arms upward and hung about her husband's

neck. Awed by his silence, her look followed his. Imprisoned within the tube of glass, deprived of its power, there that eye of radium lay, a scintillating, writhing, protesting thing, far more a living creature than a cretin—the world's strangest, most awful element of energy. The two looked upon it with horror and fascination. Ah! It was a gift of life, it was the promise of death. It was creation and annihilation. It was the whole gamut of existence from the cradle to the grave. It was God. It was devil.

Then Science took, as a great singer has reminded her that she must, the second place. Love reascended his throne. Instinctively the husband and his wife turned and clasped. With the eagerness of youth and with the solemnity of age their lips sought each other. Then the aged lovers, hand in hand, went thoughtfully up-stairs to their own room.



THE GENERAL COUNSEL

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "Policeman Flynn," "The Unexpected Strike," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY



Y dear boy," said Matthew Knight, patronizingly, "we could n't think of putting you on the ticket."

"Why not?" demanded Chester Grannon.

"Because you're not a big enough man," replied Knight. "You would n't help the ticket at all."

"It does n't need help," urged Grannon. "There has n't been much of a contest on the city ticket for years. So long as you don't put up a man who is seriously objectionable you are sure to win, and I don't think I am seriously objectionable."

"Not personally, but you are politically," explained Knight. "We use the city to

help us in the county and State, so we must have men of influence."

"You mean," asserted Grannon, "that a few of you control the situation and you don't intend to let any one else in. It's a good thing that you mean to keep boxed up for yourselves."

"Put it that way if you wish," returned Knight. "There's no reason why we should divide with every fellow who comes along and asks for a piece of the pie. What did you expect to get, anyway?"

"Oh, I'd like to be city attorney, but almost anything with a salary to it would satisfy me."

"Oh, you don't want to be mayor, then?" This with sarcasm.

"I certainly would n't object to that," the young man replied quietly, ignoring the sarcasm.



"GET YOUR START FIRST, . . . AND THEN COME BACK"

"Well, you 'll have to get some influence first," said Knight. "We give the political plums to the people who can be of service to us or who add strength to the ticket. If you were a bigger man—"

"If I were a bigger man," interrupted Grannon, "I would n't need the office. If I were big enough and prosperous enough so that I could n't afford to give my time to the duties, I could have it and turn the actual work over to a ten-dollar clerk. As it is, I need it to get a start; I have the ability, and you know it; I am willing and anxious to give my whole time to it for the good that such a record will do me—and I can't have it."

"Get your start first," laughed Knight, "and then come back."

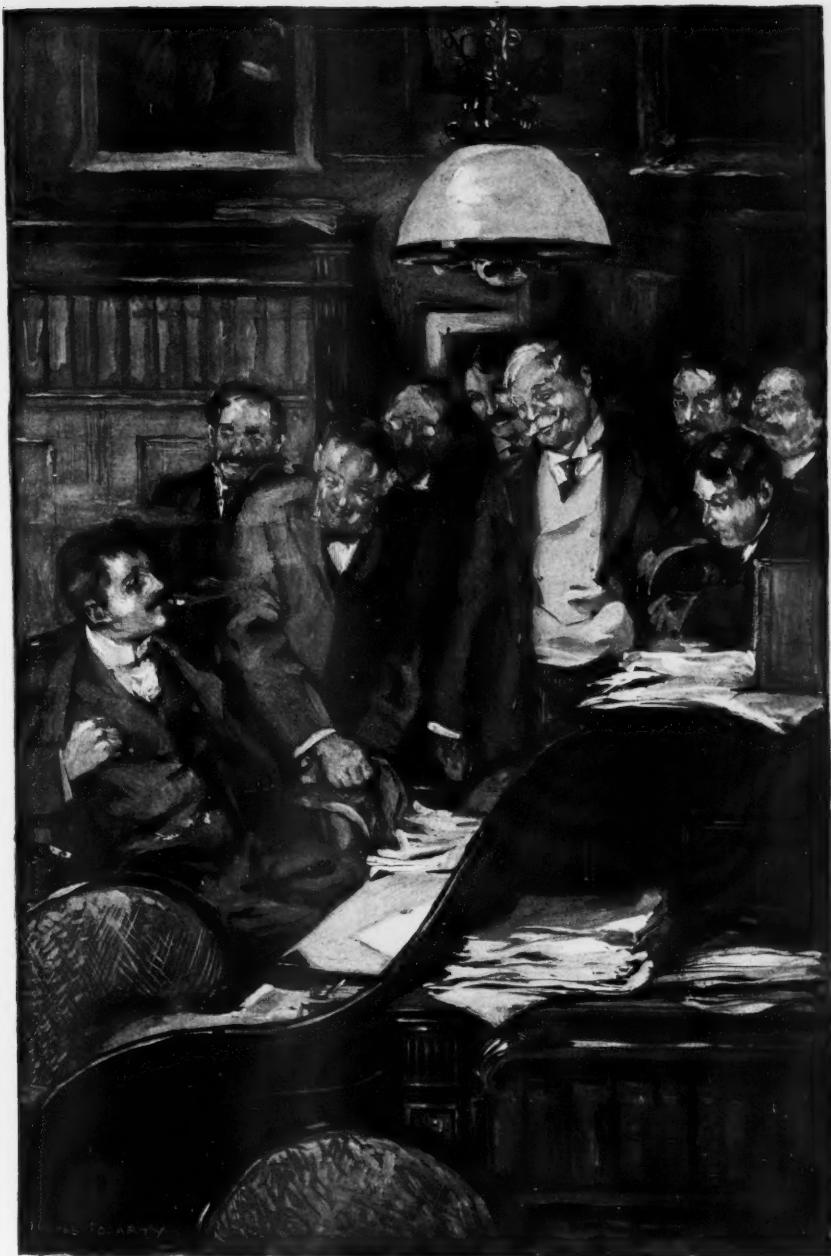
"If I get my start," was the reply, "I 'll wait for you to come to me."

Grannon had not expected to be successful when he went to see Knight, but he was desperate. It was becoming necessary that he should do something. If he succeeded in getting on the ticket for any office whatsoever, it would serve to call attention to him; if he became city attorney, it would help him in his profession, in

addition to giving him valuable experience. Of course he had no right to expect this, as he was in no sense either a politician or a prominent man, but, as a matter of business, it was worth trying. They were talking of running Brownell for city attorney. Brownell did not need the office and probably would give it scant attention if he got it, for he had a private practice that claimed most of his time. It was much the same with several other positions. The men who got them were figure-heads merely, who drew the salaries and left virtually all the work to their subordinates. That was why it seemed to him as if he, being willing really to earn the salary, ought to be acceptable. But he found that he was not—that a man's value to the party was of more importance than his value to the municipality.

"The party incurs the debts," he growled, "but the city or the county or the State pays them."

That being the case, and for want of a better occupation, he endeavored to become the creditor of the party by working for it industriously. He was not a politician, but he was a good business man, and



Half-tone plate engraved by Walter Aikman

"A DELEGATION WAITED UPON GRANNON"



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE MOST IMPORTANT CONSOLIDATION OF ALL"

the leaders were able to use him to advantage in a number of ways.

"If I can't get on the ticket," he said, "I'll show that I'm worth an appointment of some kind. Perhaps I can get Brownell to make me assistant city attorney."

Brownell, however, had other plans and other obligations, and after the election Knight gave him the same patronizing and unsatisfactory treatment as before.

"Wait," advised Knight. "You're too impatient. Perhaps you'll be worth something later."

"But how shall I live in the meantime?" asked Grannon.

"I don't know. How do other lawyers live?"

"Give it up," replied Grannon, promptly.

"Well, you'd better find out," laughed Knight.

Grannon, in search of sympathy, told Miss Katharine Small all about this rebuff. Miss Small was a milliner who had a shop under Grannon's office, and they had become very excellent friends.

"Kitty," said Grannon, "I see through the whole thing now. To get anything in politics you've got to be so serviceable that the party can't get along without you, or so powerful that the bosses are afraid to offend you. Except when the exigencies of a campaign demand it, they do not put up a man because he has the qualifications necessary for the position, but because they fear him or need him politically. Either way the office is a bribe—a price paid to secure advantages or disarm opposition."

"You were asking a good deal," she suggested. "You're not very well known, you know."

"True enough," he admitted; "but it's the way they turned me down that rankled—and the reason for it. Fitness has nothing to do with it; for Brownell and some of the others won't give an hour a day to the city, while I would have worked hard, if only to get a start."

"Well, you'll have to make yourself big enough to compel attention," she said. "How do other lawyers get a start?"

"By promoting, as near as I can make out," he replied bitterly. "Knight asked me that, and it set me to thinking about the big lawyers of the present day. They seem to be promoters and organizers, allied with the big trusts and corporations. I

guess they make their own business, without waiting for it to come to them."

"Why don't you promote?" she asked.

"What shall I promote?" he inquired whimsically. "Do you want to be promoted?"

"If it would give me a bigger shop and more business I'd like it," she answered.

He laughed at the idea of promoting a millinery trust on a small scale; but there was something underlying it that kept his mind on the subject. Why could not a few of the stores be combined, with beneficial results? If the great manufacturers and merchants found that desirable, why not the small ones? Having nothing else to do, he studied the situation carefully. As a foundation on which to build he had the dry-goods firm of Dillingham & Thurber, which held to the narrow limitations of its own particular field. Why should it not have a millinery department? And if it went into the millinery line, why not also take up dressmaking? These were allied industries. The materials came from one place and the work was done in another. Surely it would be economy to do it all under one roof, and would make it possible, in case of competition, to eliminate part of the double profit now necessary. It was merely applying the department-store idea of the large cities to a smaller place.

But of what advantage would this be to him? Could he make a direct charge for his work? In theory he could, but in practice he could not. He was not dealing with progressive business men or men of large means, and the mere mention of a fee would frighten all parties. Furthermore, they were not asking him to do this service; he would have to make the proposition to them and convince them that it was a good one. It took him some time to solve this problem, but he finally solved it. Then he casually asked Thurber why he did not broaden the scope of the firm's business.

"I should think you'd have a millinery department," he suggested.

"We thought of that once," Thurber replied, "but we have n't the necessary capital to branch out to any considerable extent, and we don't want to run in debt. Besides, we'd have to compete with the milliners who already have an established trade."

"Nonsense!" retorted Grannon. "If

you went at it right, you 'd absorb a milliner—Miss Small, for instance—and get all her customers at the same time."

"Oh, she 'd want too much for her business," returned Thurber. "If we had some idle money looking for investment it might be different; but she would n't want to give up her independence for a salaried position, anyway."

"How do you know?" asked Grannon.

"I don't know," admitted Thurber; "but we 're very cautious people—conservative, you know. We want to see our way clear to the end before we undertake anything."

"Oh, all right," returned Grannon, carelessly. "It 's none of my business, anyway, but it seemed to me there was a good opportunity in something of that sort. It 's the way they do in the cities."

Having sowed the seed, Grannon waited for it to take root. He made occasional references to the subject, just to keep it in Thurber's mind, but only in an incidental way. No matter how conservative a man may be, he cannot fail to be interested in any plan to enlarge or increase his business. His prudence does not eliminate the desire for a greater measure of success, if only he can be assured that he is running no serious risk. He may be reasonably satisfied to be in a rut, but he is not entirely so.

Consequently Grannon was able to keep the subject agitated without seeming to force matters at all, and incidentally he added somewhat to the plan. A dress-making department would naturally follow millinery, he suggested, and it might be worth while to put in women's and children's shoes, and possibly stationery. Of course all this came to the ears of the senior partner, Dillingham, who found the idea alluring, but feared it was impracticable. He would like to be at the head of the one great firm of the town, but he thought the risk too great. Still, he finally found himself in a receptive mood—willing to be convinced.

Meanwhile Grannon had been busy with Miss Small and with Madame Durant, the leading dressmaker. It was not easy to interest the latter, but he produced some very convincing arguments. As the manager of the department she would get a salary, and she would also have an interest in the profits of the concern. The milliner

he found more tractable, possibly because she had greater confidence and a deeper personal interest in him.

"If this is going to be such a good thing for me," she said jokingly, "I suppose you 'll demand a big fee for your services."

"I suppose I shall," he replied. "I 'll sue for that later."

"Sue for it!" she exclaimed.

"Not legally, but personally," he explained. "When I demand a fee from you it will be one that can't be collected in court, and the firm will have to get a new manager for its millinery department."

"I think we 'd better talk business," she said, blushing, "and— Well, I 'll do just what you think best about this consolidation."

So he was finally able to go to Dillingham & Thurber with a definite proposition.

"Your fear of spending money," he told them, "shows that you don't understand finance a little bit. It 's consolidation, not purchase, that I advise, and in consolidations it is customary to make money out of wind. If you were really up to date I would suggest that you form a stock company, put each business in for exactly what it is worth, issue stock for double the amount of that, add something in the way of bonds, sell all but a controlling interest to your unsuspecting fellow-townsmen, vote yourselves good salaries for managing the business, and then do the best you could. You 'd have the money and the salaries, so the question of dividends would be unimportant."

The partners looked at him in big-eyed astonishment. Here was a man who certainly understood finance.

"But you 're not up to date," he went on, "so we 'll put the proposition on a business, instead of a purely financial, basis. Stock the new company for exactly what it is worth, give to each of the incorporators the proportion of stock that the business they have done for the last year warrants, and vote to yourselves reasonable salaries for the work you will have to do. I am authorized to put in the millinery and dressmaking departments on that plan. For our purposes the exact relation of the net profits to the value of each business is unimportant, so long as we make it the same per cent. for all. If we call it five per cent., and your firm can show a profit of \$5000 for the last year, your business

would go in at a valuation of \$100,000. Miss Small, who cleared only \$1200 last year, would put the millinery department in at \$24,000, take stock for that sum, and draw \$1200 a year as manager."

"Hold on!" cried Thurber, who was trying to keep the figures straight in his head. "You're giving her as salary all that she gets now, and she'll have the profit on the stock in addition."

"Of course," said Grannon, calmly. "Why not? The millinery business is n't very profitable here now, but this combination will give you the strength to improve it wonderfully. You would have to pay more than that for a capable manager who had no interest in the business; and, besides, you would draw salaries on precisely the same basis. Don't you see how impossible it is to lose? You simply vote yourselves as much as you are getting now, which is no more than a fair living, and take your share of the profits in addition."

"But, if we do that, I don't see where there are going to be any profits," argued Dillingham.

"That's because you have n't given the matter the thought that it deserves," said Grannon. "There is the economy of administration, for one thing. You are going to save something on rent and on advertising. Three separate establishments are more costly than one big one, and three separate advertisements are more costly than one big one. Combined, you can make a better showing with less space and you can get better rates. You can also buy to better advantage and save something on clerks and salesmen. Each department will help the others in the matter of sales."

"But can we hold the business we are absorbing?" asked Thurber. "For instance, may not a new dressmaker take the location vacated by Madame Durant?"

"My dear sir, if you are alive to your opportunities, a new dressmaker could n't live," asserted Grannon. "You can sell at a price that would ruin her and still make a profit in the department that furnishes the material. You could drive her out of business and still lose nothing by it."

"How?"

"By marking up the price of goods in one department to cover the decrease in another. People who go to a bargain sale usually add a few purchases to the bargain

that brought them, and so you even up. As long as all goes well you can make a reasonable profit on everything; but if you see the need of drawing trade from another, you are in a position to do it without making more than a mere pretense of a sacrifice."

This sounded plausible, but the partners still hesitated.

"What do you get out of it?" Thurber finally asked. "I suppose you're not doing it for love?"

"Oh, no," replied Grannon; "I'm doing it for politics. I find I've got to be somebody, and I'm just beginning."

"Politics!" cried the bewildered merchant. "Do you mean to say you don't expect any cash?"

"Well, hardly that," said Grannon; "but business is more important with me just now. You have some legal business occasionally, I suppose?"

"A little. Brownell usually attends to it."

"I thought so," remarked Grannon, with a satisfied smile. "Well, City Attorney Brownell is reasonably busy now, and I'd like to look after your law matters. This consolidation is worth a big fee in itself, but I'll throw it in on the condition that you pay me six hundred dollars a year to act as general counsel of the new corporation. Fifty dollars a month is n't much, and for that I am at your service whenever you have need of me. I make the figure small because I understand that you do not have much in my line except occasional collections; but this organization work alone is worth one thousand dollars. However, I am after business and influence."

"That certainly is reasonable," admitted Dillingham.

"I meant it should be," said Grannon. "I want to do this job, and I want to do it so well that it will bring other people to me. Do you know Knight?"

"The insurance man and politician?"

"Well, he's a politician all right enough, and he has the agency for a number of insurance companies."

"Of course we know him."

"Well, you'll see him climbing the stairs to my office some day. However, that's a personal matter and this is business. Will you go in on the basis I propose?"

The partners looked at each other.

Ambition, long dormant, began to assert itself, and the mental picture was attractive. Without the investment of an additional cent of cash they would gain the controlling interest in a much larger establishment. Dillingham nodded, and Thurber said, "Go ahead."

Grannon tried to conceal his elation, and he was measurably successful until he was alone with the milliner. Then he no longer tried, for he felt the need of sharing his joy with some one who would be interested.

"Kitty," he said, "the way to get business is to make it. I've discovered that. The way to do is to show other people how to make money and take part of the profits for your cleverness. That's what most of the big lawyers of to-day are doing. You hear of them as lawyers, then attorneys, then general counsel, and pretty soon they're mighty close to the whole thing without the investment of a cent of their own money. The old-time lawyer who stuck to court practice and waited for business to come to him is out of date. The thing to do is to become guide and guardian of a great corporation; and if you can't get that job with an existing corporation, why, make a new one. I've had to be modest at the beginning, but just you watch me!"

"I should think," suggested Kitty, "that you'd want a crockery and glass-ware department in your big store. You're aiming to make it a store for women, are n't you?"

"Just the thing!" cried Grannon, jumping up. "If you just stick by me with your suggestions, I'll organize this town from top to bottom; I'll hit Knight and Brownell so hard that they'll be saying to me, 'Please, mister, won't you be good and go to Congress from this district?' They want influence, and I'll give it to them. And say, Kitty."

"Well?"

"They'll have to get a new manager for their millinery department."

"How do you know?" she demanded.

"Well, I think so."

"Can't you get stock in the company any other way?" she asked maliciously, and then, when he started toward her, quickly disappeared into the workroom.

Grannon assumed a different tone with Telford, the crockery man. It was quite

immaterial to him, he said, whether Telford went into the scheme or not. Of course they would have such a department, anyway, and he was merely giving Telford a chance to get in on the ground floor. After due reflection Telford decided to go in. So did Billings, the toy and confectionery man, and Grannon convinced Dillingham & Thurber of the advisability of rearranging the consolidation on this basis.

About this time Brownell and Knight woke up. The former was losing some of his private practice and the latter began to see trouble ahead. They watched the first consolidation silently, anticipating a slip somewhere; but none came. Indeed, the venture was so successful that a consolidation fever attacked many of the merchants of the town, and rumor had it that Grannon was busy with a plan to put the businesses of a ready-made clothing dealer, a tailor, a haberdasher, and a hatter under one roof and one management. But the thing that worried them most was the clever way he divided the shoe business of Brown & Calkins. Brown, with the women's and children's shoes, was absorbed by one company, and Calkins, with the men's and youth's shoes, joined the other. That was a business feat that showed ability of a high order. Brown & Calkins had been among the best of Brownell's clients before, too.

"I don't believe I care to be city attorney another term," said Brownell. "Perhaps you'd better offer it to Grannon. If he'll agree to give it his undivided attention, as he wished to do before, it may be a good thing."

"Suppose you offer it to him," suggested Knight, after a moment of thought.

So Brownell ascended to Grannon's office and offered him the nomination.

"I don't believe I care for it," said Grannon, coolly. "As between your official business and your private practice I've decided that I'd rather have the latter. You had the chance to divide it the other way once, you know."

Brownell argued, threatened, and then pleaded, but it was no use. He pointed out that a few of the strong and disgruntled ones, by a concerted effort, could smash at least one of the companies. They could get the financial backing to start some independent shops in the old

locations and run them at an actual loss as long as might be necessary to kill the corresponding features of the consolidated enterprise.

"Where will you get that backing?" asked Grannon.

"We will be strong enough to get it from either of the banks," replied Brownell.

"My dear sir," returned Grannon, "I am now busy drawing up the necessary papers for the consolidation of the only two banks here. I pointed out to the directors one or two recent consolidations of this sort in New York and Chicago, and convinced them that one real strong bank was better and more profitable than two of only moderate resources. I am to have a block of the stock and be general counsel of the new institution, and I think I can speak for the directors in saying that we should not care to advance money for any such shaky enterprise as you propose."

"Are you going to be general counsel to the whole city?" exclaimed Brownell.

"Perhaps," replied Grannon. "Would you like a job as office manager?"

Brownell was too angry to reply to this, but he hastened to inform Knight that the situation was serious. Knight, however, had made this discovery himself, for the time had come to renew some of the insurance and his clerk had failed to make the necessary arrangements. The clerk had been referred to Grannon, and Grannon had intimated that he did not care to do business with an assistant.

"I wonder what he's up to," growled Knight.

"You'll have to go to him to find out," said Brownell.

So Knight, even as Grannon had predicted, also ascended to Grannon's office and awaited Grannon's pleasure in an anteroom.

"I came to see you about that fire-insurance," he said, when he was finally admitted to the private office.

"I have charge of that detail for all my companies, of course," Grannon returned carelessly. "Naturally, in the consolidations we merely readjusted existing policies and let them run, but I have decided to make new arrangements as the old ones expire. I don't think I can place any more through you."

"Why not?" asked Knight, anxiously, for this meant a great deal to him.

"Frankly," replied Grannon, with engaging candor, "you are hurting yourself by devoting so much time to politics. Of course the stability of the companies you represent is in no way affected by your individual actions, but business men like to do business with business men. That's the way I feel about it. It looks like neglect when we have to deal with a clerk—as if our affairs were not receiving the attention they deserve. You've got a paying thing there if you only give your time to it."

The coolness and effrontery of this proposition took Knight's breath away.

"Do you mean," he cried, "that my retirement from politics is the price you ask for your business?"

"Oh, I'm asking no price at all," replied Grannon. "To be successful in business you must have business influence; political influence won't do—at least in this case. When you've got your influence, Knight, come back. That's what you told me to do once."

"Do you think you own this town?" demanded Knight.

"Not yet," answered Grannon, "but I'm gradually consolidating it. Possibly you've noticed that this consolidation idea has taken a strong hold on the people and that they seem to regard me as the only man with the necessary experience and influence to adjust matters satisfactorily. That's what counts, Knight—experience and influence. You ought to lay in a supply."

Knight retired, angry and crestfallen; and the next day there was a consultation of politicians. Grannon was becoming so big a man that he was dangerous politically. Aside from his commercial strength, —or perhaps because of it,—he was regarded as a man of wonderful judgment. His opinion carried weight. If he chose to enter politics he would have the following that meteoric success always brings, and the industries with which he was allied added to his power. He would have to be placated; but how?

"I think," said one of the men who had been called into the conference because his business influence had a certain value, although he had no direct interest in politics—"I think you'd better let me retire from this conference, for I am not in a position to be a disinterested judge. You see, Grannon has got hold of a fellow who

has been making a new cereal food on a small scale, and he has convinced me that there is enough in it, so that we are going to take him into our grocery firm after consolidating with Trainor's butcher-shop. We will supply about everything in the line of food, in addition to which we hope to make an exceptionally good thing of the new cereal product. All it requires is pushing, and we have secured the necessary capital. The papers were signed to-day."

"Has Grannon got his finger in any more pies?" demanded Knight, hotly.

"Several, I understand," was the reply. "I think he has about succeeded in bringing the Smith Furniture Company, Hackley's sawmill, Marshall's varnish plant, and Dixon, who owns extensive timber lands, together, and there is talk of adding a wagon factory. I know he has been working on this for some time, and I understand it is about settled. I think, perhaps, you'd better find out just what he wants."

The others thought so, too, so a delegation waited upon Grannon to urge him to heed the call of his enthusiastic fellow-citizens and kindly sacrifice his private interests for the public good. They offered him the mayoralty.

"Don't want it," said Grannon.

"But the city needs the services of men of your distinguished ability," urged the delegation. "We all owe something to the city."

"I'm glad you've found it out," said Grannon. "Heretofore you seem to have gone on the theory that the city owed something to you, and you've been collecting it, with interest. Just now the city needs a good business man, rather than a politician, for mayor."

"Just what we've been saying."

"Well, you pick out such a man—make up your whole ticket, in fact, and then bring it to me for approval. And, by the way, don't bother Knight with the details. He's going to retire from politics for a while to gain a little business experience and influence. It's a mighty necessary thing, is influence."

They turned toward Knight for explanation, and he knew he had come to the part-

ing of the ways. It would have to be business or politics; it could not be both.

"Yes," he said, with great apparent frankness; "I have neglected my private business long enough in the interests of the city."

"Besides," added Grannon, "continued power makes men autocratic and unreasonably greedy. Machines have to be smashed and bosses overthrown occasionally, just to make conditions bearable."

"But what do you want?" they asked.

"Gentlemen," he replied, "I aspire to no higher office than that of general counsel. I've discovered that that is about as big and powerful a position as there is to be had these days. He may not loom up like some of the other officials, but you'll find that you've got to deal with the general counsel in pretty nearly all the big affairs of the business world. Just remember that, please."

When they had retired he laughed. He also laughed when he called to see Kitty that evening.

"They wanted influence," he said, "and I've given it to them; but I intend to use it mighty little—just enough to show them what a fellow can do who keeps up to date and studies modern conditions and methods instead of following ancient precedent. Influence must be used enough to keep it from getting rusty, but not enough to wear it out. Politicians, on the contrary, usually wear it out."

"Well, you can take it easy now," she remarked. "I guess there's nothing left to consolidate."

"On the contrary," he replied, taking her hand, "the time has come for the most important consolidation of all. You know what it is, Kitty, and you once said, you know, that when we were able to—"

"Oh, but I'm afraid of you now," she demurred playfully. "You've become such an autocrat."

"Oh, no," he urged; "I'm only general counsel, and that's all that I want to be, even in the home."

"I suppose," she returned, with a pretty pretense of doubt, "that I could n't get a better general counsel."

And then— But this is not a love-story, so let that pass.



"I'M AT MY WITS' END, BROTHER DANIEL"

TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

BY WILL N. HARBEN

Author of "Abner Daniel," "The Georgians," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY GRANVILLE SMITH



ABNER DANIEL was at work in his corn-patch near the main-traveled road. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, and since sunrise he had been fighting the tenacious crab-grass that threatened to choke out his promising crop. He had paused to rest, and was leaning against the rail fence when a couple passed. The woman was about thirty years of age, her companion a beardless boy of nineteen or twenty.

Immediately in their wake was a little old woman, slight and stooped, in a plain gingham dress and sunbonnet of like material. Catching the genial glance of the old man, she paused and stood for a moment, her wistful eyes on the receding couple.

"I'm at my wits' end, Brother Daniel," she said, with a sigh. "You see the antics o' them two? Well, it's been goin' on now fer three months; it begun at the Big Bethel Christmas tree, when she put on a

handkerchief fer him. That turned his head; he hain't hardly let 'er out o' his sight sence then. He growed from child to man betwixt two suns."

Abner nodded thoughtfully. "You mean Leon an' Sally Hawkes?" he said. "Yes, it's the talk o' the neighborhood, Mrs. Waynright; it shorely is a peculiar sort of an attachment; she is plenty old enough to 'a' nussed 'im. I'll bet she was settin' 'er cap fer beaus when he was born. Thinkin' o' that 'u'd make some fellers ashamed to act that a-way; but, as apt as not, Leon don't study about it. Somehow, I kin excuse it in 'im better 'n in her, 'ca'se she's old enough to know better."

The woman sighed again. "Brother Daniel, sometimes I think I've had more put on me 'n my share in this world. I've had three boys besides this un, an' ev'ry last one of 'em give me trouble along at Leon's age."

"About women?" said Abner.

"Yes; it looks like it runs in the blood—not in mine, thank the Lord! fer I wish

narry woman had ever been made; but all o' my boys no sooner got pants on an' a dab o' fuzz on the' lips than they made a dead run fer the fust woman in sight, an' marry they would in spite o' all possessed."

"An' not one o' the lot married well, I've heard," was the old man's sympathetic comment.

"Not one," said Mrs. Waynright. "The two oldest jest stuck to it long enough to sorter feel tied down to responsibilities, an' they went off an' left the' wives high an' dry. Jim's still livin' with hisn, but I cry my eyes out ever' time I see 'im pass: looks like he hain't got a thing to live fer. When a man leaves his fireside an' loves to come an' set around his old mammy's house, like Jim does, he hain't got no paradise under his own roof. Ef he'd 'a' had children, it mought 'a' been better. I did think I could show Leon the mistakes of his brothers, an' make 'im do better. I've talked it to 'im sence he was old enough to understand anything, but you see how little weight it had with 'im."

"Why don't you go to headquarters an' call a halt?" asked the farmer.

"You mean to Sally? Well, I did go over thar, but somehow she gits around the question. She jest looks sorter ashamed an' keeps wantin' to talk about other things. Then I'm dead sorry fer 'er. I'm sorry fer any woman that's as crazy fer attention as she is. You see, she hain't never had a bit o' luck in the man line, an' it looks like she's got rebellious an' has determined to show folks that she kin marry."

"What's the boy have to say?" asked Daniel.

"Oh, he talks as big as a railroad president; he talks jest the same foolishness that his brothers did: *he* was doin' the marryin'—nobody else had a thing to do with it. That's what hurts so. Ef I could jest git the pore simple boy out of her clutches a month, I believe I could open his eyes. Sometimes I try to git resigned an' argue with myse'f that maybe his case will turn out better 'n the rest; an' then ag'in, when I see my pore baby boy with that old maid out in public, I jest give up, an'—"

"We must simply bust it up, Mrs. Waynright," said Abner, firmly. "We must bust it up; that's all thar is about it."

"I wish you would help me, Brother

Daniel. But I see 'im comin' back this way; I'll walk on."

A moment after she had gone, Leon Waynright came along spryly, cutting the dog-fennel with his walking-stick. Abner leaned over the fence toward him. "Ah, ha!" exclaimed the old man. "I seed you pass along with Sally Hawkes jest now—leastwise, it looked like her."

"Yes, that was her," said the boy, a gratified expression on his face. "I was takin' 'er home from Mrs. Spriggs's quiltin'."

"I'll bet my hat I know what you wanted to see her about," smiled the designing old man. "One o' the young men—the *grewed-up* men, I mean—sent you with some word fer 'er. When I was yore age I used to pick up a lots o' odd dimes takin' notes an' messages fer young men to the gals. A few years from now you'll be hirin' boys to he'p *you* out. You must hear a lots o' funny things. I'd give a purty to be nigh Sally Hawkes when she got word from some man or other. She's waited a long time; I reckon a thing like that 'u'd tickle 'er to death."

The boy frowned darkly. This method of the old man was too adroit and subtle for his comprehension; he felt that it was opposition, and yet he had not the courage to meet it as that.

"I don't know what you mean," the boy said. "I don't tote notes fer nobody."

"I reckon they sent word, then," said Daniel, looking away in well-assumed abstraction; "but, on second thought, I hardly reckon anybody is thinkin' seriously o' courtin' Sally; you know she's been a drug on the market a long time. I wonder ef she ever told you about her 'n' that tin-peddler. She told me about it—that was away back when you was in frocks. Sally an' the peddler had up a' awful case; they was goin' to git married an' open up a tin-shop in Darley, but a man come along an' reported that the peddler had a wife already, an' the skunk changed his route. Lawsy me! how Sally did take on! We heard 'er cryin' clean to the sugar-mill."

"I don't believe one word of it," said the boy, angrily. "She told me she never had had a sweetheart in 'er life."

"Maybe she meant she never had hel't on to one," said Abner. "She certainly has had awful luck. I reckon she's passed the line now an' would n't marry nobody."

"She's goin' to marry me," said the



Drawn by Granville Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"SEED LEON WAYNRIGHT PASS WITH SALLY HAWKES JEST NOW"

boy, pale and excited. "She 's goin' to marry me,—that 's who she 's goin' to marry."

"I hain't goin' to stand here an' listen to you, sir," blustered the youth. "I won't put up with it from nobody."



Drawn by Granville Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"I NEVER WAS TICKLED BY THE GRIEF OF A CHILD O' MINE BEFORE"

"Oh, you say she is. Well, that will certainly be some'n' to look forward to. They tell me we are goin' to have a circus in the fall, too."

"Well, I would n't," said Daniel; "I would n't. Ef I was you, my boy, I 'd marry all the old maids in the settlement, an' go about fightin' fer 'em."

"You are jest meddlin' with my business," said Leon, and he turned and walked away.

"I hit 'im purty hard," the old man mused, as he turned back to his hoe; "but I had to—I jest had to: that boy's mamma has had enough to bear. By gum! I'm sorry fer Sally, too; but marryin' this boy would n't better her in the least."

Abner finished the corn-row he was on and then went into the farm-house, put on his black alpaca coat, and walked to the cross-roads store, half a mile down the dusty road, near the swift-flowing mountain creek. The store was a narrow, one-story frame-building, with a parapet in front on which was painted a big sign pertaining to the purchase of all kinds of country produce and the sale of general merchandise at the lowest cash or credit prices.

Sim Leghorn, a bachelor about thirty-five years of age, owned the store. He was of medium height, had a patient, confiding face, and wore better clothing than the farmers in the vicinity, the reason for this being that he came more in touch with the outer world in his occasional trips to Atlanta to purchase stock. Then, too, he met and had frequent conversations with the traveling salesmen who drove out from the railroad seeking his patronage.

Abner went into the store, helped himself to a plug of tobacco behind the counter, tossed a dime on to the show-case, and seated himself in one of the heavy hide-bottomed chairs. Sim stood in front of him; he wore no coat, and thrust his thumbs under his suspenders and smiled.

"Seed Leon Waynright pass with Sally Hawkes jest now," he laughed. "He stepped in to buy 'er some red candy. Folks say they railly are goin' to make a marry of it."

"Certainly looks that a-way," responded Daniel as he took out his knife and began to cut a triangular bit of tobacco from the plug he had bought.

"They say Leon's ma 's mighty nigh distracted over it," said the storekeeper. "Well, it looks like she 's reason fer it. Every son she 's got made a plumb idiot of hisse'f at Leon's age."

"A case o' premature big head," said the farmer. "Mrs. Waynright was talkin' to me about it jest now, an' I promised to try to influence the boy. But he 's beyond

me: he knows it all, includin' Sally Hawkes an' womenkind in general; he 's a man, *that boy* is—a full-grown man! He 'd be afraid he 'd break Sally's heart an' make 'er kill 'erse'f ef he left 'er. On the way down here I was thinkin' it over, an' I sorter come to the conclusion that maybe you 'n' me mought work the rabbit foot on 'em, an' help old Mrs. Waynright some-way or other."

"Me 'n' you? Why, what could I do, Uncle Ab?"

"Well, it 's jest this a-way with a woman o' that brand an' vintage." Daniel smiled as he stroked his beard. "You see, she 's gone without attention fer so long she 's kinder lost respect fer 'erse'f. Now, you are the leadin' man in the settlement—got a good business, not married, an', in fact, are considered *the catch* in the community. Now, Sim, you mought do a good turn all round ef you 'd jest pay Sally a little attention. Take 'er in yore new buggy to camp-meetin' next Sunday."

"Me! Oh, Lord!"

"I hain't a-meanin' fer you to *marry* 'er," said Daniel, with a slow smile; "but ef I 'm any judge o' women, when you drive 'er out in public it 'll sorter start 'er to lookin' up ag'in; an'—an', by gum! I believe she 'll look clean over that boy's head."

"Thar may be some'n' in that," said Sim, thoughtfully; "but I reckon I hain't the man fer the job." At this juncture a customer came into the store; she was an old woman with a basket of eggs packed in cotton-seed. Sim counted out the eggs, gave her a package of coffee in exchange, and bowed her from the store. He remained at the door looking out into the sunlight for several minutes, and then he came back to Daniel.

"I hain't yore man fer one good reason," he said, awkwardly shifting his weight from one foot to the other and swaying from side to side.

"You say you hain't?"

"No, I hain't, Uncle Ab Daniel; an' jest 'twixt me 'n' you as old friends, I don't mind tellin' you why I cayn't act in that capacity. The truth is, I 've been courtin' a gal, Mary Welborn, over on the river fer four years hand-runnin'. She hain't never said the word, nor she hain't never yet pitched me out. But betwixt me 'n' you, confidential, she sorter makes me walk a



Drawn by Granville Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by C.W. Chadwick

“SHE STOPPED RIGHT SQUARE IN FRONT O' ME, AS MAD AS A WET HEN”

chalk-line; she is powerful particular about who I go with."

"Huh! I reckon she don't want you to go with none but her," exclaimed the farmer.

"That's about the size of it, Uncle Abner. Lawsy me! I'd never hear the end of it ef I went to meetin' with Sally Hawkes. I don't know but what she'd drap me fer good an' all. No, I cayn't make a fool o' myse'f that a-way. Mary's all the woman I ever cared fer or wanted to marry, an' I'll never want no other ef I live to be a hundred."

"But it seems to me"—Daniel crossed his legs and spat down at a crack in the floor—"it seems to me I've seed her gallivantin' about with drummers an' different fellers, a-havin' her fun in a general sort o' way."

"I'll admit that—I'll admit that," said Sim, sheepishly. "She don't seem to be quite as particular about who she associates with as she is about the company I keep."

Abner was looking straight into the store-keeper's face, a smile twinkling in his eyes. He grunted, and then said firmly:

"You hain't a-workin' that woman right, Sim Leghorn. You've been keepin' company with 'er fer a long time, but you hain't yet made the right sort of a start; an' ef you keep up that lick she'll waltz off with some other man an' give you the merry ha-ha as shore as you're a-standin' that."

"You say she will, Uncle Ab?" Sim's expression had never been so grave or deeply rooted in his countenance. He reached out and rested his arm on the beam of the floor-scales.

"Yes, you kin say what you please," said Abner; "but Solomon hisse'f, an' he was the greatest masher in the Bible—Solomon hisse'f could n't win a woman by lettin' 'er have 'er own way. A woman thinks a man's a sissy that gives in to her every whim. She knows she's a weak thing, an' ef a man don't catch hold of 'er an' yank 'er about now an' then, she thinks he's as weak as she is. Now you jest take Sally Hawkes to camp-meetin' Sunday, like any other free-born American citizen hasa right to do; an', mark my words, Mary Welborn will think a sight more of you—that is, ef you don't knuckle the minute she mentions it to you."

Sim's jaw was really a massive member,

and it looked as solid as a stone when he answered: "She nor no other woman could make me knuckle ef I did n't want to. Durned ef I don't believe you are right; I believe I've been givin' that gal too much rein, an' flounderin' about too much at her feet." He flushed slightly as he continued: "Now I think of it, she's goin' with Alf Prater to camp-meetin' Sunday. She's goin' with that dude, an' expects me to ride out by myse'f an' look at 'er an' him. Uncle Ab, ef it will be doin' you any favor, I'll ax Sally Hawkes to go with me Sunday."

"That's the way to look at it," said Daniel. "I'll be bound you won't lose by it."

"Well, it will be some fun, anyway," said Sim.

THE following Saturday, at dusk, Mrs. Waynight came across the dewy grass to where Daniel stood at his pig-pen, into the trough of which he had poured a pail of sour buttermilk for the noisy inmate. She was in a flutter of excitement, rubbing her bony little hands together in silent satisfaction.

"Brother Daniel," she began, swinging her sunbonnet before her, "you could n't guess what's happened to save yore life."

"I don't know as I kin." Daniel was looking down at his pig, a twinkle in his eyes—a twinkle the woman did not observe.

"No, I know you cayn't, Brother Daniel. I've laughed an' laughed an' cried till I feel weak all over."

"No, I cayn't imagine what *has* happened," said Daniel, allowing his eyes to rest on the expectant face.

"Brother Daniel, Sim Leghorn driv up to Sally Hawkes's house about a' hour by sun, an' axed 'er to go to meetin' with 'im at the camp-ground to-morrow."

"Oh, come off!"

"That's jest what he did." The woman raised her hands to her face and laughed immoderately. "He'd no sooner driv away than she run over to tell me about it, an' to borrow my cape. She 'lowed it mought be cool drivin' back after dark, an' she 'lowed she wanted some'n' thick to put on, so she could wear a thin dress. Leon was a-settin' in the corner of the kitchen unbeknownst to her, an' heard all she said. An' what you reckon? He up

an' laid down the law, bless you! Sim Leghorn was n't a-goin' a step with 'er. Leon could afford to hire a liver-stable team, an' he was a-goin' to take 'er."

"That was a corker, was n't it?" exclaimed Daniel, with a pleasant laugh. "What did she say to that?"

"Looked like she hardly knew what to say," was the old woman's reply. "Him an' her stood starin' at one another fer a minute, an' then she begun to beg the boy — jest think o' that! She begged 'im not to interfere with her fun; an' finally, when the thing got worked up to a pitch, she got mad an' told Leon, she did — she told 'im he was jest a boy, an' that she never had meant to marry 'im; an' while he was a-starin' at her, she lit into beggin' 'im not to tell nobody about the' little flirtation. She said folks would think it was silly of her, an' ef Sim Leghorn meant business, which it looked like he did, a tale like that mought spile all her chances."

"Huh!" exclaimed Daniel. "She was gittin' down to business, was n't she?"

"Well, I don't blame 'er," said the widow, thoughtfully. "Many a good married woman would n't want all her little girlish pranks to reach the ears o' the man she finally settled down to live with; an' I reckon Sim Leghorn wants 'er. Some folks says he's got tired o' chasin' after Mary Welborn. Well, Sally will make 'im a good wife. Leon tuck it awfully hard. After she went home he come an' laid his head in my lap an' sobbed out good an' strong. I never was tickled by the grief of a child o' mine before; but even while my eyes an' throat was full, a laugh would rise in me an' I could n't hold in. But it was all right, fer he thought I was cryin'. Well, after a while Leon set up an' wiped his eyes. 'I reckon,' said he, 'that I've been the fool everybody said I was — as big as my brothers was; but I'm goin' to let women alone tell I'm old enough to understand 'em.'"

"He'll let 'em alone a long time, then," said Daniel. "But somehow, I don't believe Sim will ever marry Sally. I'd think he was tryin' to make Mary Welborn jealous ef he had a-tuck any other piece o' calico to camp-meetin'."

The following Monday morning Abner went down to Leghorn's store. Several customers were about the counters, examining the wares Sim had pulled down

from the shelves, and Sim was up to his eyes in business. However, the instant Abner entered the door he walked around the counter and extended his hand to him.

"Gee whiz! I've got lots an' lots to tell you!" he chuckled.

"You say you have?" Abner had drawn up one of the chairs and was about to sit down in it when Sim caught him by the lapel of his coat and held him.

"No," he said; "come in the back room. I tell you I've got lots to say to you — lots, lots, lots! You may think *you* know some'n' about women, but don't I? Huh! I reckon I do. Come on."

Abner held back, waving his hand at the line of customers.

"You must n't neglect yore trade," said he.

"Trade! The devil!" exclaimed Leghorn, pulling Abner energetically toward the rear room. "Let 'em go to Johnston's, up the road. I don't care a red ef I don't sell a dollar's wuth to-day. I'm a good mind to shet up the dern house an' go fishin', anyway. I kin afford to. You hain't no idea what happened out thar yesterday."

"I reckon not," said Abner, smoothing a smile out of his deeply wrinkled face and looking about the little cobwebbed room in which they were now standing. "I could n't go. I reckon you had a good sermon an' plenty o' old-time shoutin'."

"I did n't hear no sermon nor no shoutin'," laughed Sim. "Ef Gabriel had blowed his horn I'd a' been deaf to it. Listen to me an' quit lookin' in that at them folks. Ef they don't want to wait till I'm good an' ready, they kin go off. I hain't in no humor to measure gingham an' weigh out coffee an' try to match calico. I tuck Sally Hawkes to camp-meetin' with me," went on Sim, working a thick excited thumb into Abner's buttonhole; "an', by hokey! I went in dandy style. I had on my plug-hat, an' every ribbon Sal had on was a-flyin' in the air like flags on a war-ship. My Kentucky high-stepper passed Mary an' Alf Prater like a cannonball, leavin' 'em in a cloud o' dust like a Texas norther."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Daniel.

"Yes, that's the way of it," went on the storekeeper. "Somehow, yore talk t'other day sorter switched me off on a new track, an' the sight o' that sap-headed

idiot with my gal fired me up. About half a' hour after we reached the ground—"

A man with one worn suspender supporting a pair of baggy, patched trousers appeared in the doorway, licking a splotch of golden syrup he had drawn from a faucet on a piece of wrapping-paper.

"What's this brand wuth, Sim?" he asked, rolling his tongue about in his mouth.

The storekeeper frowned. "I don't know," he answered. "I've no idea which keg you drawed it out."

"The third one from the oil-tank on this side," said the man. "Ef you'll jest tell me the price, I'll draw it myse'f. I'm in a sorter hurry."

"Well, I am, too," said Sim. "Go back to the front. I've got an important matter to settle with this customer. I'll be out an' 'tend to you all in a minute. Dad burn it! ef you-uns don't let me alone I'll go crazy. I'd ruther split rails than bother with a gang like that when I've got other things to think about."

"You ort n't to 'a' said that," said Daniel, as the astonished fellow moved away; "the fust thing you know, all yore trade will leave you."

Sim was oblivious to Abner's advice. With a low laugh, he pulled down on the buttonhole. "When Mary an' her dude got thar she lit out o' the buggy an' made a bee-line to whar me 'n' Sally was a-settin' on a log under the trees, waitin' fer the fust hymn. She stopped right square in front o' me, as mad as a wet hen.

"What did you mean by throwin' dust on me 'n' Mr. Prater?" she axed, as red in the face as a beet. I remembered what you said, an' as it looked like that was her fust shot I concluded to let drive. I remembered all them four years she's been devilin' me, an' I was sorter reckless.

"I could n't hold my hoss in," I told 'er; "he got in a trottin' notion, an' I could n't stop 'im. The only thing to do was to let 'im pass all in sight."

"Well," says she, "you ort to apologize; any gentleman would, after kiverin' a lady all over with dust."

"'T was n't my fault," I told 'er, with a grin; "it was the hoss's fault, an' he could n't talk." Gee whiz! was n't she mad! She was white all over, an' the purtiest thing, Uncle Ab, you ever laid eyes on. She whirled an' went back to Alf, an'

I made a dead set at my partner. I had to pass by Mary an' her dude to git to the spring, an' I fetched water fer Sal every hour in the day, an' always went whistlin' a jig. Then some o' the folks along with Mary come over an' invited Sally an' me to put our basket to the'rn an' eat dinner together; but me 'n' my partner refused, an' we had oun in the shade on a hill-side, in plain sight o' the rest. I was havin' the fust frolic with Mary I ever had had, an' I sorter liked it. Then, after dinner, when Sally went to Mrs. Wilson's tent to rest up a little, what did Mary do when she seed me by myse'f but mosey over to me. She had a sorter different look—kinder give-in like, an' yet proud an' cold.

"I want to know," says she, "what you mean by fetchin' that old maid out here."

"I don't know's she's so very old," said I, as independent as a hog on ice. "I don't know but it's a sorter comfort to go with folks old enough to be sensible once in a while."

"That made 'er madder 'an ever; but, you see, I was makin' 'er talk to me, an' that was some'n'. She stood still fer a minute, an' then she begun lookin' toward Mrs. Wilson's tent like she did n't have any too much time, an' all at once I seed her lips sorter quiverin'. I was dyin' to grab 'er, but I remembered the talk me 'n' you had, an' I helt in.

"Then," says she, "you don't mean what you've said to me."

"I had the bit 'twixt my jaw-teeth, but I almost spit it out, fer I seed water in 'er eyes. I was afeard I'd lose all ef I weakened, so I helt in.

"I tell you, Mary," said I, "I'm a marrin' man. I mean business. I'm tired o' livin' alone in the back end of a store, when other men are a-toastin' the'r shins at a cheerful family fire. I'm tired o' foolin'. Sally may not be as good-lookin' as some I know, but she's good-natured, an' she don't run round with sap-headed dudes."

"Beca'se she cayn't!" said Mary, an' then she busted out cryin'; an', 'fore we knowed it, me 'n' her was a-walkin' in the woods 'long a narrow shady road an' plannin' gittin' married right off. So you see, Uncle Ab, that's what's the matter with me. I'm the durndest luckiest an' happiest man on earth!"

Abner was looking straight in front of him through an open door upon a field of

young corn waving in the broad sunlight. He extended his hand to Sim, and while it clasped that of the storekeeper he said:

"I was jest a-thinkin' about Sally. Poor woman! It looks like no happiness kin

come to anybody without an equal amount o' misery crappin' out in some other life. I 'm glad things has come yore way, Sim; but ef I was the Lord, I 'd pervide a husband o' some sort fer Sally Hawkes."



"LEAVIN' 'EM IN A CLOUD O' DUST"

SPRING SONG

BY JOHN CHARLES MCNEILL

NOW rosy Love stands eager at thy gate,
Let not hag Reason guile thee to debate!
Sweet, let him in with nature's simple grace,
With laughter low, soft words, and flushing face.

When first the jonquil's petals blow apart
She takes the bee into her honeyed heart,
And hugs him there, for her brief time to reign
Goes when the brier-bush blossoms in the lane.

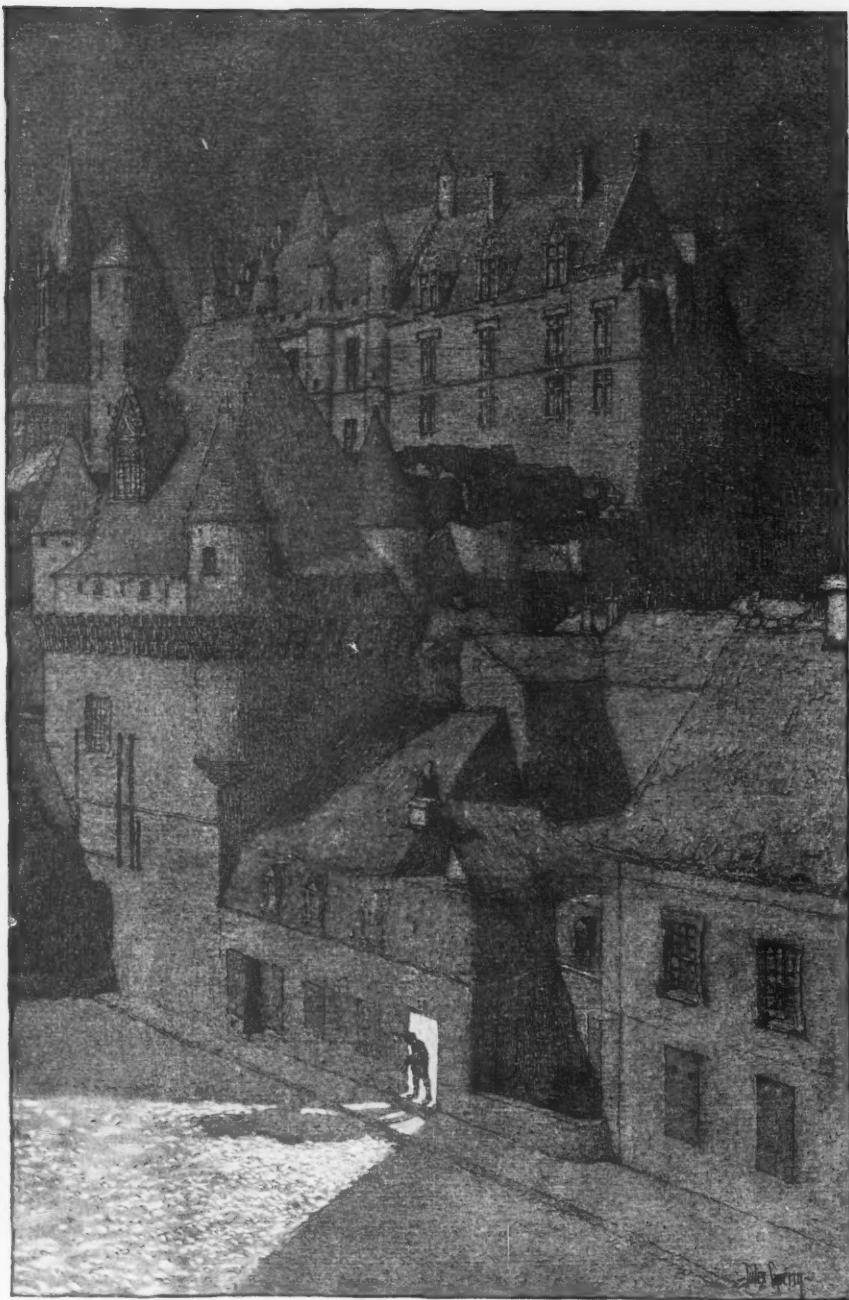
Thus doth she help me plead my cause with thee,
Saying, "In love's own hour he taketh me;
Which hour," she saith, "of ecstasy is meet
To render all the days of living sweet.

"Without this tremulous, consummating hour
Time is a plant that never comes to flower,
Time is a chalice with a rare design
Which bids thee drink, but holds for thee no wine."

Heed, then, dear heart, while summer waits ahead,
Ere autumn weep like Grief above her dead,
And the gay year in retrospect shall seem
A fevered, fruitless, Tantal-tortured dream!

For, waiting long, if never came thy love,
Then miser Life hath given me not enough,
And all the beauty which her warm heart willed
Hath mocked me with a promise unfulfilled.





Color drawing by Jules Guérin

CHÂTEAU OF LOCHES

THE CHÂTEAUX OF TOURAINE

SECOND PAPER: LOCHES AND LANGEAIS

BY RICHARD WHITEING

Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Yellow Van," etc.



Y something like a misadventure, my first view of Loches was a view of Fulk Nerra's donjon, the oldest and almost the only bit of his castle now remaining. It was such a prodigiously wicked-looking place that it made me unhappy for the rest of the day, or at any rate colored my views of everything I saw. The walls were so thick, and the great tower of ancient masonry—dating, be it remembered, from before Norman William's time—looked so malevolent, that it was impossible not to credit it with even more mischief than history lays to its charge. There it stood, square and black against the sky, with no sort of pretense of being other than extremely disagreeable. It was built to enable a Norman bandit to make good his hold on the Loire. He had gained this in the usual way, and was indeed the usual sort of person for the undertaking in those days. Nations have, or had, to get straightened out by means of the like of him—a perfect devil in his mad rages, and one sparing nobody when the fit was on him. When the fit was off, he built an expiatory church, or went on pilgrimage, always to resume his wholesale destruction of his fellow-creatures on his return, until death laid him by the heels. The conclusion seems to be that, whatever may be our hurry with schemes for the regeneration of the race, Providence can afford to wait.

The interior of the structure was even more depressing. For the little light that came in you were mainly indebted to the gaps in the roof. It was primitive to the last degree, both as slaughter-house and as dwelling, and it could never have been other than absolutely non-existent as a boudoir. An awful hole, in the lowest

depth of it, ran well-wise into the earth, and then, by a long gallery, out to a secret place in the open fields, whither, in times of siege, partisans stole secretly by night, and sent in stores for the garrison. This was Fulk Nerra's little secret, and in some sort his little joke. He was quite superior to tinned provisions in an age when the contents of the larder soon perished of natural decay. So he, and many that came after him, used to hold out in this donjon in a way that surprised the invaders (sometimes the invading English), who were altogether baffled and disgusted by the fact that the fortress, however closely invested, never seemed in want of a dinner.

To see this tower is to understand that the Renascence, in so far as it affected architecture, was an inevitable change. Mankind could not have gone on living in such places without some catastrophe of universal suicide. Another part of the building, Fort St. Ours, is just as bad as the donjon—narrow, murderous, a perfect cutthroat's dive. What must it have been as a dwelling? The contrasting Porte des Cordeliers, a building some four hundred years younger, though still old enough, has windows through which you may put your head, and is fairly habitable. And the donjon, as we see it above-ground, was reserved for the good people. Think of the prisons below, where they lodged the bad! If Fulk Nerra built them, Louis XI enlarged them and always kept them full. Surely nothing more fearful as an abode of man has ever been invented by his fellow. They are worse than those topsy-turvy cones of excavation that Verestchagin saw in Samarkand; for there, though the captive had to be lowered down with a rope for want of a staircase, he still had a better sight of the sky. At Loches he

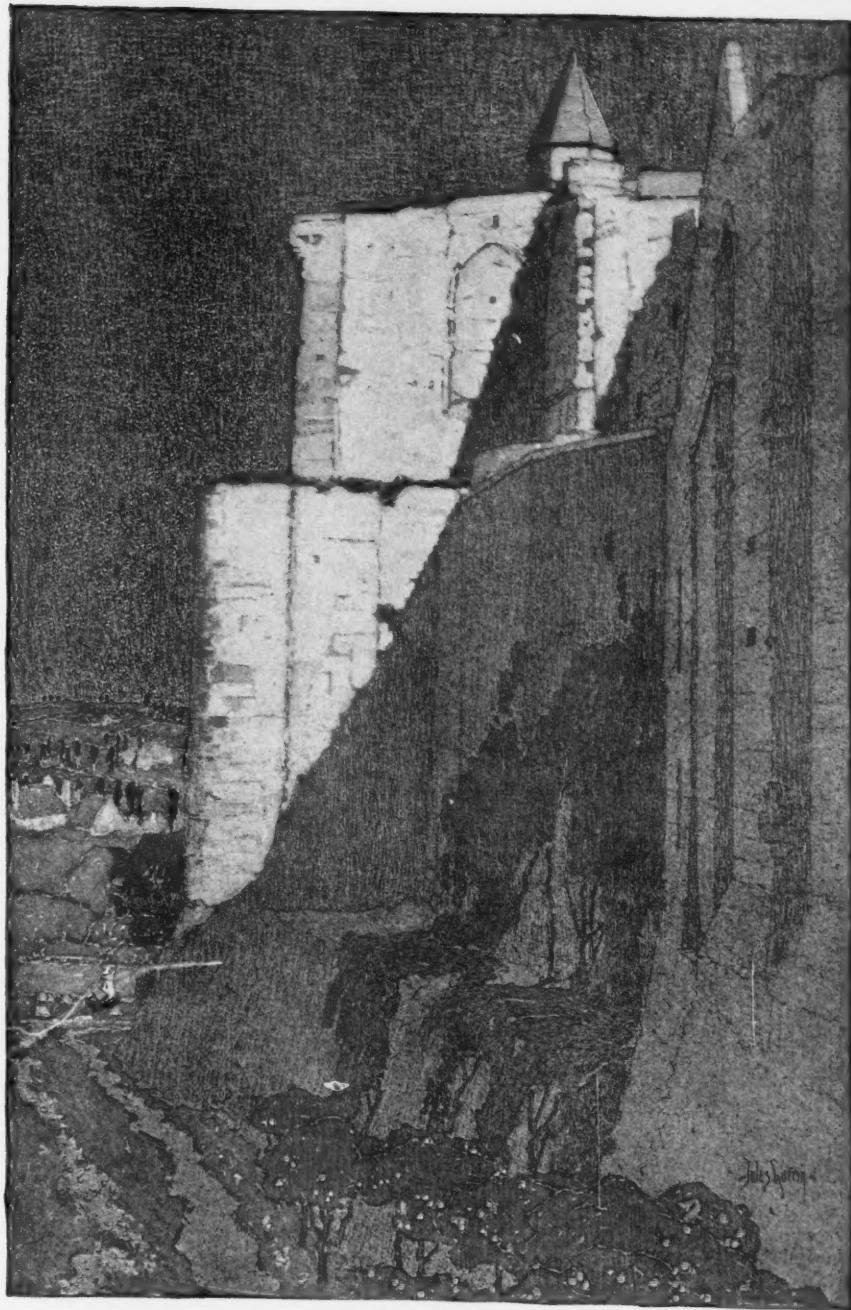
was cribbed in the solid stone, like a toad in his seam of coal. As you descend behind the guide with the candle, you are positively thankful for the donjon above. You brush the white wall at every step, and here and there come on a slimy dampness where the water from the wells above has found a rent. Then you reach a sort of first story with its range of cavernous lock-ups all hollowed out of the rock, and below this a second with the same inversion of the mundane order as in the fabled hells. The wall is never less than twelve or fifteen feet thick, and it is pierced with loopholes—not for defense, of course, for no assault could start from this level, but just to give the poor wretches below the irreducible minimum of light and air. This is calculated to a nicety: with a fraction less, they could not have held out for their term of torture. Who shall explain the way of the world as one finds it in the history of the race? France had to pass through all this to make it the perfect civilization we see to-day. But, oh, the mystery!

The father of Diana of Poitiers was shut up in one of these cellars for a time, and wrote most piteous letters to his daughter, then, as ever, high in favor, imploring her to get him out. To her credit, she took the necessary steps, and he found the light once more. One may imagine that he came back to it as Browning's Lazarus came back to life, never quite the same man again. His prison is simply a bit of everlasting blackness walled in, as from the void of chaos and old night. Others are still but relative in this kind of horror. There is a ray in the den of Ludovico Sforza ("Il Môro"), sometime, like Prospero, "duke of Milan and a prince of power." The place where this ray falls at certain hours by a sort of ricochet, and at last hits the wall, he marked by a scratch which remains to this day. For all that, he managed to produce frescos that likewise abide. In another cell, the stone is worn away where forlorn creatures scrambled up daily through long years to clutch the bars and glimpse the light before its coming, or enjoy the last of it as it went. Ludovico was a very great personage indeed, a powerful intriguer, who threw himself athwart the path of the French under Louis XII, to check their inroads on Italy begun by Charles VIII. Louis was beside him-

self with joy when he made the capture, and he determined to hold his man for life. He did so, though, to be fair, with an easier grip toward the end of the term.

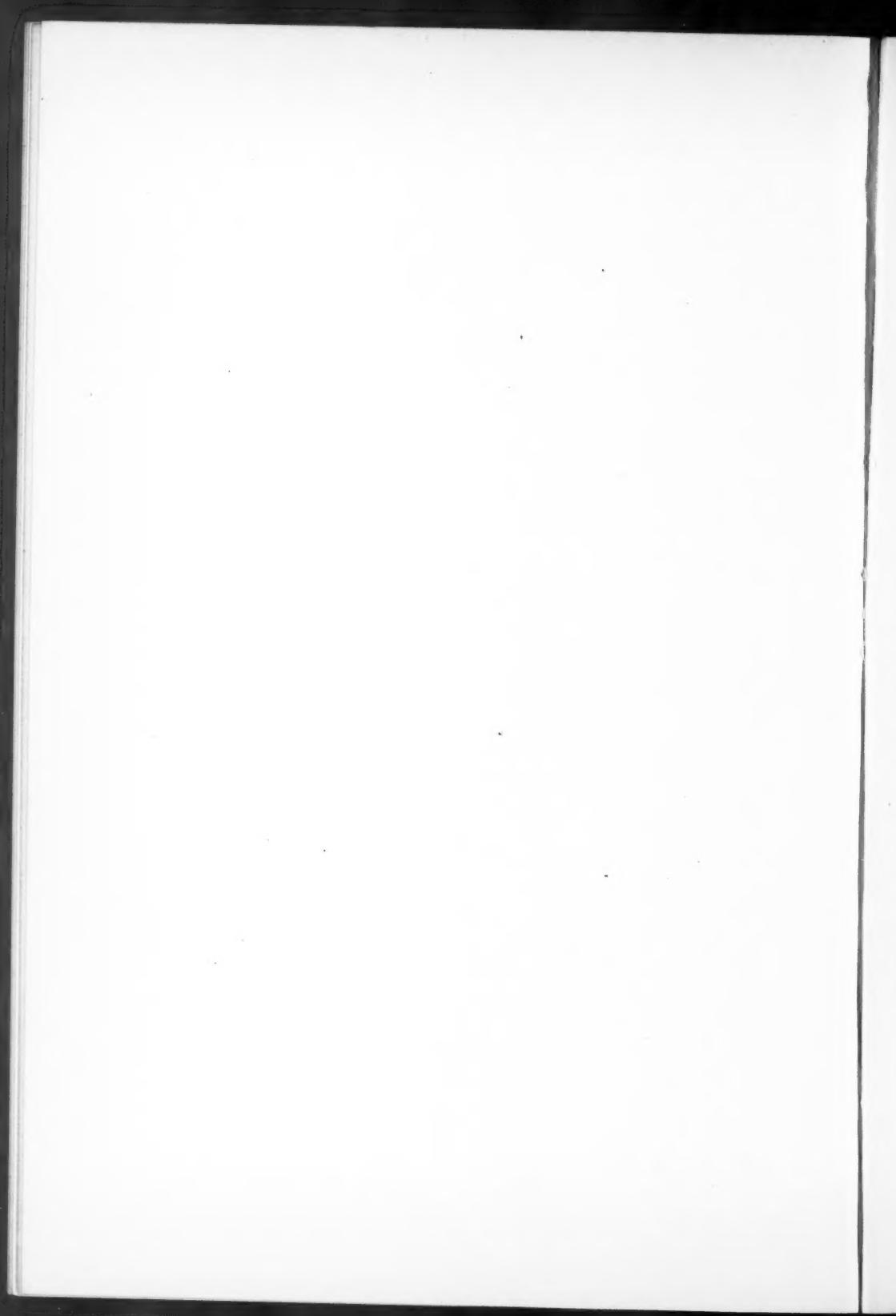
La Balue, the cardinal, was another prisoner. In his cell you light a match and you see a staple in the roof from which they suspended him in his historic cage. The cage is not there; but, by accounts, it seems to have been a thing in wrought-iron answering to a famous definition of network as "something reticulated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." The interstices could have been nothing to speak of, or he might have squeezed his way out. However, he was allowed to receive visitors—of a kind. But there: everybody knows the story. You may still see the little opening in the wall through which Louis XI and Tristan used to come down, when they had nothing better to do, to gibe at their prisoner. Outside the cell, in a sort of antechamber that looks on the well for light and air, are the bedsteads of the Scottish guard. They are mere oaken troughs in a row, filled, no doubt, in their time with straw. The bishops who fell under the displeasure of Louis were in worse case. They were a stage lower than the cardinal; but, on the other hand, they had one another to talk to. It is in their cell that you see the stone all scraped where they worried their way up the wall, with hands and knees, to get the first and last of the sun.

The decorative work, in pictures and inscriptions, wrought by the poor creatures is wonderful in the circumstances. They must have done it all in the twilight. A modern writer has copied the scraps of text—a labor of pity, of course by a woman's hand. One of them is ironical: "Enter, gentlemen, the house of the king, our master." (I translate.) Ludovico's contribution is quite a work of art. He has written something on his ceiling in huge poster characters, not easy to make out. Then he has arabesqued all the lower part of the wall, and on this as a background tried another poster. Elsewhere you see that he remembered his Dante in the "Nessun maggior dolore." But for his confirmation of Francesca, I should have ventured to differ from her, as the old lady ventured to differ from St. Paul. Surely there is a still greater pain than to recall a happy time in wretchedness, and that is



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

LOCHES: THE TOWER OF FULK NERRA



to have no remembrance of sunshine in one's darkest hour. Commines, the chronicler, whose diplomacy saved Louis XI at Péronne, but who contrived to offend his successor, has scrawled in Latin his word to the wise: "I have sometimes repented of talking, never of holding my tongue." He had the wherewithal for effectual contrition. His place of suffering is hardly to be called a cell. It is a mere cupboard wherein he could neither sit, stand, nor lie down at his ease. They seem to have revelled in the infliction of this particular torment: nearly every self-respecting castle had such a hole in it. But here again, in the nature of the case, one feels that it could not have been occupied for long. The prisoners would have perished by the stiffening of the body in its curves.

But were they quite so wretched as at first seems? One tries to think not. It is an interesting question where the true smart of the dungeon really lies. Is it in the mere physical torment, in the cold and narrow coops and the hard fare, or in something else? I am rather inclined to look for it in the perfect order of the modern system, where the meals are regular, and the cells are warmed, coupled as this is with the discipline of iron, and especially with the prohibition of chatter. I cannot but suspect social assuagements at Loches unknown to the record. Perhaps the captives were allowed to meet in the daytime, and to say their say. I do not think human nature could have held out in these pens, with unbroken solitude as part of the infliction. The best-conducted person finds it hard to entertain the thoughts of the darkness and of the silence without a pang. With these multiplied into the experience of the whole twenty-four hours, and of the days and years, mind and body together would certainly give way. There were human beings who survived the subterraneans of Loches: Loches therefore cannot have been so bad as it looks. In England they are proud of the contrast between their jails as Howard and as Mrs. Fry knew them, and the model establishments of the day. But, after all, in old Newgate there was "company." There was any amount of dirt and disorder, there was jail-fever, there was everything horrible, except perfect seclusion and perfect discipline; and that made all the difference. The wretches herded together in

their common room, perhaps even in their straw at night; they drank, smoked, gambled, quarreled, and fought, and all this gave a pulse to life.

A modern prison is almost perfection, from the point of view of the sages; and, for that very reason, it must be torture to mortals not made for the perfect state. You are kept free from temptation; you have regular exercise, food adapted to your needs to the fraction of an ounce. Silence is golden: in that respect you have a golden time. Good books are desirable: the best of all books is in your cell. You go to bed early, you rise with the lark, the evening's amusement never troubles the morning's reflection. In short, you are "just so," without the possibility of excess; and the result is a depth of dejection beyond the reach of plummet-line. The jails of Smollett and Fielding, with all their horrors, are, in one aspect, genial slums. Compare the Marshalsea of Dickens with the prison of Charles Reade's masterpiece, and you cannot help suspecting that the pang must lie in the monotony of virtuous opportunity. Unless the prisons of Loches were mere lethal chambers meant to kill offhand, there must have been mitigations in the discipline, of which we have lost the trace.

Certainly Louis XI took it out of his captives. In another part of the fortress, the comparatively modern one that dates from the close of the middle ages, they show you certain supplementary prisons built by his order. With these is a long, low, rather trimly built chamber that is all the more disquieting because, as we see it now, it affects to be so void of offense. It might do for a wine-cellars. It was really the place of torture, where everything went on as smoothly as in the operating-theater of a hospital. All that is left of its terrors now is a place in the center to which the poor wretches were fastened down for their turn of pincers, thumb-screw, or sulphur. Elsewhere you are led into an underground-chapel to which the old reprobate king used to go to say his prayers—in the very place worn by the knees of St. Martin of Tours centuries before him, for it is one of the most ancient chapels in Christendom. In a corner of it they keep a choice assortment of broken skulls once the property of some of his Majesty's victims. There is, moreover, a curious little recess

in which he is said to have walled up his confessor alive, just to save the holy man from the temptation of betraying a secret recently heard in confession.

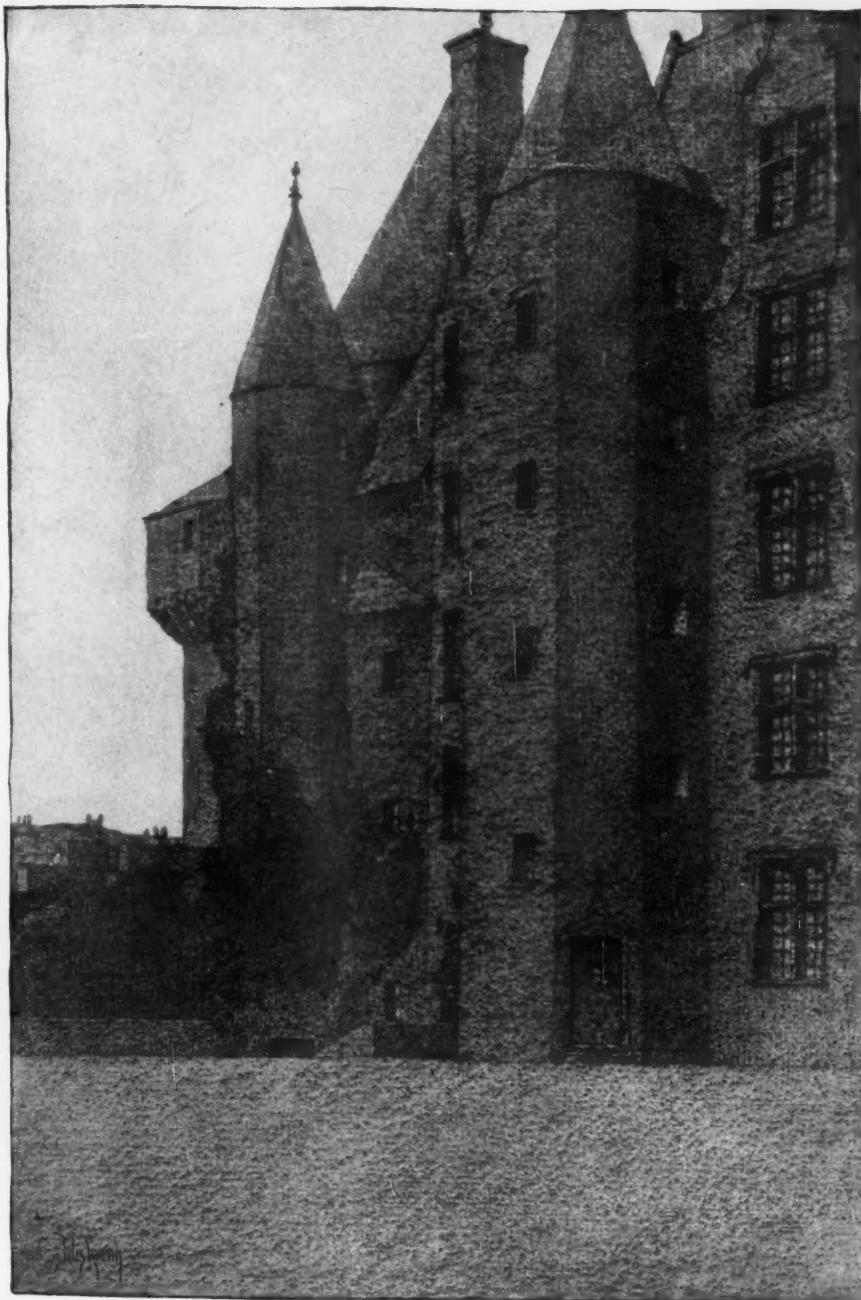
Perhaps it is not all true. What if the fractures of the skulls were but a device of the guides to enable the castle to live up to its legend? At a well-known coffee-house in London, a stain left by the wig of Dr. Johnson on the wainscot has a freshness and a vitality suggestive of periodical retouch by the waiters with a pork chop. It is the business of guides to make the most or the best of things. They take a positive pride in their wicked characters, and find their interest in making your flesh creep. It is as though they felt a sort of jealousy of other establishments the founders of which have a reputation for greater villainy—pitting Louis at Loches against, say, Henry and the Guises at Blois, pretty much as New York, in times of revivalist agitation, backs its wickedness against the wickedness of Chicago.

An old man, not an accredited guide, but a sort of hanger-on, makes quite a decent living by supplementing the legend about the depravity of the hero of Loches. He has a settlement in the moat, a sort of freehold, probably bought for a few francs in the time of the Revolution. He has been so lucky, while pottering about in his garden, as to find certain subterranean passages which communicate, on one side, with the donjon of Fulk Nerra, and, on the other, as he fondly fancies, with remote parts of the old province. All he wants to prove it is time and money enough to dig. The old king is supposed to have adopted this method of paying surprise visits to his people. He was upon them before they could find time to say: "Art thou there, old truepenny?" It is hard to believe that he could have been quite so vicious as they say. Whether he was or not, he was certainly a powerful instrument of good. He kept one object steadily in view,—the unity of the country,—putting down the great conflicting feudal jurisdictions that all France might be bound together under one scepter and one law. No doubt much of his cruelty was due to the idea that the virus of disunion was a thing to be got rid of only with the actual cautery. He had his uses in the scheme of things, in fact, just as Loches had, and beyond that our insight can no further go. But I am writ-

ing as though the donjon were all Loches. It is not. The mass of the later building, still ancient, with the superb collegiate church of the earlier date, stands out in majesty above the roofs of the town at the foot of the hill. For all that, the château is hardly a place to live in, though the prefect of the department has his residence there.

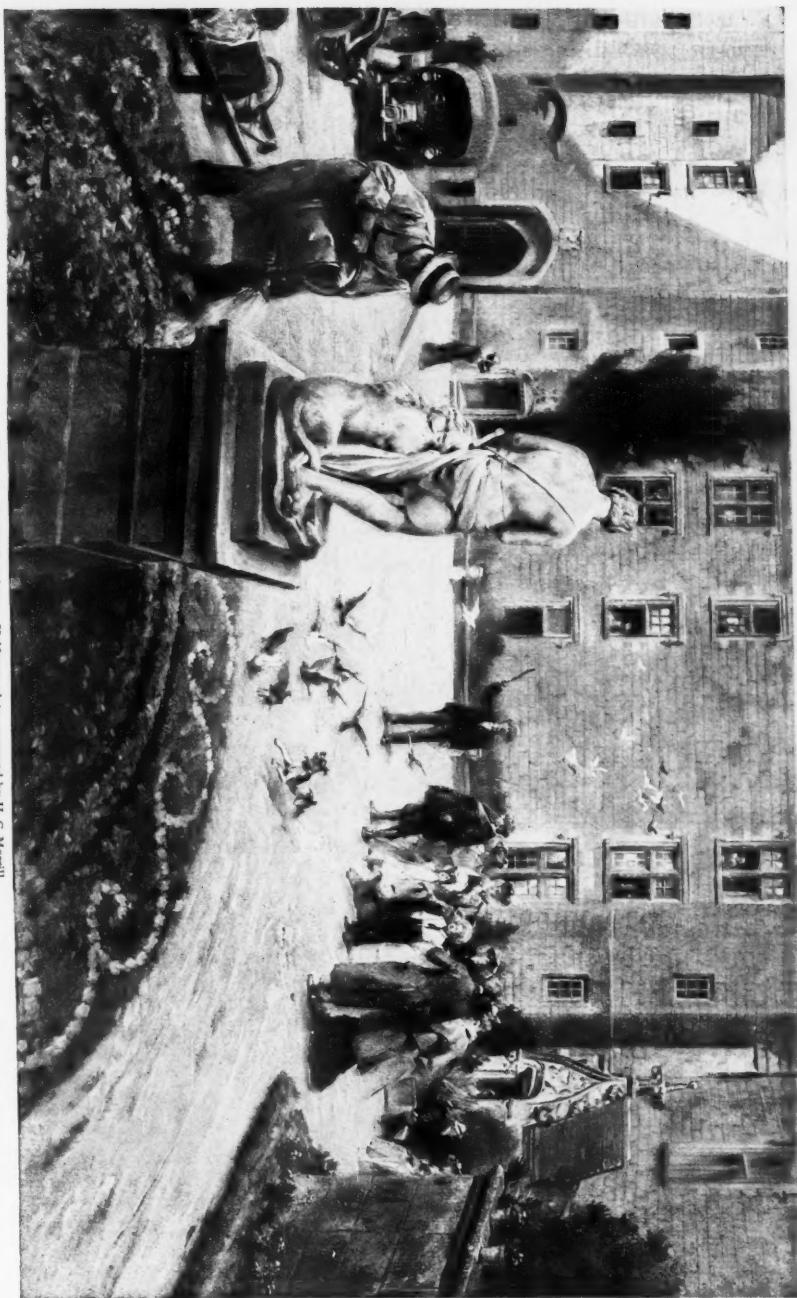
For the best example of the ancient stronghold serving the purpose of the modern dwelling we must leave the Indre and go to Langeais, on the far side of the Loire. This magnificent edifice has everything it should have for the purposes of the tourist. It is rich in remains of the great period; it has a tower of old Fulk Nerra antedating the Conquest; it is a modern "inhabited house"! You range from the mere shell of the Norman ruin to rooms still interesting enough as dating from the early Renaissance, yet but lately decked with the lightest knickknacks from the boulevards. The simple reason is that the place is, or was but the other day, in effective occupation—one of the few lived in simply and solely for the sake of living pleasantly. The contrast between the massive furniture, all "of the epoch" of the earlier time, whether of ancient or modern make, and the latest superfluities of Parisian luxury was, as it used to be seen, most striking. You found an album of the "Figaro," or a silver ball for warming the interior of a lady's muff, lying on an oaken cabinet of mid-fifteenth-century make. They had evidently been left where they were last tossed aside, and with no thought of catching the eye of the visitor. The parapet of the house, where the family might have taken a breezy walk in fine weather, has done good service in its day as a death-trap for unwelcome visitors engaged in hammering down the door below. Its projecting floor is removable in sections, to show where the garrison dropped stones and the brown ruin of boiling oil, or the black of pitch, on the heads of intruders.

The building is well contrived for those who like to combine castellated state with the amenities of modern life. Nothing can be finer than the massive towers, the great gateway, and the drawbridge, as you come upon them by the main approach. Its habitable advantages are best exemplified in the view from the courtyard. It



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

CHÂTEAU OF LANGEAIS



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

SUMMER TOURISTS AT LANGEAIS

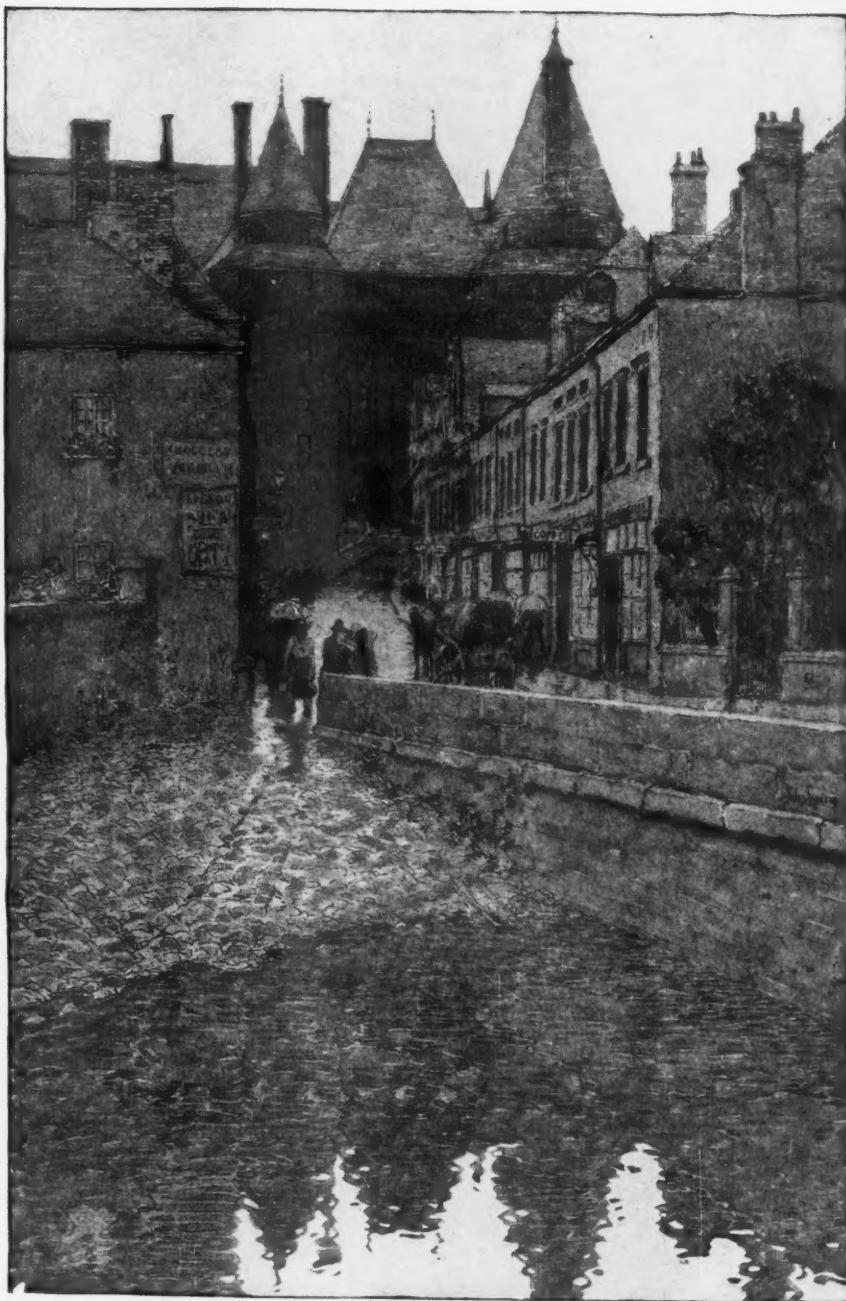
would be preferable, I think, in its summer uses. The semi-darkness of some of the rooms would be more welcome then, and the flooring, sometimes tiled in tender greens and yellows, more grateful to the feet. For, do what you will with these old castles, you cannot bring them altogether up to the standard of modern requirement. The walls are too thick; the windows, though fairly capacious, waste too much of the light on its passage through the gorge of solid masonry. The great fireplaces warm the birds above quite as much as the inmates below; and they need a liberal supplement of hot-air piping to accommodate them to the wants of a generation that shivers at a gust. It is all a matter of habit, no doubt, but the habit is there. Then the ceilings are low—more or less incurably so, for the beams that support them are hardly to be shifted now without bringing down the structure. One attempt, however, has been made, and with success, to knock two stories into one by taking liberties with the chambers immediately under the roof. They have been united by the suppression of a floor, and they make a hall of imposing dimensions in height as in breadth.

This chamber is of historic interest. It is, in its lower part, the one in which Anne of Brittany married at seventeen her first husband, Charles VIII, and so brought her little duchy into the realm of France. She had indeed been married, after a fashion, before that to Maximilian of Austria, the great rival of France; but it was only by proxy, for he was much too busy to favor her with his personal presence at the altar. Indignant France took the field and compelled her to throw over Maximilian and accept Charles VIII. Brittany was the last of the feudal states standing out of the union that made the country one. The process of welding states into realms and empires has gone on, in its several ways, in all lands and in all times. In the older European countries, it has generally involved the extinction of local rights. In the present instance, the change was effected by one of those marriages by arrangement dear to the French heart. Anne did not care a fig for Charles, and he probably cared as little

for her. But this consideration has ever sat lightly on the consciences of contracting parties, high or low, of their clime. Affection is supposed to come by the sense of the community of interest; and, by a miracle, it often does. The theory is that any average man and woman will learn to like each other by having to pull in the same boat, especially when, in good time, the equipage bears a freight of children. There was a special provision in the contract that, in the event of her becoming a widow, she should be bound to marry the next King of France. She became a widow; there was no surviving heir of Charles; a cousin succeeded as Louis XII, and he claimed her according to the bond, first divorcing his own wife for the purpose. So the Duchess of Brittany became a second time wife of a king of France. Anne was by no means a pawn in the game. She was a masterful person full of character, and her indirect influence on the course of French history was considerable.

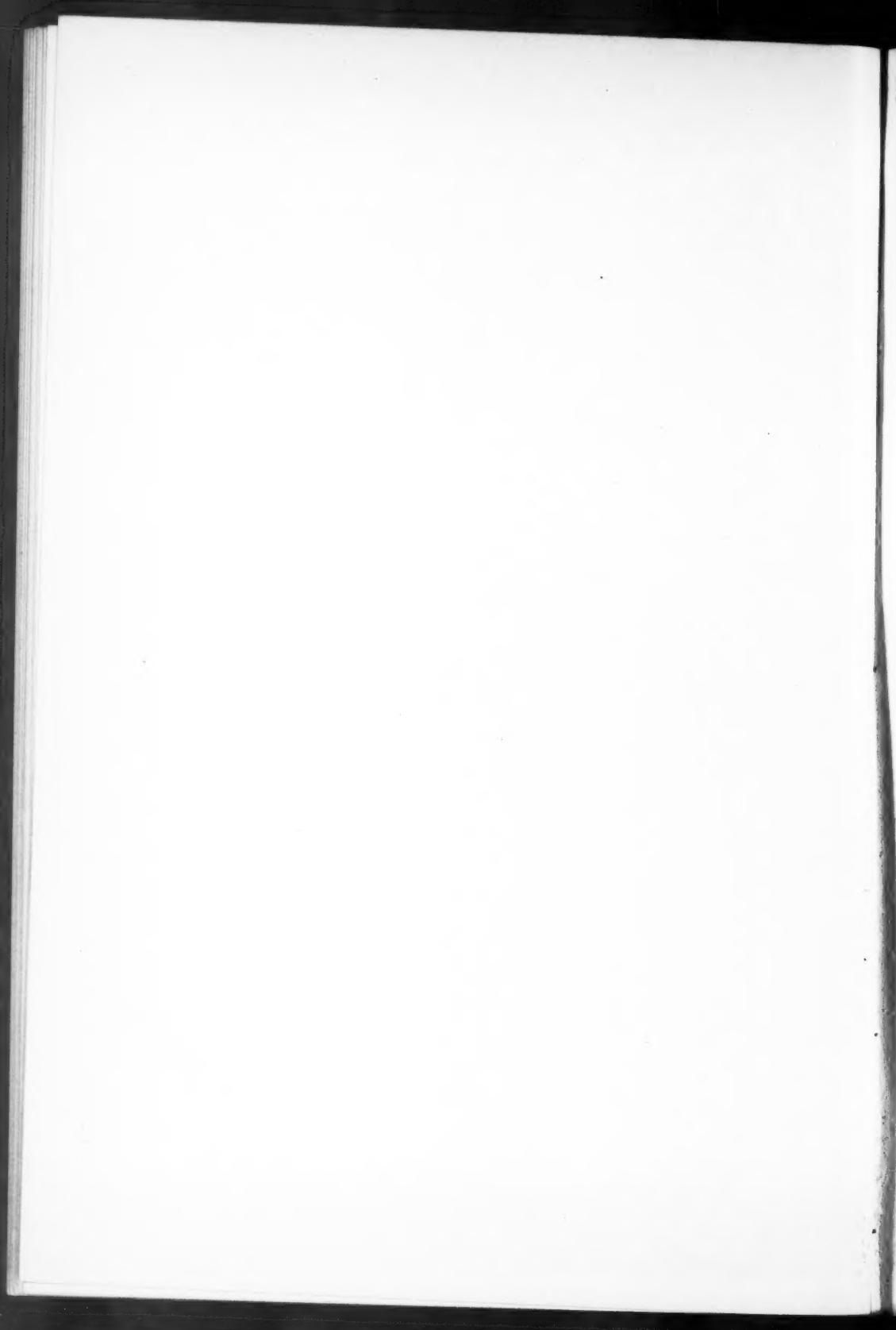
Loches, which we have just left, is associated with the name of another woman of far greater importance in this respect—Agnes Sorel. She governed the heart of Charles VII, as Joan of Arc may be said to have governed his mind, and all to the end of the redemption of the country. He was a weak creature, but there was generally a woman at hand to save him from the worst.

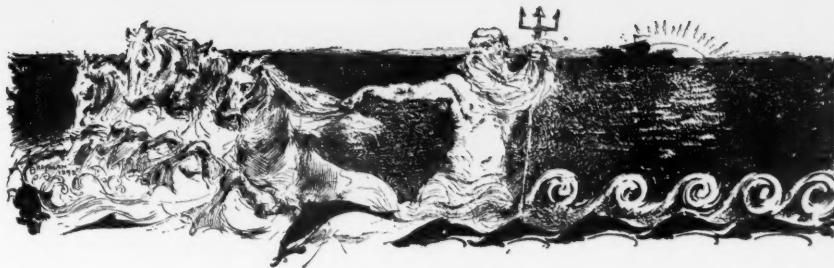
Agnes was an abiding influence. She lived in his palace, and, in some extraordinary way, had the esteem of his queen, who was perfectly well aware of the relationship. Joan's influence, by its very nature of religious exaltation, was less constant and abiding. Agnes, in spite of the equivocal nature of her position, was pious, public-spirited, and of the sweetest and gentlest disposition. The king wrote to her as he might have written to his mother, in terms of veneration and respect. Her tomb is at Loches, and it bears an inscription that would be rather flattering for a saint. She died a personage, and left a very proper will with many pious bequests. The point of view is all-important to those who want to understand the life or the history of France.



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

APPROACH TO THE GATE OF THE CHÂTEAU OF LANGEAIS





UNDER ROCKING SKIES

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Kerrigan's Diplomacy," etc.

1

OR a quarter of an hour Thomas Medbury had been standing at the east window of his mother's parlor, gazing out across his neighbor's yard with an eager intentness that betrayed a surprising absorption in a landscape without striking features and wholly lacking in any human interest. The low-studded room in which he stood was closely shut and darkened, having about it the musty smell peculiar to old houses. There were sea-fans before the fireplace, flanked on each side by polished conch-shells. On the wall hung an oil-painting of the brig *North Star*, with all sail set, and at her fore-truck a white burgee, with her name in red letters, standing straight out in half a gale of wind. Family portraits in oval gilt frames were ranged with mathematical precision along the remaining wall-spaces, and on the mantelpiece stood a curious collection of objects brought from far lands—carved ivories and strange ware from China, peculiar shells, a Japanese short sword, and a South Pacific war-club. No one would have needed to be told that it was the home of a sailor.

Indeed, a keen observer might have guessed it from the young man himself. He was tall and broad-shouldered, and bronzed to the color of overripe wheat.

His eyes had the steady, far-seeing look of the seaman, but were not yet marked about by the crow's-feet that the glare of the sun on the sea brings early in life. It was, moreover, a strong face, straightforward and pleasant, and irradiated by an almost boyish eagerness.

Suddenly he leaned forward with quickened interest as the door of his neighbor's house opened, and there stepped forth a short, stout man of sixty, who stood a moment for a last word and then hurried down the boxwood-lined path. He, too, was clearly a sailor: he walked with his feet far apart, like a man so habituated to the rolling deck that it seemed a waste of time and energy to alter his gait on the rare occasions when he trod the firm ground. Medbury perceived that his face wore a look of placid satisfaction, and with the tightening of the lines of his own to an unspoken resolution, he hurried through the house and across the yard, and, vaulting the low dividing fence, approached his neighbor's back door.

He lifted the latch without knocking, and at once came face to face with a wet-eyed young woman standing at a table and listlessly cutting out sugar-cookies with a tin mold. A child of four, leaning against her, reached eagerly for the cutter, and a boy of ten sat near the stove, softly crying.

"Annie," said Medbury, abruptly, "where's Bob? I want to see him."

"He's up-stairs, packing. He's going

out with Cap'n Joel March," said the young woman, tragically. The boy by the stove broke into a wail, and she turned sharply toward him.

"Do stop it, Bobbie!" she exclaimed. Then she walked toward the door to call her husband.

She returned at once, her husband, tall, brown, and wiry, walking behind her with the subdued step of a culprit who feels that by stepping softly, smiling unobtrusively, and gainsaying no man, he may escape, through his humility, what he deserves for his misconduct. His good-natured face lighted up at sight of Medbury.

"Bob," said Medbury, without other prelude than a nod, "I want you to do me a favor: don't go out this trip with Cap'n Joel."

The other smiled uncertainly and seated himself.

"Why, that's a funny thing to ask, Tom," he said wonderingly. "Annie's been at me, of course; but I don't see what odds it makes to you. It's a good berth, and it don't seem right to let the chance go by. Besides, I've promised the old man. I can't back out now."

"But he promised *me* he'd stay home a spell," broke in his wife. "He thinks that's nothing. He's just got home, after being away eleven months. Why, baby did n't know him!"

Under the concentrated gaze of her elders, the child contemplated her father as a blinking puppy might have looked at an object that, from being unfamiliar and terrifying, had gradually become an accepted but still unexplained phenomenon. But presently she turned to Medbury.

"Him gived me a pen-n-y," she said, with a serene gravity that seemed to concern itself with the fact as a historical statement rather than as a personal gratification.

Medbury seized her and tossed her, giggling, in his arms.

"He did, did he?" he exclaimed. "Well, he does n't deserve to have another if he can't stay home and get acquainted with you." He seated himself, and, with the child snuggling against him, turned to her father again.

"It's a shame, Bob, after promising Annie. Mother says she has n't talked about anything for six months except your coming home for a while. She said you

were going to paint the house and fix things up, and she's been running around asking everybody about the best kind of paint, and planning where to set out shrubs and make flower-beds, and dig up a little garden for the children. And now you run off at the first chance!"

"Why, I don't see why you take it so to heart, Tom," said Bob, smiling, but a little grieved. He felt they ought to feel that he did it only for the best.

"Well, I'll tell you why: I want to go myself. I asked Cap'n Joel to take me, but he would n't hear to it. Now, if he can't get anybody else, he's bound to let me go in the end."

Bob looked at him in amazement.

"Why, you're going to have the new bark! What do you care for—" Then all at once his face broke into a comprehending grin. "Oh, I see," he added. He sat for a moment smiling down at the floor. "All right, Tom," he said, looking up at last. "I'll do it. I would n't for anybody else. I really did n't want to go, but I felt I ought to. But what I'm going to say to the old man—" He looked at them with a troubled face.

"Nothing," replied Medbury, promptly. He turned to the boy, who was listening eagerly, the new hope of keeping his father at home brightening his tear-stained cheeks. "Bobbie, go over and tell my mother you want my fish-lines; then run up to Cap'n March's and tell him, your father can't go, after all. And hurry right back; your father's going to take you fishing."

The boy went out of the door and over the fence with a wild whoop of unrestrained joy. Medbury caught up a hat and put it on his friend's head.

"You'll find my boat under Simeon's shop; everything's in her," he told him. "We'll send Bobbie right down. And hurry; the tide's right for fishing now. You want to get right off." He laughed boyishly. Then he gently pushed Bob toward the door and watched him going down the street.

"Well, that's done," he said to Annie, and stepped outside, with his hand still holding the latch. Suddenly he looked back. "Annie," he said, "tell Bob I want him to go out with me as mate when the bark's finished. Of course that's six months away; but tell him to keep it in

mind." With that he hurriedly closed the door.

The boy returned, and followed his father, and five minutes later Captain March turned in at the gate. His face was no longer placid, but wore a look of annoyance. Medbury, watching him, saw him go away a moment later, hurrying toward the harbor, taking shorter steps than usual, and biting his bearded under lip in his perplexity.

"Seems kind o' mean to bother the old fellow," Medbury said to himself, looking troubled. He shook the feeling off as he added: "I guess it's for his good. Now he'll look up Davis; he's the only man he can get."

As he passed out of his gate, Annie called to him from her doorway. She was smiling.

"I wish you good luck, Tom."

"Thank you, Annie," he replied. "Don't tell about this."

She shook her head and laughed.

"Not till it comes out all right," she promised.

John Davis was sitting in the shipyard watching the carpenters setting up a stern-post for a new vessel, and there the captain found him. Medbury, watching them, saw them go away together; but at the corner of the Shore Road and Main street they separated.

Half-way up High street, Medbury caught up with Davis.

"You're walking fast, John," he said.

"Just shipped with Cap'n Joel," Davis replied, not slackening his gait, but rather increasing it, as beffited a little man, sensitive as to his size, when walking with a long-legged companion.

"That's what I wanted to see you about," Medbury told him. "You're not going." He smiled, but he glanced uneasily at Davis out of the corners of his eyes.

Davis stopped and looked at him. He was a middle-aged man with a red beard and an uncertain temper, and now he stared at Medbury with flushing face. Then he broke into a laugh.

"I ain't, eh?" he demanded good-naturedly. "I'd like to know why not."

Medbury smiled and laid his hand on the other's shoulder.

"Because I want to go myself, John," he replied. "I've got to go."

Davis stared at him with dropping jaw.

"You!"

"That's what I said," Medbury replied. For a moment Davis stood grinning uncertainly; then he looked up.

"Where's the joke?" he asked. "Blamed if I see it."

"It's no joke," said Medbury, patiently. "I've got to go. I can't tell why—just now; but some day I may."

Davis gazed up and down the street with an abstracted air; but all at once he drew himself together and exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be—" He broke off suddenly, and, turning sharply, began to walk back to the village.

"Where are you going?" asked Medbury, still standing in the road.

Over his shoulder Davis answered laconically:

"To tell the ol' man I can't go." He did not stop.

"It's mighty good of you, John," Medbury called humbly. "I'll make it up to you somehow—see if I don't."

"Make it up!" cried Davis, stopping in the road. "I don't want nothin' made up. You made it up, years ago, when you got me out of that affair in Para. You did n't ask no questions that night; nor when you run across our bar in that no'theaster to fish up my boy when his boat capsized. I don't know what you're up to, and I don't care. It's all right." He waved his hand lightly, as if to dismiss all obligations, and departed in search of Captain March.

But half a dozen steps away, Medbury heard him laugh, and turned to see him standing in the road, looking back.

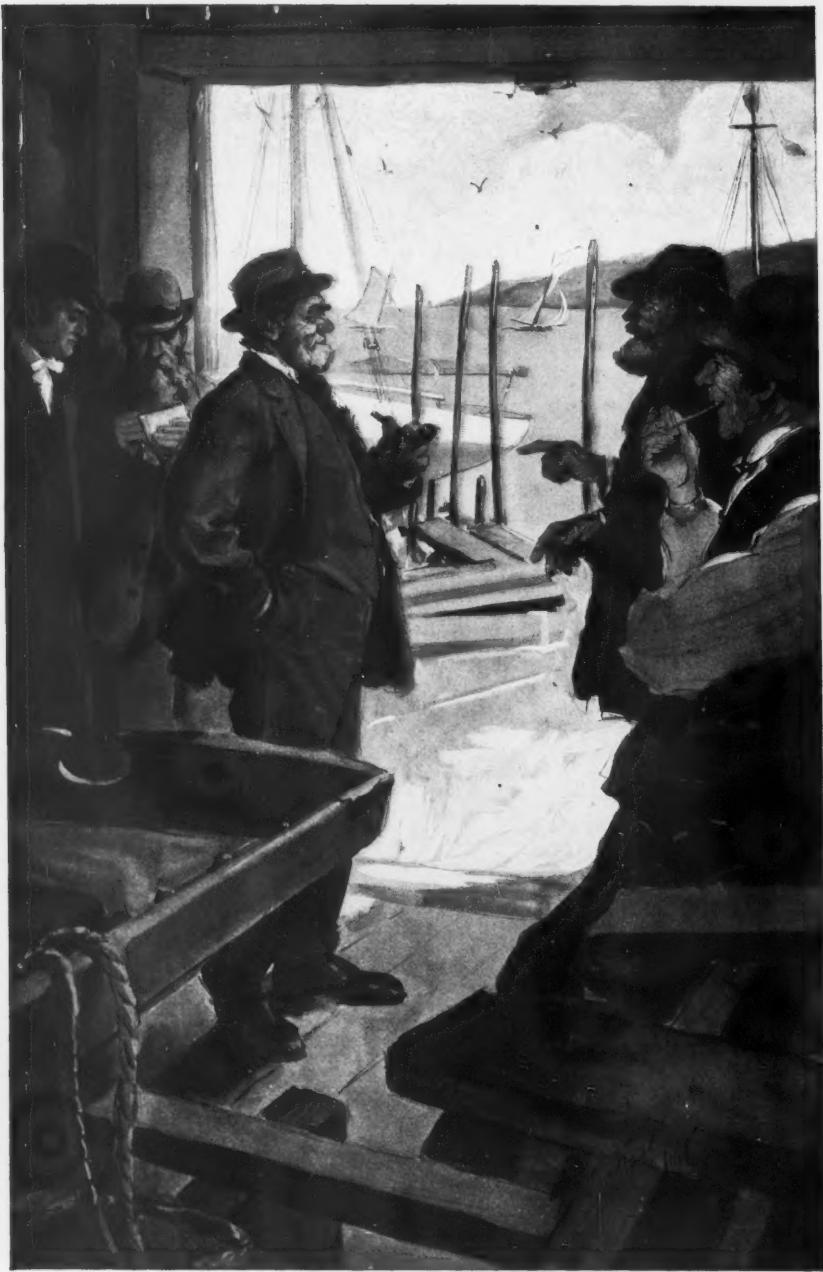
"Just this minute saw what you was aimin' at," he called to Medbury. "Well, good luck to you!" And, grinning to himself, he went his way.

"Now," thought Medbury, "if Cap'n March'll only keep his eyes open for the rest of the day, I guess he's not going to miss seeing me. I shall be near, but not too near. Only I wish I knew of something to hurry him up before too many people laugh and wish me luck."

Fate, in the hands of a woman, was to do that for him.

II

WITH something of the serene imperturbability that was a part of his habitual attitude toward life, the Rev. Robert Drew sat in a rocking-chair on the little porch



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THERE WAS A TWINKLE IN CAPTAIN MARCH'S EYES"

of his house and, slowly rocking, looked out across the waters of the placid bay while he awaited Captain March's summons. For twenty-four hours he had scarcely stirred from home, that he might be in instant readiness for departure on the coming of the captain's messenger; but the messenger still tarried, and the *Henrietta C. March*, lying quietly at anchor off the harbor with her mainsail up, seemed no nearer to sailing than she had been the day before.

It was early in March—March that had come in like a lamb and now lay drowsing under a sun that hourly reddened the buds and gleamed white on the salt-meadows and the shining boles of trees. There were bird-calls at intervals; barnyard fowls sunned themselves in garden spaces and sent up cloudy veils of dust: the life of the earth was awakening. Drew could see dark specks about the harbor's mouth: he knew that the boats had begun to go out for flatfish. The thought of even that mild activity moved him to impatience, and, getting to his feet, he walked to an open window and looked in.

"Mother," he said, "I'm going to find Captain March and get some reason from him why he does n't sail. He can get a good mate, I hear; I don't understand his delaying. I'm tired of it. If he is n't going, I wish to know it, and arrange for a vacation elsewhere."

"Very well, Robert." His mother looked up brightly. Her son as an instrument of strenuous aggressiveness amused her. She had the sense of humor, which he had not inherited, and it was this sense that lured her on to add: "Don't say anything that you may regret."

"Oh, no," he answered gravely, and went away, leaving her to the silent laughter that always seemed to him, whenever he was a witness of it, as something peculiarly elusive and almost pagan.

In all Blackwater there was no cooler spot than Myron Beckwith's boat-shop. Facing the Shore Road, and standing on piles, with big sliding doors opening at each end, on a hot summer afternoon one could always find a cool breeze drawing through it and hear the water lapping about the piles beneath the floor. The panorama of village life passed by on the Shore Road, and at the back doors one could sit and watch all the activity of harbor and wharves

and see the vessels going up and down the sound. To sailors ashore and to idlers in general it was an attractive spot. Here Drew found Captain March standing in a little group near the rear doors, ruminating on life.

"No," he was saying, "things go best by contraries. A sailor ought to marry a girl from the inboard, who does n't know a scow from a full-rigged ship and is just a little scart at sight of salt water. A man like the dominie here," he added, as Drew halted by the group, "ought to marry a girl who's never been under conviction and has got a spice of old Satan in her. That's what gives 'em variety and keeps 'em interested. When you know just what you're going to have for your meals every day, you kind o' lose interest in your eating."

"Dominie," said Jehiel Dace, "you ought to get the cap'n to supply your pulpit while you're off on your vacation. He's a good deal of a preacher."

"I have other uses for him," said Drew, with a smile.

"T would n't be a bad notion if we'd all change places now and then," replied the captain. "We'd appreciate each other better. I don't know but I could preach about as well as the dominie could run the *Henrietta C.* I ain't so sure about the prayers. One thing, there's several at that congregation I'd like to talk at."

"Nothin' to hender you from freein' your mind as it is," suggested Dace, brightening at the prospect. "You don't need no pulpit for that."

There was a twinkle in Captain March's eyes, but he shook his head.

"No," he said with an air of finality, "it would n't be official. Wisdom has got to have authority to give it weight. Otherwise it's just blamed impudence."

"That's so," admitted Dace; "that's a good deal so. See what a man will take from his wife without—"

Captain March turned suddenly.

"There he comes!" he exclaimed, and gazed steadily through the open window.

All eyes, turning in the same direction, saw a horseman galloping down the Mount Horeb road. He descended the hill, was lost to sight behind the rigging-loft, flashed past a bit of the Shore Road, and was hidden again for a moment while they heard the thunder of his horse's feet on the mill-creek bridge. Captain March seated him

self and, with knees wide apart, faced the land-side door.

In front of the shop a boy threw himself from a panting horse. He walked straight up to Captain March, and in much the same manner that a courier might announce defeat to a king, said:

"He can't come. His wife's sick, he says. He can't come."

"That settles it," said the captain. "I heard Simeon Macy was ashore, and I thought maybe I could get him for mate. Now I've got to go to the city this afternoon and look one up."

No one spoke, but every man in the group except the captain and Drew thought of Thomas Medbury, and wondered how far a man might be justified in letting personal reasons override necessity when his vessel was loaded and ready for sea.

Dace was the first to break the silence.

"As I was sayin'," he remarked, "speakin' of wives—"

Some one touched Drew on the shoulder and he turned quickly. It was Deacon Taylor, anxious to talk over again the debated subject of a new heater for the church. When Drew was again free the captain was gone.

"Where did the captain go?" he asked.

"My wisdom touchin' wives reminded him that his had sent him on an errant," answered Dace. "He went to the market. I suppose by now he's tryin' to explain to his wife how he happened to be three hours late with the meat for dinner."

At the market Drew was told that Captain March had gone home. When, after a momentary hesitation, Drew had gone thither, it was only to find Mrs. March sitting by a window, apparently watching for her recreant husband.

"And he wanted roast beef for dinner," sadly remarked that good lady after she had told the minister that she knew no more about her husband's whereabouts than she knew where Moses was buried. She turned her face from him for an instant.

"It is twelve o'clock, lacking seventeen minutes," she added in a tone that suggested the tragic stage. Drew hurried away.

When, after a hopeless search for the missing mariner, he wended his way homeward half an hour later, he smiled to himself as he wondered if it was not just as

well: he could not for his life tell what he could have said to urge the captain to sail. At his gate he came face to face with a breathless small boy.

"Mr. Drew," he gasped, "Cap'n March he says—he says—you be at—Myron's boat-shop—boat-shop by half-past one—yes, sir. He's goin' to sail." Then he disappeared.

In wonder Drew hastened up to his house to find his mother kneeling on the floor and strapping a satchel.

"I've just put some crullers and a glass of jelly in your bag," she told him, without turning. "I don't suppose you'll get a thing that tastes like real cooking. And I put your winter flannels in, too. It will be cold nights, and you will sit out on deck and get chilled through. Now come to dinner."

"I don't understand this sudden haste," said Drew, as he took his seat at the table. "I saw the captain an hour ago, and he showed no signs of any impatience to be off. It seems too good to be true."

Mrs. Drew laughed.

"He says the same of you," she told him. "But if you really get away you owe it to your mother. I am the god out of the machine—I. I was tying up the flowering-currant bush by the fence and Captain March came by. He was hurrying, my dear. I never saw him hurry before. What do sailors say—rolling both scuppers under? Yes; it was like that. I called to him and asked him if he had seen my son. Yes, he had. Then I told him that if he did n't sail soon you would need a second vacation to recover from the nervous strain of waiting for this one to begin. I let him know how you had done nothing for two days but sit by your baggage and start at every sound. I told him, too, that you were constantly worrying lest something should happen to keep you at home at the last minute; so the sooner you got away the better."

"Oh, mother! mother!" protested Drew, smiling.

"Oh, I put it strongly—trust me for that. He said he had seen you, but you had said nothing. I knew it would be like that. Oh, you were two Buddhas sitting under the sacred Bo-tree, contemplating eternity. Is n't that what the Buddha is supposed to do? You were like that, you two, anyway. Well, he explained everything. He told me

that two men had promised to go out with him as mate, but changed their minds. He thought it queer. Another asked to go, but, for personal reasons, he did n't want him. But as soon as he knew just how you felt he said he 'd go right off for this man. I thought it very good of him. I hope the man is n't a rough character. But, Robert, you did n't tell me that his wife and daughter are going." She looked at her son reproachfully.

"Whose wife and daughter? I can't follow you," he said.

"The captain's, of course."

"I believe he did mention the fact that his wife and little girl were going, but it made no impression on me," Drew told her. "I have scarcely given it a thought since."

"His little girl! Robert, have n't you ever seen her?"

"No, mother."

"Well, I suppose you knew of her, though they don't attend your church." Then she changed the subject with an abruptness that was so characteristic that Drew's thoughts slipped away from the question he had been about to ask. "But, do you know," she said, "I think he decided to go partly because he forgot his meat for dinner and he's afraid of that round, good-natured-looking little wife of his. His hurry to get away now looks as if he'd been too busy finding a mate to get home earlier. He told me about it with an intimate chuckle that seemed to take me right into his family closet and introduce me to the skeleton."

As Drew made his way through Beckwith's boat-shop half an hour later and stopped at the wide sliding doors at the rear, a large yawl was lying at the float. Three sailors sat on the thwarts, leaning forward with the characteristic rounded shoulders and relaxed look of idle seamen. Up the long plank walk from the boat hurried a tall, beardless young man of twenty-eight or thirty. He walked with a swinging gait, his shoulders were well back, and his face wore the look of one whose thoughts were pleasant.

He glanced from Drew to his baggage, then back to Drew again, and smiled, showing firm white teeth.

"Mr. Drew?" His voice suggested a query, but went on again immediately, without waiting for an answer: "Tumble

in. The old man 's gone aboard. He would n't wait."

He paused while Drew gathered up his baggage, but did not offer to assist. The American seaman is no burden-bearer for other men.

The sailors in the boat turned indifferent faces as they heard the two draw near, then quickly rose and held the yawl to the float till they were seated in the stern-sheets. In silence the oarsmen then took their places, shipped their oars, and at Medbury's word sped away.

Drew looked at his watch as they pulled away from the float.

"It 's not yet the hour Captain March set for leaving," he said. "I hope I did not misunderstand it."

"Oh, that 's the old man's way," replied the other, lightly. "Now that he 's really off, he can't hurry fast enough—had to get Myron to take him out in a sail-boat while I was to wait for you."

"Are you a Blackwater man?" asked Drew, later.

"Born here, and my father and grandfather before me. I guess that makes me a Blackwater man all right. My name 's Medbury. You know my mother; she goes to your church."

Drew's face brightened.

"Yes, indeed. Now I understand why I 've never seen you," he said. "Your mother told me that you had not been home for more than two years. I 've not been here so long. She is very cheerful in her loneliness; I often stop in to talk to her."

"Yes," answered Medbury, soberly; "she told me. It does her lots of good. She thinks a great deal of you." He paused a moment, and then said: "I 've promised her to take no more long voyages. She 's getting old, and I 'm all she 's got."

"That 's good," said Drew, heartily. He was very fond of the bright-faced old woman who had lived to see the covetous ocean take all but her youngest boy, and was quite prepared to like her son for her sake.

III

THE *Henrietta C. March* was a brig of five hundred tons burden, and was bound for Santa Cruz in the West Indies; and Captain March had stopped off his home port to take aboard his wife and daughter and

Drew, who had been given a long vacation by his church. The mate of the brig had been taken suddenly ill, and for two days the captain had been trying to get a man to fill his place.

It was with an impression of almost Crusoe-like loneliness that Drew found himself upon the deck when they reached the brig at last, the mate, with the crew at his heels, having gone forward to swing the boat to her place on the center-house, and then to the windlass to heave the chain short. Drew set his baggage down on the deck and, walking forward, watched the men heaving at the windlass, the jar and clank of which filled the vessel. On the quarter-deck the captain, in his shirt-sleeves and wearing a shapeless brown hat, walked back and forth, occasionally glancing aloft at the fly, which was beginning to straighten out in the freshening southwest breeze. His wife and daughter were nowhere in sight.

The clank of the windlass grew slower and slower as the cable shortened, and every moment or two Medbury glanced over the bow. Finally he raised his hand above his head, and the men came trooping down from the forecastle-deck, some going aloft to loosen sails and others going to various stations with a businesslike directness that seemed to Drew to be under the guidance of wordless intuition. He stood leaning against the fore-rigging as two came toward him with the unseeing look of men who, having a duty to perform, recognize no obstacle, and, gently pushing him aside, began to throw to the deck the coils of running rigging against which he had been leaning. He moved from place to place, always finding himself in the way and being pushed aside with the silent directness that seemed purely impersonal, until at last, throwing off his coat, he began to pull with the rest. In silence they made place for him. For a time he found his hands catching awkwardly at halyard and braces and slipping over and under other harder hands; then at last he caught the swing, and his body rose and sank with the bodies of the others, and his breathing came heavily and thickened with theirs. The minister had found himself.

It was not until the brig slowly paid off, heeling before the fresh breeze, and the outward-bound song began its chant about her forefoot, that he gathered up

his baggage and went aft. Captain March was at the wheel.

"Go right down and make yourself to home," he said. "They'll show you your room. I declare, you take a hold like an old hand. We'll be sending you aloft in a few days."

Drew smiled, but shook his head.

"No," he said; "I shall stick to the deck."

As he went down the companionway and stepped across the cabin he saw the round little form of Mrs. March kneeling before a locker in what was to be his room. She turned her head at the sound of his footsteps.

"I thought I'd tidy your room up a bit," she told him. "Gracious knows, it needs it. You'd think it started out as a carpenter-shop or sail-loft, but got discouraged and ended up just plain litter. I guess Cap'n March has left house-cleaning out of his almanac. And he said this room was clean!"

"Oh, I am sure it will do nicely, Mrs. March," Drew replied. "My mother says I'm fond of a comfortable disorder."

"I guess men are all alike in that," she said: "they like a clutter—they think it's having things handy. But I hope you'll excuse my back," she went on. "I was just telling my daughter that I was almost ashamed to show my face to you. There I was scolding about Cap'n March being so late, when all the time you and he were so anxious to get off and he scurrying around to find a mate. I declare, sometimes it seems as if the good Lord did n't do his best by women when he gave them tongues. They're like drums to little children—make a dreadful noise and keep them from better things."

Drew smiled. It seemed clear that the captain had used some latitude in explaining his late return home. Meanwhile Mrs. March was backing out of the room.

"There," she said; "it's in a sort of order, if you don't look too close."

Ten minutes later Drew came out into the cabin, having put away his belongings.

"I am sure the room could n't be better, Mrs. March," he said. "It seems to me delightfully cozy and neat."

Mrs. March shook her head and smiled as she said:

"I'd a' been better satisfied if you had n't mentioned its being so nice. I've noticed

this about men-folks, that when things suit them, they don't notice them. When Cap'n March talks and acts like a man right out of the Bible I 'm sure he 's been up to mischief, or else has something unpleasant on his mind, one."

Drew laughed as he replied :

"Then I 'm going to cultivate wise silences, Mrs. March. I 'll give you the impression of a man walking in a dream. I have come on this voyage to learn things; you are not letting me lose any time."

"Oh, if you came to learn things, you 'll be wasting time by talking with the rest of us: you must go to my daughter here. She 's been called to that, you know—to teach all men and nations." Her voice held a curious note: pride, resentment, anxiety, all seemed to marshal themselves in the words.

"Mother!"

Drew turned quickly at the one word, to see the daughter standing in the doorway of her room. He noticed that while the girl's brow was drawn in a frown, her lips had the undecided irregularity of curve that hinted at a smile suppressed. This study of particulars did not make him any the less alert to a general impression of striking beauty. He smiled and bowed somewhat elaborately, to which the girl returned a curt little nod, though her answering smile was friendly.

He had the tact to seem not to recognize the tension and to turn to other subjects, and he now said, with a heartiness that seemed to have long been waiting for expression, that they really were off at last. His glance at the hanging lamp over the table, gently swaying in its gimbals, had the effect of bringing the corroborative testimony of its motion to their notice, while he went on to add that it seemed too good to be true. He said that ever since the brig had anchored off the harbor he had been haunted by the fear that something would happen at the last moment to keep him at home. Not till now had he felt safe.

"It 's the other way about with me," said Mrs. March. "I shall not feel safe till I get home again. If the Lord meant for us to go wandering about on the face of the waters, he would have made them steady enough to build roads on. If he put people 'way on the other side of the earth, he meant them to stay there—and

us, too," she added lamely, but with sufficient clearness.

Drew halted half-way up the companionway.

"You don't mean to say that you are afraid of the sea, Mrs. March," he asked, "after all your voyages?"

"I 've been going with Cap'n March off and on for twenty-five—yes, thirty—years," she answered; "yet I never go out of sight of land without feeling that I 'm making faces at my Maker and daring him to punish me."

"Oh, mother's fear is her most precious possession," said the girl, now for the first time coming forth into the cabin. "Nothing has ever happened to her at sea; and that, she feels, is the best reason for thinking that something is bound to happen the next time." She put her hand on the elder woman's shoulder and smiled down on her from her greater height.

"Well, that's reasonable," retorted Mrs. March. "I was never one to shut my eyes and claim it was n't thundering. I 've got my hearing. What does the good Lord give us feelings for if he does n't mean us to use them?" With this challenge to unbelief in design in nature, she went to her room.

Captain March was still at the wheel when Drew returned to the deck. Medbury was forward with the crew, busily stowing the anchor. Little by little, Blackwater was disappearing behind the high white cliffs. Drew took up the glass which lay in its box against the frame of the sliding hood of the companionway and looked toward the village. Even as he looked, the white spire of his church disappeared from view. He saw it vanish, and put the glass down, to see the girl standing in the companionway watching the changing shore.

"I 've seen the last of my church for three months," he said to her; "now I am really loose and free."

"It 's good to get away from responsibility for a while," she said. "I feel now as if I could dismiss all thought and worry until I return. Then things may look different to me. I am going to think so, anyway."

"Hetty," said the captain, "just run down and get my pipe off my desk, won't you? You 're younger than I am. Besides, I 'm busy." He turned to Drew,

"Ashore I smoke cigars mostly; my wife says a pipe's low. But here I'm master." He looked about his little kingdom with a mild, complacent face.

His daughter brought his pipe, and, with the gentle look not yet gone from his face, he was filling it when a boyish-looking lad came aft along the starboard side of the house, sent by the mate to take the wheel. Drew, watching the captain, saw his face change. As the lad came to the quarter-deck the captain pointed a stubby finger at him.

"You—" he began harshly, and then hesitated and glanced at his daughter. The boy stopped and turned a frightened look upon the captain.

"Ever been to sea before?" demanded the captain.

"Yes, sir," faltered the boy.

"When?"

"Along the sound here—last summer," he answered.

"Ah," said the captain; then he added: "Did n't you learn the le'ward side of a vessel?"

The boy gave a startled look aloft, and then, with a flaming face, turned quickly and came back along the lee side of the house. The captain gave him the course, and without another word walked over to the rail, where his daughter stood with Drew.

"Sometimes they forget, sometimes they're green and don't know, and sometimes it's just impudence," he said in a voice that the boy could hear. "No matter which it is, ninety-nine times in a hundred the sailor who does it tumbles right into trouble. This happened to be the hundredth time."

His daughter took him by the shoulders and shook him gently.

"Do you mean to say," she asked in a low voice, "that you might have punished that boy for coming aft on the wrong side? You could see he had forgotten or did n't know. Would you?"

He smiled upon her.

"Well," he answered, "he'd have remembered the next time if I had."

She drew back haughtily.

"I am going to parade—parade up and down that gangway by the hour!" she told him.

Her father chuckled.

"Nothing to hinder," he declared.

"You're not down on the articles as a forecastle-hand, are you?"

She did not stay to listen, but went indignantly away; at the cabin door, however, she turned and came back.

"You would n't have done it," she told him; "I know you would n't." She stooped—she was taller than he—and kissed him lightly. Then she went below.

Her father gazed after her.

"Sometimes she's a thousand feet tall," he said to Drew; "and then again—"

"No taller than your heart," suggested Drew as he hesitated.

"That's about it, I guess," said the captain.

The wind freshened as night came on, and had a touch of winter in its sting. They were now running fast by the coast, the high cliffs of which rose dark and desolate on the starboard. The water was black, save where it ran hissing along the sides in a ragged gray ribbon of foam. Behind them, in the west, a crimson flush lingered in the sky. Drew stood at the break in the poop-deck, watching the shadowy forms of the crew moving about the deck forward as they made the royal snug for the night; far overhead he could hear the pennant halyards slatting against the topmast in the dark. Every taut line and halyard sang in the breeze, and there was a dull, humming roar in the canvas; under the lower sails, across the deck, the wind swept crackling and keen.

He heard the mate's last "That's well; belay!" and watched him come aft. He passed without speaking, then hesitated and came back.

"After we get through the Race," he said, "we'll begin to get the swell." He spoke absent-mindedly, as if he were thinking of something quite different; then he walked to the rail and sat down. Drew followed him.

Leaning his elbows on his knees, Medbury sat for a long time without speaking; at last he looked up with a little laugh.

"I'd give something to be out of this," he said. "I was a fool to come. I might have known better. It's funny, but a man may know a woman all his life, and at the end of the time know as little about her as if he'd never seen her—that is, *really* know her—how she'll take things. Now, I suppose this was the very worst thing I could have done. All that I've got to do is to

wait till she gets ready and she 'll tell me so. Oh, I can see just how she 'll look and what she 'll say! I don't need to have her tell me. 'You might have thought of my feelings!'"—he changed his voice,—"that 's what she 'll say. And I—" he broke off impatiently.

Drew looked at him in bewilderment.

"I don't think I understand," he said.

"You don't? Why, mother said she told you all about it one time when you were at the house; she said she had to tell some one. That's how I felt to-night, and I thought you knew."

A light broke in upon Drew.

"Ah!" he said. Then he went on: "Yes, she told me; but she did not tell me the young lady's name. It is Miss March?"

"Yes," Medbury answered. "I thought you must know. You 'd have been the only one in Blackwater if you had n't. Sometimes I feel like the town clock, with every one watching my face. That's one reason why I like the China seas; I can't get farther away."

"Your mother told me very little," said Drew; "she was worrying about your not coming home, and lonely, and it did her good to speak. It did not seem to me a hopeless situation as she told it. Captain March strikes me as being a reasonable man."

"I guess she did n't tell you all, then. Well, I was thinking of what she said and how much she thought of you, and, thinking you knew, I made up my mind to ask your advice. I felt that I had to talk to some one." He hesitated a moment and then, with a boyish laugh, went on: "You see, Hetty and I had always been pretty good friends from the time we went to school together. Well, I 've never got over it. When I first went to sea she used to write to me; but after a while she went out to Oberlin to live with an aunt while she went to college; and as I was half the time on the other side of the world, we kind of lost track of each other. I guess she lost track of me more than I did of her, for she 's changed since I saw her last, three years ago, and I can't quite make her out. She 's friendly enough, but she 's different, and has come home with a wild notion of going out to China as a missionary. Good Lord! a girl like that to be thrown away on those—" He could think of no word strong enough to convey his

contempt. "Well," he went on, "I can't see any place for me in that plan, but that does n't seem to trouble her. That's what worries me. Of course the old man 's set against her going; but he 's set against me, too, because I 'm a sailor. That's the way things stand. When I heard she was going out with her father this trip, and the mate was sick, I rushed off to the old man and offered to go with him. He would n't hear of it, and engaged two others; but I saw them privately, and they backed out. The old man can't understand why they did. To-day he came to me, and here I am. I 've been offered a good vessel, and I intended to stay home a spell; but when I heard she was going away it seemed to me it was my last chance—to go with her; but I guess it was a mistake. I can see she thinks I 've done a foolish thing, and is angry."

"I think I can understand how she feels—how most women would feel," said Drew, slowly, after a long pause. "Her sense of justice is outraged—perhaps that 's too strong a word; but she feels that you have taken an unfair advantage of her in leaving her no way of escape. She might not have cared to escape, but she likes to feel that retreat is open to her. A woman fights at a disadvantage in these things; she is more sensitive to public opinion than are men, and she has the instinct of a hunted creature. I don't know that I can make it clear," he concluded hopelessly. "Then, too, I may be wholly wrong."

"Well, I don't know what I am going to do, now I 'm here," said Medbury, forlornly.

"I should say attend strictly to business and see her as little as possible for a while," Drew told him. "As for her anger, that may be a good sign. If she were simply indifferent to you, she would n't care. She could leave it safely to time to make your coming ridiculous."

When Drew entered the cabin, an hour later, Hetty sat at the table reading, shading her eyes with her hand; her mother sat knitting near her; and on the lounge her father reclined, pipe in mouth, his hat on the floor beside him. Blinking in the strong light, Drew sat down without removing his overcoat.

"Ain't you going to stay a while?" asked the captain. "You can't make church calls to-night."

Drew laughed.

"No," he said; "that's true. I'm out of that. But I'm going back on deck soon. I can't get enough of it: the world seems all sky and stars. I had lost sight of the fact that the earth is so trivial."

Captain March let his feet come slowly to the floor and picked up his hat.

"That's a good deal so," he said. "Still, there's enough earth lying loose around the Race to keep me from forgetting it, at least till we've dropped it astern. I guess I'll go take a look up on deck."

As her father disappeared, Hetty laid down her book and looked up.

"Where are we now?" she asked Drew.

"Little Gull Island light is just ahead of us," he answered.

"That will be our last sight of land, won't it?" she asked. "I'm going up to say good-by."

When she had gone her mother dropped her knitting in her lap.

"I guess ministers are used to people coming to them with all their troubles," she began, with a plaintive little note creeping into her usually cheery voice; "and I do hope you won't think I'm trying to spoil your vacation by troubling you with ours; but Cap'n March and I have talked and talked till we ain't on speaking terms with our own judgments any more, and what to do next I don't know." Then she, too, told the story.

At the end of her hurried recital she said:

"What she thinks of Tom I don't know; she's awfully close-mouthed about some things. I like Tom, and if I had my way I guess I'd let the young folks settle it themselves. But Cap'n March he's different. He's going to take it for granted that she won't think of Tom because her father disapproves of her marrying a sailor; and he will be so sure of it, and so exasperating, that I don't know what he'll *make* her do first—marry Tom or go right off to China. In the end he'll let her do just what she makes up her mind to do. He always did, and he always will. If it's one thing, I don't care; but to think of her going off alone to the other side of the world—" She picked up her work and began to knit rapidly, with fast-falling tears.

Drew sat with his elbow on the back of the chair, his chin in the palm of his hand, looking down at the floor.

"I wish I knew what to say—to advise,

Mrs. March," he now said; "but I do not. Perhaps after a while—"

"Yes," she broke in eagerly; "that's all we could expect. I told Cap'n March I was going to speak to you, and he seemed real pleased. I'm sure you'll think of some way out," she added, with the cheerful optimism with which we shift the burden of our desperate affairs to the shoulders of others. It is hard to believe that Fate will continue unkind when our friends are moved. "And I hope," she went on, "that you won't feel it a duty to encourage Hetty's missionary notions. Of course you're a minister and believe in missionaries, and I should n't ask you to go against your conscience; but I suppose you can believe in them without thinking that everybody's fit for the work. I'm sure Hetty is n't. All the missionary women I ever saw were thin and homely, and their clothes seemed just thrown at them. Hetty is n't a bit like that. I can say so, if she is my daughter. And I've scarcely seen her for three years; and if now she should go away to live at the end of the world among heathen idols, with not a homelike thing, and no one to mother her when she needs mothering, then I think that religion is very kind to the heathen, who don't want it, and very cruel to a mother who has always been a God-fearing woman and only wants her child near her when she comes to die. She's all I've got."

She had been speaking with increasing rapidity, but now a light footfall sounded on deck, going aft, and she stopped.

"Go up on deck," she said to Drew. "I don't want her to know I've ever mentioned this to you. She's a dear girl, but sometimes I feel like a hen who is the mother of a duckling. What she's going to do next I don't know."

Drew met the girl by the corner of the house.

"I've been showing father the stars," she said. "He, a sailor, and not to know them! I told him I thought it shameful."

"I suppose he knew the north star," he said, smiling.

"Oh, yes; he knew that. The others did n't seem to impress him. He said they were too shifty to be of much use."

"I think there are some folks who know so much that it kind o' clogs their brains and keeps them from working right," said Captain March, coming up behind her.

"I have an idea that we can use just about so much, and all over and above that is just pure waste. I once had a mate that was like that. He could name all the stars, too, and knew a good many things of that sort that did n't help him much to find his longitude; but as for the look of the sky, or the heave of the sea, or the feel of the wind, that meant nothing more to him than so much blank paper. Now, when I walk the deck at night and look up and see the stars shining overhead, winter or summer, they're company for me. That's enough for me; what men call 'em I don't care. I suppose the good Lord 's got his own names for them."

Hetty stayed on deck till Little Gull Island light came abreast; but when she had gone below the captain sought out

Drew as he stood by the main-rigging and told him his daughter's desire. He made no mention of Medbury.

"Her mother thought you might help us," he concluded; "and I hope you can, for we're in sore trouble. Still, I don't ask you to advise against your conscience. Now I say, 'No,' to her; but if she feels she's got to go, and does n't change, why, I shall say, 'Yes,' in the end. I know that. My father always wanted me to stay ashore, but I was wild to go to sea. It seemed that I *had* to go, and in the end I did. I don't know that I got all I expected, but I got what I wanted; and if my girl sets her heart on this as the only way for her to lead her life, why, I sha'n't put a stone in her way when once I'm sure. It would n't be right."

(To be continued)



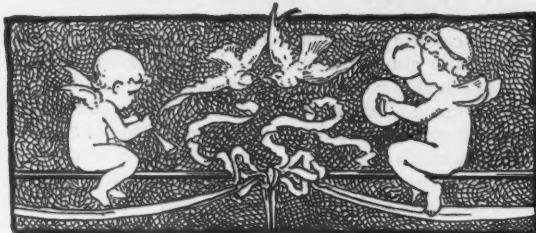
A PRAYER FOR SAD PILGRIMS

BY EMERY POTTEL

LORD GOD, I have not over-vexed thine ears
With meek requirements nor with wild, weak tears;
I have not beat upon thy listening gates
To save mine argosies with precious freights;
Nay, surely, my petitions have not stirred
Upon thy patient lips one weary word.

The trivial thorns that sting my naked feet,
The pool of Marah that I dreamed was sweet,
The golden day I touched, and touching lost,
Lord God, it were not meet that thou the cost
Of these my sorrows recompense again,—
I would not burden thee with prayers of pain.

Strange, then, my scanty confidence to-day;
I kneel beside this dreary, dusty way
To ask not where my troublous paths do tend,
Nor when my sorry pilgrimages end:
Grant but such wayside happiness to find,
Lord God, as I discern in mine own kind.



SANDY

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary"

WITH A PICTURE BY W. L. JACOBS

XXII

AT WILLOWVALE



HERE was an early tea at Willowvale that evening, and Ruth sat at the big round table alone. Mrs. Nelson always went to bed when the time came for packing, and Carter was late, as usually was the case.

Ruth was glad to be alone. She had passed through too much to be able to banish all trace of the storm. But though her eyes were red from recent tears, they were bright with anticipation. Sandy was coming back. That fact seemed to make everything right.

She leaned her chin on her palm and tried to still the beating of her heart. She knew he would come. Irresponsible, hot-headed, impulsive as he was, he had never failed her. She glanced impatiently at the clock.

"Miss Rufe, was you ever in love?" It was black Rachel who broke in upon her thoughts. She was standing at the foot of the table, her round, good-humored face comically serious.

"No—yes. Why, Rachel?" stammered Ruth.

"I was just axin'," said Rachel, "'cause if you been in love, you'd know how to read a love-letter, would n't you, Miss Rufe?"

Ruth smiled and nodded.

"I got one from my beau," went on Rachel, in great embarrassment; "but dat nigger knows I can't read."

"Where does he live?" asked Ruth.

"Up in Injinapolis. He drives de hearse."

Ruth suppressed a smile. "I'll read the love-letter for you," she said.

Rachel sat down on the floor and began taking down her hair. It was divided into many tight braids, each of which was wrapped with a bit of shoe-string. From under the last one she took a small envelop and handed it to Ruth.

"Dat's it," she said. "I was so skeered I'd lose it I did n't trust it no place 'cept in my head."

Ruth unfolded the note and read:

"DEAR RACHEL: I mean biznis if you mean biznis send me fore dollars to git a divorce.

"George."

Rachel sat on the floor, with her hair standing out wildly and anxiety deepening on her face.

"I ain't got but three dollars," she said. "I was gwine to buy my weddin' dress wif dat."

"But, Rachel," protested Ruth, in laughing remonstrance, "he has one wife."

"Yes, 'm. Pete Lawson ain't got no wife; but he ain't got but one arm, neither. Whicht one would you take, Miss Rufe?"

"Pete," declared Ruth. "He's a good boy, what there is of him."

"Well, I guess I better notify him to-night," sighed Rachel; but she held the love-letter on her knee and regretfully smoothed its crumpled edges.

Ruth pushed back her chair from the table and crossed the wide hall to the library.

It was a large room, with heavy wainscoting, above which simpered or frowned a long row of her ancestors.

She stepped before the one nearest her and looked at it long and earnestly. The face carried no memory with it, though it was her father. It was the portrait of a handsome man in uniform, in the full bloom of a dissipated youth. Her mother had seldom spoken of him, and when she did her eyes filled with tears.

A few feet farther away hung a portrait of her grandfather, brave in a high stock and ruffled shirt, the whole light of a bibulous past radiating from the crimson tip of his incriminating nose.

Next him hung Aunt Elizabeth, supercilious, arrogant, haughty. Ruth recalled a tragic day of her past when she was sent to bed for climbing upon the piano and pasting a stamp on the red-painted lips.

She glanced down the long line: velvets, satins, jewels, and uniforms, and, above them all, the same narrow face, high-arched nose, brilliant dark eyes, and small, weak mouth.

On the table was a photograph of Carter. Ruth sighed as she passed it. It was a composite of all the grace, beauty, and weakness of the surrounding portraits.

She went to the fire and, sitting down on an ottoman, took two pictures from the folds of her dress. One was a miniature in a small old-fashioned locket. It was a grave, sweet, motherly face, singularly pure and childlike in its innocence. Ruth touched it with reverent fingers.

"They say I am like her," she whispered to herself.

Then she turned to the other picture in her lap. It was a cheap photograph with an ornate border. Posed stiffly in a photographer's chair, against a background which represented a frightful storm at sea, sat Sandy Kilday. His feet were sadly out of focus, and his head was held at an impossible angle by an iron rest which stood like a half-concealed skeleton behind him.

He wore cheap store-clothes, and a turn-down collar which rested upon a ready-made tie of enormous proportions. It was a picture he had had taken in his first new clothes soon after coming to Clayton. Ruth had found it in an old book of Annette's.

How crude and ludicrous the awkward boy looked beside the elegant figures on the walls about her! She leaned nearer the fire to get the light on the face, then she smiled with a sudden rush of tenderness.

The photographer had done his worst for the figure, but even an unskilled hand and a poor camera had not wholly obliterated the fineness of the face. Spirit, honor, and strength were all there. The eyes that met hers were as fine and fearless as her own, and the honest smile that hovered on his lips seemed to be in frank amusement at his own sorry self.

Ruth turned to see that the door was closed, then she put the picture to her cheek, which was crimson in the firelight, and with hesitating shyness gradually drew it to her lips and held it there.

A noise of wheels in the avenue brought her to her feet with a little start of joy. He had come, and she was possessed of a sudden desire to run away. But she waited, with glad little tremors thrilling her and her heart beating high. She was sure she heard wheels. She went to the window, and, shading her eyes, looked out. A buggy was standing at the gate, but no one got out.

A sudden apprehension seized her, and she hurried into the hall and opened the front door.

"Carter," she called softly out into the night—"Carter, is it you?"

There was no answer, and she came back into the hall and closed the door. On each side of the door was a panel of leaded glass, and she pressed her face to one of the little square panes, and peered anxiously out. The light from the newel-post behind her emphasized the darkness, so that she could distinguish only the dim outline of the buggy.

Twice she touched the knob before she turned it again; then she resolutely gathered her long white dress in her hand, and passed down the broad stone steps. The wind blew sharply against her, and the pavement was cold to her slippers feet.

"Carter," she called again and again—"Carter, is it you?"

At the gate her scant supply of courage failed. Some one was in the buggy, half lying, half sitting, with his face turned from her. She looked back to the light in the cabin, where the servants would hear if she called. Then the thought of any one else seeing Carter as she had seen him before drove the fear back, and she resolutely opened the gate and went forward.

At her first touch Carter started up wildly and pushed her from him. "You said you would n't give me up; you promised," he said.

"I know it, Carter. I'll help you, dear. Don't be so afraid! Nobody shall see you. Put your arm on my shoulder—there! Step down a little farther!"

With all her slight strength she supported and helped him, the keen wind blowing her long, thin dress about them both, and the lace falling back from her arms, leaving them bare to the elbow.

Half-way up the walk he broke away from her and cried out: "I'll have to go away. It's dangerous for me to stay here an hour."

"Yes, Carter dear, I know. The doctor says it's the climate. We are going early in the morning. Everything's packed. See how cold I am getting out here! You'll come in with me now, won't you?"

Coaxing and helping him, she at last succeeded in getting him to bed. The blood on his handkerchief told its own story.

She straightened the room, drew a screen between him and the fire, and then went to the bed, where he had already fallen into a deep sleep. Sinking on her knees beside him, she broke into heavy, silent sobs. The one grief of her girlhood had been the waywardness of her only brother. From childhood she had stood between him and blame, shielding him, helping him, loving him. She had fought valiantly against his weakness, but her meager strength had been pitted against the accumulated intemperance of generations.

She chafed his thin wrists, which her fingers could span; she tenderly smoothed his face as it lay gray against the pillows; then she caught up his hand and held it to her breast with a quick, motherly gesture.

"Take him soon, God!" she prayed. "He is too weak to try any more."

At midnight she slipped away to her own room and took off the dainty gown she had put on for Sandy's coming.

For long hours she lay in her great canopied bed with wide-open eyes. The night was a noisy one, for there was a continual passing on the road, and occasional shouts came faintly to her.

With heavy heart she lay listening for some sound from Carter's room. She was glad he was home. It was worse to sit up in bed and listen for the wheels to turn in at the gate, to start at every sound on the road, and to wait and wait through the long night. She could scarcely remember the time when she had not waited for Carter at night.

Once, long ago, she had confided her secret to one of her uncles, and he had laughed and told her that boys would be boys. After that she had kept things to herself.

There was but one other person in the world to whom she had spoken, and that was Sandy Kilday. As she looked back it seemed to her there was nothing she had withheld from Sandy Kilday. Nothing? Sandy's face, as she had last seen it, despairing, reckless, hopeless, rose before her. But she had asked him to come back, she was ready to surrender, she could make him understand if she could only see him.

Why had he not come? The question multiplied itself into numerous forms and hedged her in. Was he too angry to forgive her? Had her seeming indifference at last killed his love? Why had he not sent her a note or a message? He knew that she was to leave on the early train, that there would be no chance to speak with her alone in the morning.

A faint streak of misty light shone through the window. She watched it deepen to rose.

By and by Rachel came in to make the fire. She tiptoed to the bed and peeped through the curtains.

"You 'wake, Miss Rufe? Dey 's been terrible goings-on in town last night! Did n't you hear de posse goin' by?"

"What was it? What's the matter?" cried Ruth, sitting up in bed.

"Dat jail-bird Wilson done shot Jedge Hollis. 'Mos' ebery man in town went out to ketch him. Dey been gone all night."

"Sandy went with them," thought Ruth, in sudden relief; then she thought of the judge.

"Oh, Rachel, is he dangerously hurt? Will he die?"

"De las' accounts was mighty bad. Dey say de big doctors is a-comin' up from de city to probe fer de bullet."

"What made him shoot him? How could he be so cruel, when the dear old judge is so good and kind to everybody?"

"Jes pore white trash, dat Wilson," said Rachel, contemptuously, as she coaxed the kindling into a blaze.

Ruth got up and dressed. Beneath the deep concern which she felt was the flutter of returning hope. Sandy's first duty was to his benefactor. She knew how he loved the old judge and with what prompt action he would avenge his wrong. She could trust him to follow honor every time.

"Some ob'em's comin' back now!" cried Rachel from the window. "I's gwine down to de road an' ax 'em if dey ketched him."

"Rachel, wait! I'm coming, too. Give me my traveling-coat—there on the trunk. What can I put on my head? My hat is in aunty's room."

Rachel, rummaging in the closet, brought forth an old white tam-o'-shanter. "That will do!" cried Ruth. "Now, don't make any noise, but come."

They tiptoed through the house and out into the early morning. It was still half dark, and the big-eyed poplars watched them suspiciously as they hurried down to the road. Every branch and twig was covered with ice, and the snow crackled under their feet.

"I 'spec' it 's gwine be summer-time where you gwine at, Miss Rufe," said Rachel.

"I don't care," cried Ruth. "I don't want to be anywhere in the world except right here."

"Dey 're comin'," announced Rachel. "I hear de hosse's."

Ruth leaned across the top bar of the gate, her figure enveloped in her long coat, and her white tam a bright spot in the half-light.

On came the riders, three abreast.

"Dat 's him in de middle," whispered Rachel, excitedly; "next to de sheriff. I's s'prised dey did n't swing him up—I shorely is. He 's hangin' down his head lak he 's mighty 'shamed."

Ruth bent forward to get a glimpse of the prisoner's face, and as she did so he lifted his head.

It was Sandy Kilday, his clothes disheveled, his brows lowered, and his lips compressed into a straight, determined line.

Ruth's startled gaze swept over the riders, then came back to him. She did not know what was the matter; she only knew that he was in trouble, and that she was siding with him against the rest. In the one moment their eyes met she sent him her full assurance of compassion and sympathy. It was the same message a little girl had sent years ago over a ship's railing to a wretched stowaway on the deck below.

The men rode on, and she stood holding to the gate and looking after them.

"Here comes Mr. Sid Gray," said Rachel.

The approaching rider drew rein when he saw Ruth, and dismounted.

"Tell me what's happened!" she cried.

He hitched his horse and opened the gate. He, too, showed signs of a hard night.

"May I come in a moment to the fire?" he asked.

She led the way to the dining-room and ordered coffee.

"Now tell me," she demanded breathlessly.

"It's a mixed-up business," said Gray, holding his numb hands to the blaze. "We left here early in the night and worked on a wrong trail till midnight. Then a trainman out at the Junction gave us a clue, and we got a couple of bloodhounds and traced Wilson as far as Ellersberg."

"Go on!" said Ruth, shuddering.

"You see, a rumor got out that the judge had died. We did n't say anything before the sheriff, but it was understood that Ricks would n't be brought back to town alive. We located him in an old barn. We surrounded it, and were just about to fire it when Kilday came tearing up on horseback."

"Yes?" cried Ruth.

"Well," he went on, "he had n't started with us, and he had been riding like mad all night to overtake the crowd. His horse dropped under him before he could dismount. Kilday jumped out in the crowd and began to talk like a crazy man. He said we must n't harm Ricks Wilson; that Ricks had n't shot the judge, for he was

sure he had seen him out the Junction road about half-past five. We all saw it was a put-up job; he was Ricks Wilson's old pal, you know."

"But Sandy Kilday would n't lie!" cried Ruth.

"Well, that 's what he did, and worse. When we tried to close in on Wilson, Kilday fought like a tiger. You never saw anything like the mix-up, and in the general skirmish Wilson escaped."

"And—and Sandy?" Ruth was leaning forward, with her hands clasped and her lips apart.

"Well, he showed what he was, all right. He took sides with that good-for-nothing scoundrel who had shot a man that was almost his father. Why, I never saw such a case of ingratitude in my life!"

"Where are they taking him?" she almost whispered.

"To jail for resisting an officer."

"Miss Rufe, de man 's done come fer de trunks. Is dey ready?" asked Rachel from the hallway.

Ruth rose and put her hand on the back of the chair to steady herself.

"Yes; yes, they are ready," she said with an effort. "And, Rachel, tell the man to go as quietly as possible. Mr. Carter must not be disturbed until it is time to start."

XXIII

"THE SHADOW ON THE HEART"

JUST off Main street, under the left wing of the court-house, lay the little county jail. It frowned down from behind its fierce mask of bars and spikes, and boldly tried to make the town forget the number of prisoners that had escaped its walls.

In a small front cell, beside a narrow grated window, Ricks Wilson had sat and successfully planned his way to freedom.

The prisoner who now occupied the cell spent no time on thoughts of escape. He paced restlessly up and down the narrow chamber, or lay on the cot, with his hands under his head, and stared at the grimy ceiling. The one question which he continually put to the jailer was concerning the latest news of Judge Hollis.

Sandy had been given an examining trial on the charge of resisting an officer and assisting a prisoner to escape. Refusing to tell what he knew, and no bail being offered, he was held to answer to the grand jury.

For two weeks he had seen the light of day only through the deep, narrow opening of one small window.

At first he had had visitors—indignant, excited visitors who came in hotly to remonstrate, to threaten, to abuse. Dr. Fenton had charged in upon him with a whole battery of reproaches. In stentorian tones he rehearsed the judge's kindness in befriending him, pointed out his generosity, and laid stress on Sandy's heinous ingratitude. Mr. Moseley had arrived with arguments and reasons and platitudes, all expressed in a polysyllabic monotone. Mr. Meech had come many times with prayers and petitions and gentle rebuke.

To them all Sandy gave patient, silent audience, wincing under the blame, but making no effort to defend himself. All he would say was that Ricks Wilson had not done the shooting, and that he could say no more.

A wave of indignation swept the town. Almost the only friend who was not turned foe was Aunt Melvy. Her large philosophy of life held that all human beings were "chillun," and "chillun was bound to act bad sometimes." She left others to struggle with Sandy's moral welfare and devoted herself to his physical comfort.

With a clear conscience she carried to her home flour, sugar, and lard from the Hollises' store-room, and sat up nights in her little cabin at "Who 'd a' Thought It" to bake dumplings, rolls, and pies for her "po' white chile."

Sandy felt some misgivings about the delicacies which she brought, and one day asked her where she made them.

"I makes 'em out home," she declared stoutly. "I would n't cook nothin' fer you on Miss Sue's stove while she 's talkin' 'bout you lak she is. She 'lows she don't never want to set eyes on you ag'in as long as she lives."

"Has the judge asked for me?" said Sandy.

"Yas, sir; but de doctor he up and lied. He tole him you 'd went back to de umer-versity. De doctor 'lowed ef he tole him de trufe it might throw him into a political stroke."

Sandy leaned his head on his hand. "You 're the only one that's stood by me, Aunt Melvy; the rest of them think me a bad lot."

"Dat 's right," assented Aunt Melvy,

cheerfully. "You jes orter hear de way dey slanders you! I don't 'spec' you got a friend in town 'ceptin' me." Then, as if reminded of something, she produced a card covered with black dots. "Honey, I 's gittin' up a little collection fer de church. You gib me a nickel, and I punch a pin th'u' one ob dem dots to sorter certify it."

"Have you got religion yet?" he asked as he handed her some small change.

Her expression changed, and her eyes fell. "Not yit," she acknowledged reluctantly; "but I 's countin' on comin' th'u' before long. I 's done j'ined de Juba Choir and de White Doves."

"The White Doves?" repeated Sandy.

"Yas, sir; de White Doves ob Perfection. We wears purple calicoes and sets up wid de sick."

"Have you seen Miss Annette?"

"Lor', honey! ain't I tote you 'bout dat? De very night de jedge was shot, dat chile wrote her paw de sassiest letter, sayin' she gwine run off and git married wif dat sick boy, Carter Nelson. De doctor headed 'em off some ways, and de very nex' day what you think he done? He put dat gal in a Cafolic nunnery convent! Dey say she cut up scan'lous at fust, den she sorter quiet down, an' gin to count her necklace, an' make signs on de waist ob her dress, an' say she lak it so much she gwine be a Cafolic nunnery sister herself. Now de doctor's jes tearin' his shirt to git her out, he 's so skeered she 'll do what she says."

Sandy laughed in spite of himself, and Aunt Melvy wagged her head knowingly.

"He need n't pester hisself 'bout dat. Now Mr. Carter 's 'bout to die, an' you 's shut up in-jail, she 's done turnin' her 'ten-tion on Mr. Sid Gray. Dey ain't no blinds in de world big enough to keep dat gal from shinin' her eyes at de boys!"

"Is Carter about to die?" Sandy had become suddenly grave.

"Yas, sir; so dey say. He 's got somepin' dat sounds lak tuberoses. Him and Mrs. Nelson and Miss Rufe never did git to California. Dey stopped off in Mobile or Injiny, I can't ricollect which. He took de fever de day dey lef', an' he ain't knowed nothin' since."

After Aunt Melvy left, Sandy went to the window and leaned against the bars. Below him flowed the life of the little town, the men going home from work, the girls

chattering and laughing through the dusk on their way from the post-office. Every figure that passed, black or white, was familiar to him. Jimmy Reed's little Skye terrier dashed down the street, and a whistle sprang to his lips.

How he loved every living creature in the place! For five years he had been one of them, sharing their interests, part and parcel of the life of the community. Now he was an outcast, an alien, as much a stranger to friendly faces as the lad who had knelt long ago at the window of a great tenement and had been afraid to be alone.

"I 'll have to go away," he thought wistfully. "They 'll not be wanting me here after this."

It grew darker and darker in the gloomy room. The mournful voice of a negro singing in the next cell came to him faintly:

"We 'll hunt no moah fo' de possum an' de coon,

On de medder, de hill, an' de shoah.

We 'll sing no moah by de glimmer ob de moon,

On de bench by de old cabin doah.

"De days go by like de shadow on de heart,
Wid sorrer, wha' all wuz so bright;
De time am come when de darkies hab to
part—

Den, my ole Kaintucky home, good night."

Sandy's arm was against the grating and his head was bowed upon it. Through all the hours of trial one image had sustained him. It was of Ruth, as he had seen her last, leaning toward him out of the half-light, her brown hair blowing from under her white cap and her great eyes full of wondering compassion.

But to-night the darkness obscured even that image. The judge's life still hung in the balance, and the man who had shot him lay in a distant city, unconscious, waiting for death. Sandy felt that by his sacrifice he had put the final barrier between himself and Ruth.

With a childish gesture of despair, he flung out his arms and burst into a passion of tears. The intense emotional impulse of his race swept him along like a feather in a gale. His grief, like his joy, was elemental.

When the lull came at last, he pressed his hot head against the cold iron grating,

and his thoughts returned again and again to Ruth. He thought of her tender ministries in the sick-room, of her intense love and loyalty for her brother. His whole soul rose up to bless her, and the thought of what she had been spared brought him peace.

Through days of struggle and nights of pain he fought back all thoughts of the future and of self.

These times were ever afterward a twilight-place in his soul, hallowed and sanctified by the great revelation they brought him, blending the blackness of despair with the white light of perfect love. Here his thoughts would often turn even in the stress and strain of the daily life, as a devotee stops on his busy round and steps within the dim cathedral to gain strength and inspiration on his way.

The next time Aunt Melvy came he asked for some of his law books, and from that on there was no more idling or dreaming.

Among the volumes she brought was the old note-book in which the judge had made him jot down suggestions during those long evening readings in the past. It was full of homely advice, the result of forty years' experience, and Sandy found comfort in following it to the letter.

For the first time in his life he learned the power of concentration. Seven hours' study a day, without diversion or interruption, brought splendid results. He knew the outline of the course at the university, and he forged ahead with feverish energy.

Meanwhile the judge's condition was slowly improving.

One afternoon Sandy sat at his table, deep in his work. He heard the key turn in its lock and the door open, but he did not look up. Suddenly he was aware of the soft rustle of skirts, and, lifting his eyes, he saw Ruth. For a moment he did not move, thinking she must be but the substance of his dream. Then her black dress caught his attention, and he started to his feet.

"Carter?" he cried—"is he—"

Ruth nodded; her face was white and drawn, and purple shadows lay about her eyes.

"He's dead," she whispered, with a catch in her voice; then she went on in breathless explanation: "but he told me first. He said, 'Hurry back, Ruth, and

make it right. They can come for me as soon as I can travel. Tell Kilday I was n't worth it.' Oh, Sandy! I don't know whether it was right or wrong,—what you did,—but it was merciful: if you could have seen him that last week, crying all the time like a little child, afraid of the shadows on the wall, afraid to be alone, afraid to live, afraid to die—"

Her voice broke, and she covered her face with her hands.

Sandy started forward, then he paused and gripped the chair-back until his fingers were white.

"Ruth," he said impatiently, "you'd best be going quick. It'll break the heart of me to see you standing there suffering, unless I can take you in me arms and comfort you. I've sworn never to speak the word; but, by the saints—"

"You may!" sobbed Ruth, and with a quick, timid little gesture she laid her hands in his.

For a moment he held her away from him. "It's not pity," he cried, searching her face, "nor gratitude?"

She lifted her eyes, as honest and clear as her soul.

"It's been love, Sandy," she whispered, "ever since the first."

Two hours later, when the permit came, Sandy walked out of the jail into the court-house square. A crowd had collected, for Ruth had told her story and the news had spread; public favor was rapidly turning in his direction.

He looked about vaguely, as a man who has gazed too long at the sun and is blinded to everything else.

"I've got my buggy," cried Jimmy Reed, touching him on the arm. "Where do you want to go?"

Sandy hesitated, and a dozen invitations were shouted in one breath. He stood irresolute, with his foot on the step of the buggy; then he pulled himself up.

"To Judge Hollis," he said.

XXIV

THE PRIMROSE WAY

SPRING and winter, and spring again, and flying rumors fluttered tantalizing wings over Clayton. Just when it was definitely announced that Willowvale was to be sold, Ruth Nelson returned, after a year's absence, and opened the old home.

Mrs. Nelson did not come with her. That excellent lady had concluded to bestow her talents upon a worthier object. In her place came Miss Merritt, a quiet little sister of Ruth's mother, who proved to be to the curious public a pump without a handle.

About this time Sandy Kilday returned from his last term at the university, and gossip was busy over the burden of honors under which he staggered, and the brilliance of the position he had accepted in the city. In prompt contradiction of this came the shining new sign, "Hollis & Kilday," which appeared over the judge's dingy little office.

Nobody but Ruth knew what that sign had cost Sandy. He had come home, fresh from his triumphs, and burning with ambition to make his way in the world,—to make a name for her to share, and a record for her to be proud of. The opportunity that had been offered him was one in a lifetime. It had taken all his courage and strength and loyalty to refuse it, but Ruth had helped him.

"We must think of the judge first, Sandy," she said. "While he lives we must stay here; there 'll be time enough for the big world after a while."

So Sandy gave up his dream for the present and tacked the new sign over the office door with his own hand.

The old judge watched him from the pavement. "That 's right," he said, rubbing his hands together with childish satisfaction; "that 's just about the best-looking sign I ever saw!"

"If you ever turn me down in court, I 'll stand it on its head and make my own name come first," threatened Sandy; and the judge repeated the joke to every one he saw that day.

It was not long until the flying rumors settled down into positive facts, and Clayton was thrilled to its willow-fringed circumference. There was to be a wedding! Not a Nelson wedding of the olden times, when a special car brought grand folk down from the city, and the townspeople stayed apart and eyed their fine clothes and gay behavior with ill-concealed disfavor. This was to be a Clayton wedding for high and low, rich and poor.

There was probably not a shutter opened in the town, on the morning of the great

day, that some one did not smile with pleasure to find that the sun was shining.

Mrs. Hollis woke Sandy with the dawn, and insisted upon helping him pack his trunk before breakfast. For a week she had been absorbed in his nuptial outfit, jealously guarding his new clothes, to keep him from wearing them all before the wedding.

Aunt Melvy was half an hour late in arriving, for she had tarried at "Who 'd a' Thought It" to perform the last mysticrites over a rabbit's foot which was to be her gift to the groom.

The whole town was early astir and wore a holiday air. By noon business was virtually abandoned, for Clayton was getting ready to go to the wedding.

Willowvale extended a welcome to the world. The wide front gates stood open, the big-eyed poplars beamed above the oleanders and the myrtle, while the thrushes and the redwings twittered and caroled their greetings from on high. The big white house was open to the sunshine and the spring; flowers filled every nook and corner; even the rose-bush which grew outside the dining-room window sent a few venturesome roses over the sill to lend their fragrance to those within.

And such a flutter of expectancy and romance and joy as pervaded the place! All the youth of Clayton was there, loitering about the grounds in gay little groups, or lingering in couples under the shadow of the big porches.

In the library Judge and Mrs. Hollis did the honors, and presented the guests to little Miss Merritt, whose cordial, homely greetings counteracted the haughty disapproval of the portraits overhead.

Mr. Moseley rambled through the rooms, indulging in a flowing monologue which was as independent of an audience as a summer brook.

Mr. Meech sought a secluded spot under the stairway and nervously practised the wedding service, while Mrs. Meech, tucked up for once in her life, smiled bravely on the company, and thought of a little green mound in the cemetery, which Sandy had helped her keep bright with flowers.

They were all there, Dr. Fenton slapping everybody on the back and roaring at his own jokes; Sid Gray carrying Annette's flowers with a look of plump com-

placency; Jimmy Reed constituting himself a bureau of information, giving and soliciting news concerning wedding presents, destination of wedding journey, and future plans.

Up-stairs, at a hall window, the groom was living through rapturous throes of anticipation. For the hundredth time he made sure the ring was in the left pocket of his waistcoat.

From down-stairs came the hum of voices mingled with the music. The warm breath of coming summer stole through the window.

Sandy looked joyously out across the fields of waving blue-grass to the shining river. Down by the well was an old windmill, and at its top a weather-vane. When he spied it he smiled. Once again he was a ragged youngster, back on the Liverpool dock; the fog was closing in, and the coarse voices of the sailors rang in his ears. In quick flashes the scenes of his boyhood came before him,—the days on shipboard, on the road with Ricks, at the Exposition, at Hollis Farm, at the university,—and through them all that golden thread of romance that had led him safe and true to the very heart of the enchanted land where he was to dwell forever.

"Fore de Lawd, Mist' Sandy, ef you ain't fergit yer necktie!"

It was Aunt Melvy who burst in upon his reverie with these ominous words. She had been expected to assist with the wedding breakfast, but the events above-stairs had proved too alluring.

Sandy's hand flew to his neck. "It's at the farm," he cried in great excitement, "wrapped in tissue-paper in the top drawer. Send Jim, or Joe, or Nick—any of the darkies you can find!"

"Send nothin'," muttered Aunt Melvy, shuffling down the stairs. "I's gwine myself, ef I has to take de bridal kerridge."

Messengers were sent in hot haste, one to the farm and one to town, while Jimmy Reed was detailed to canvass the guests and see if a white four-in-hand might be procured.

"The nearest thing is Mr. Meech's," he reported on his fourth trip up-stairs; "it's a white linen string-tie, but he does n't want to take it off."

"Faith, and he 'll have to!" said Sandy, in great agitation. "Don't he know that nobody will be looking at him?"

Annette appeared at a bedroom door, a whirl of roses and pink.

"What's the m-matter? Ruth will have a f-fit if you wait much longer, and my hair is coming out of curl."

"Take it off him," whispered Sandy, recklessly, to Jimmy Reed; and violence was prevented only by the timely arrival of Aunt Melvy with the original wedding tie.

The bridal march had sounded many times, and the impatient guests were becoming seriously concerned, when a handkerchief fluttered from the landing and Sandy and Ruth came down the wide white steps together.

Mr. Meech cleared his throat and, with one hand nervously fidgeting under his coat-tail, the other thrust into the bosom of his coat, began:

"We are assembled here to-day to witness the greatest and most time-hallowed institution known to man."

Sandy heard no more. The music, the guests, the flowers, even his necktie, faded from his mind.

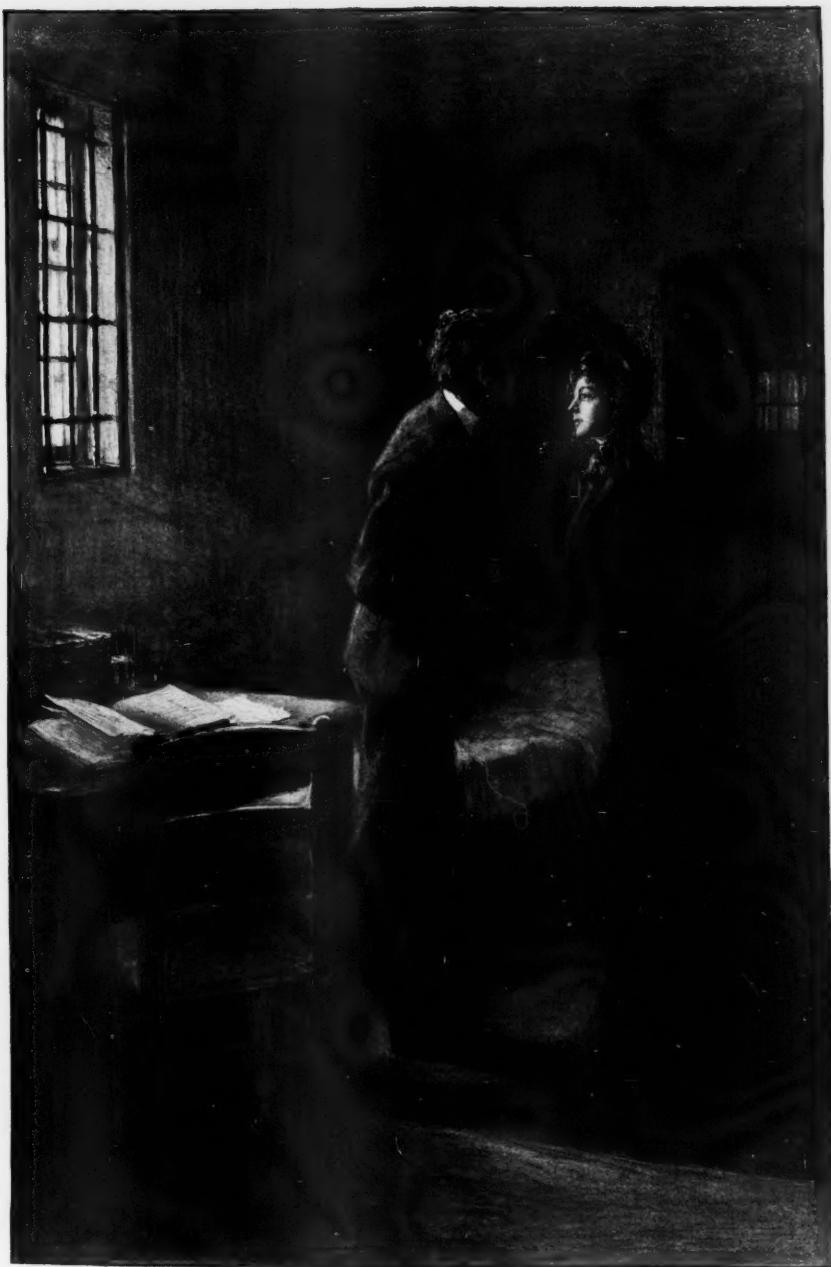
A sacred hush filled his soul, through which throbbed the vows he was making before God and man. The little hand upon his arm trembled, and his own closed upon it in instant sympathy and protection.

"In each of the ages gone," Mr. Meech was saying with increasing eloquence, "man has wooed and won the sweet girl of his choice, and then, with the wreath of fairest orange-blossoms encircling her pure brow, while yet the blush of innocent love crimsoned her cheek, led her away in trembling joy to the hymeneal altar, that their names, their interests, their hearts, might all be made one, just as two rays of light, two drops of dew, sometimes meet, to kiss—to part no more forever."

Suddenly a loud shout sounded from the upper hall, followed by sounds like the repeated fall of a heavy body. Mr. Meech paused, and all eyes were turned in consternation toward the door. Then through the stillness rang out a halleluiah from above.

"Praise de Lawd, de light's done come! De darkness, lak de thunder, done roll away. I's saved at last, and my name is done written in de Promised Land! Amen! Praise de Lawd! Amen!"

To part of the company at least the



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

“IT 'S BEEN LOVE, SANDY,’ SHE WHISPERED, ‘EVER SINCE THE FIRST’”

situation was clear. Aunt Melvy, after seeking religion for nearly sixty years, had chosen this inopportune time to "come th'u."

She was with some difficulty removed to the wash-house, where she continued her thanksgiving in undisturbed exultation.

Amid suppressed merriment, the marriage service was concluded, Mr. Meech heroically foregoing his meteoric finale.

Clayton still holds dear the memory of that wedding: of the beautiful bride and the happy groom, of the great feast that was served indoors and out, and of the good fellowship and good cheer that made it a gala day for the country around.

When it was over, Sandy and Ruth drove away in the old town surrey, fol-

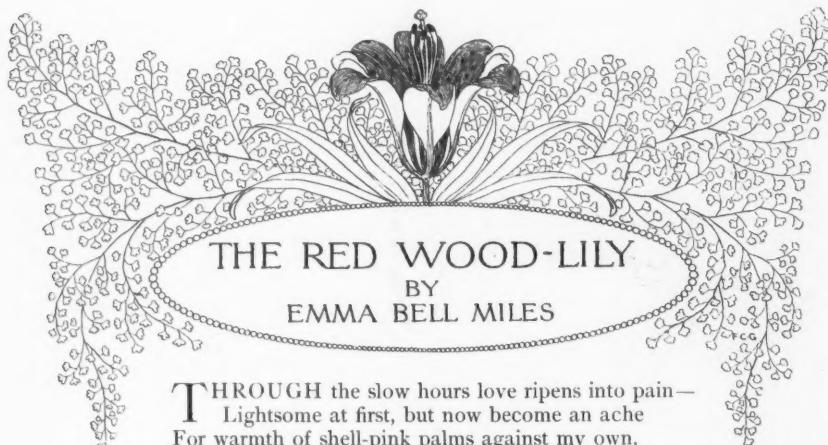
lowed by such a shower of rice and flowers and blessings as had never been known before. They started, discreetly enough, for the railroad-station, but when they reached the river road Sandy drew rein. Overhead the trees met in a long green arch, and along the wayside white petals strewed the road. Below lay the river, dancing, murmuring, beckoning.

"Let's not be going to the city to-day!" cried Sandy, impulsively. "Let's be following the apple-blossoms wherever they lead."

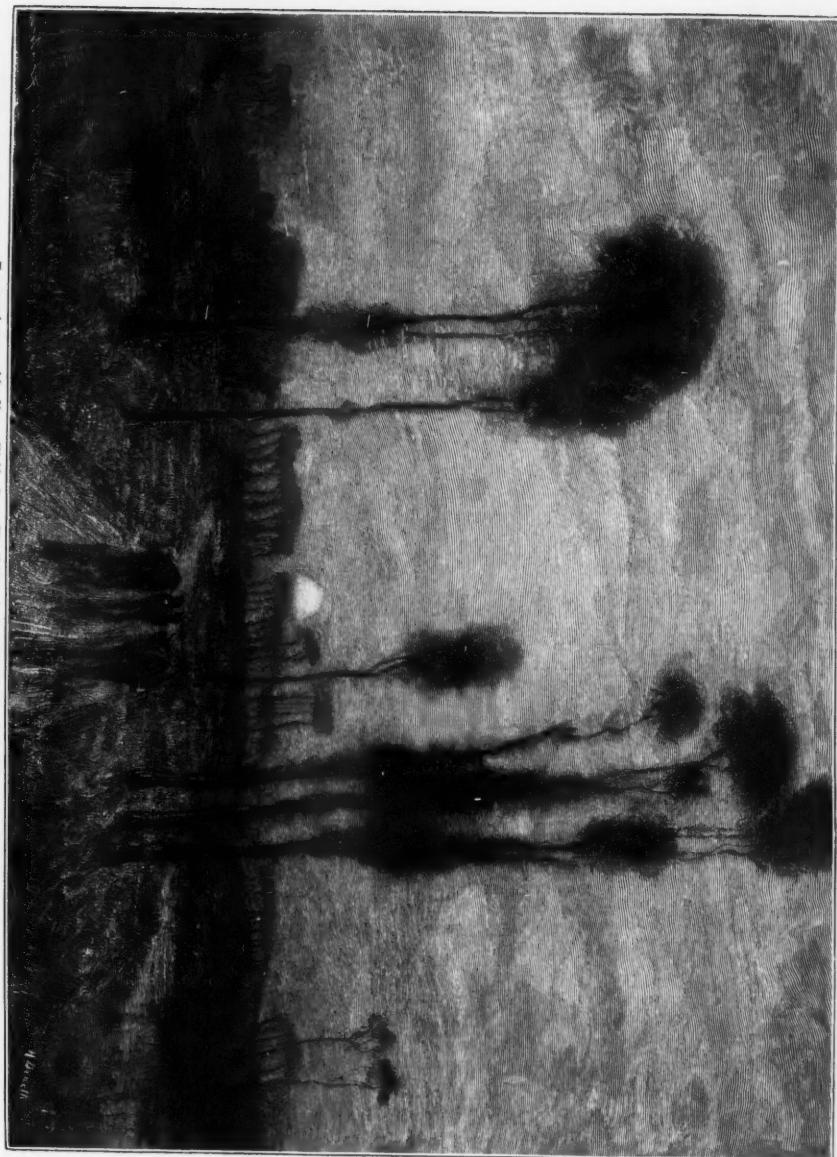
"It's all the same wherever we are," said Ruth, in joyful freedom.

They turned into the road, and before them, through the trees, lay the long stretch of smiling valley.

THE END



THROUGH the slow hours love ripens into pain—
Lightsome at first, but now become an ache
For warmth of shell-pink palms against my own,
For musky braids all bound with ropes of pearls,
For the strange spell of voice and eyes—for you,
Deep-bosomed queen of my heart's very heart!
I must go seeking still, athirst, afire,
For the spilled sweetness of a long-lost day.
Some languorous fragrance falling through the fern
Haunts me from dream to dream; a mocking-bird
Pours out his heart in jewel-drops of sound,
Shaking to ripples all the lustrous gloom:
And still no footprint guides me where you wait,
A flower glowing like an urn of blood
In the shut heart of thickets hid away—
A flower with the scarlet hue of sin,
A flower with the scent of life divine!
A flower whose poisoned petals scorch my heart
Till I lie writhing under their slow fire!



Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf. See "The Century's American Artists Series" in "Open Letters"
SUNSET IN NORMANDY, PAINTED BY HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

THE ARC-LIGHT

BY CHARLES F. BRUSH



THE electric arc was first produced by Sir Humphry Davy barely a century ago. Davy was then at the head of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and had at his command the largest and most powerful voltaic batteries ever constructed up to that time. By means of copper wires he connected a pair of carbon rods made of hard-burned charcoal with the terminals of a battery of two thousand cells. When the ends of the carbon rods were brought into contact to establish the electric current, and then separated several inches, a splendid bow, or arch, or "arc" of electric flame spanned the space between them. Incidentally the tips of the charcoal sticks were heated to brilliant whiteness.

Thirty or forty years passed before anything further was done. Then, with improved forms of battery and carbon rods, other experimenters continued the work that Davy had begun. They found that with shorter arcs and larger currents much more brilliant lighting effects were produced. Since the carbon rods, white-hot at their ends, gradually burned away and increased their distance apart, clockwork mechanism, magnetically controlled by the current passing through the carbons, was devised to push them forward as they receded, and thus maintain them in proper relation with each other.

The first advance from Davy's charcoal carbons was made by sawing square rods from solid blocks of gas-retort carbon, a very laborious operation. After many years these were followed by molded carbons made from very finely pulverized gas-retort carbon. This was intimately mixed with a small proportion of hard pitch and molded under heavy pressure in hot iron molds. The molded carbons were then packed in sand and baked at a high tempera-

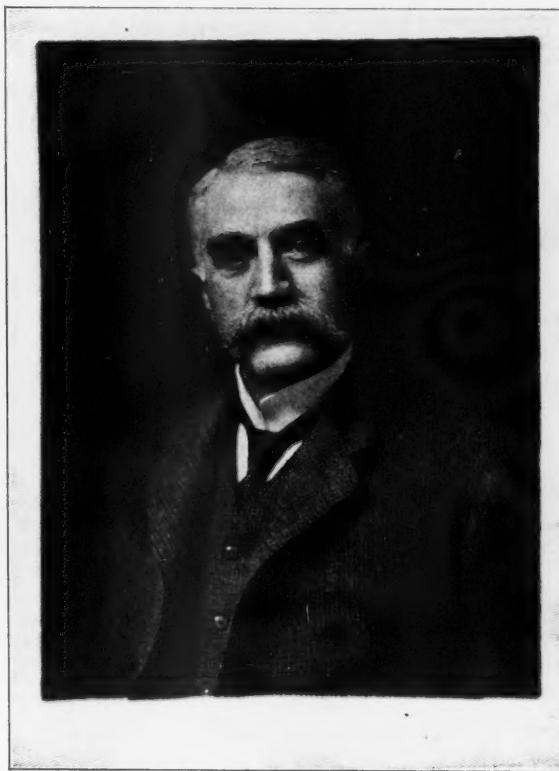
ture, whereby the pitch was carbonized and the whole structure made electrically conducting.

During the sixties several crude forms of dynamo-electric machines appeared—machines for the conversion of mechanical into electrical energy through the agency of electromagnetic induction. They were of small efficiency, and consequently very wasteful of driving power; but for the production of strong currents, such as were necessary for the electric arc, they were a great improvement over batteries. Some experiments were made in lighthouse work at this time by the French government. Prior to the early seventies, however, the electric light remained virtually unknown outside of lecture-rooms.

The electric arc-light as now so commonly used is produced by the passage of a powerful electric current between the slightly separated ends of a pair of carbon rods, or "carbons," about twelve inches long and from three eighths to one half inch in diameter, placed vertically end to end in the lamp. The lamp mechanism is so constructed that when no current is passing, the upper carbon, which is always made the positive one, rests upon the lower by the action of gravity; but as soon as the electric current is established the carbons are automatically separated about an eighth of an inch, thus forming a gap of high resistance in the electric circuit, across which the current is forced, resulting in the production of intense heat. The ends of the carbons are quickly heated to brilliant incandescence, and by the burning action of the air are maintained in the form of blunt points. As the carbons burn away, the lamp mechanism feeds the upper one downward just fast enough to maintain the proper separation. The carbons are not heated equally, the upper or positive one

being much the hotter. A small cup-shaped cavity, or "crater," ordinarily less than an eighth of an inch in diameter, is formed in its end, the glowing concave surface of which emits the greater part of the total light. In lights of the usual size,

Arc-lights are customarily operated in "series"; that is to say, the current passing through each lamp is forced through all the others in the line. The size or volume of the current is only that necessary for one lamp, but the pressure or "electromotive



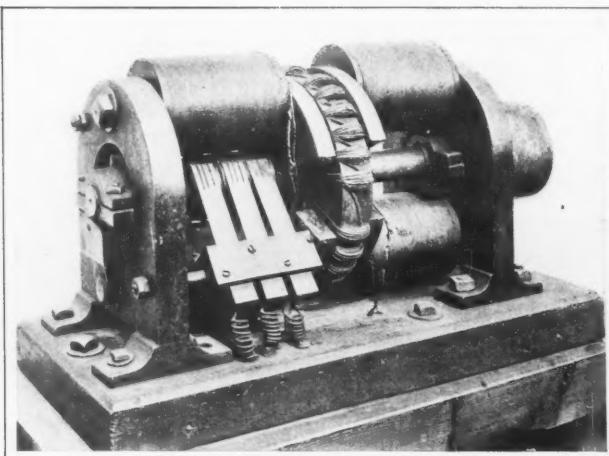
Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick, from photograph by Gessford

CHARLES F. BRUSH

something like half a horse-power of energy is concentrated in this little crater, and its temperature is limited only by the vaporization of the carbon. Carbon being the most refractory substance known, the temperature of the crater is the highest yet produced artificially, and ranks next to that of the sun. It is fortunate that nature has provided us with such a substance as carbon, combining, as it does, the highest resistance to heat with the necessary electrical conductivity. Without carbon, or an equivalent,—and none is known,—we could have no arc-light.

force" varies directly with the number of lamps operated.

The "incandescent" lamp in common use differs radically from the arc-lamp in construction and operation. It consists of a long, thin filament of carbon attached to metal wires and sealed in a glass globe from which the air is exhausted. Passage of electric current through the filament heats it to incandescence. There is no gap in the circuit, and no combustion of the carbon filament. Incandescent lamps are always operated in "parallel," each lamp tapping its own current from the mains.



FIRST BRUSH DYNAMO, 1876
(Diameter of armature nine inches)

My only apology—and I hope a sufficient one—for these elementary remarks is that they are addressed to that part of the reading public having little or no technical knowledge of electrical science.

I am often asked what first drew my attention to the electric arc-light,—a mere laboratory curiosity not so very long ago,—what inspired my belief in its industrial possibilities, and led me to work out the many necessary inventions which finally led to commercial success.

These questions are not readily answered. Keen but passive interest in the brilliant experiments of Sir Humphry Davy, and others of later date, followed by much thought, study, and experiment, led gradually to the fixed idea. It was an evolution covering a period of many years.

From early boyhood I was an omnivorous reader of scientific literature. Such parts of astronomy, chemistry, and physics as I could understand were a never-ending source of delight. I also constructed much crude apparatus—telescopes, microscopes, and photographic appliances.

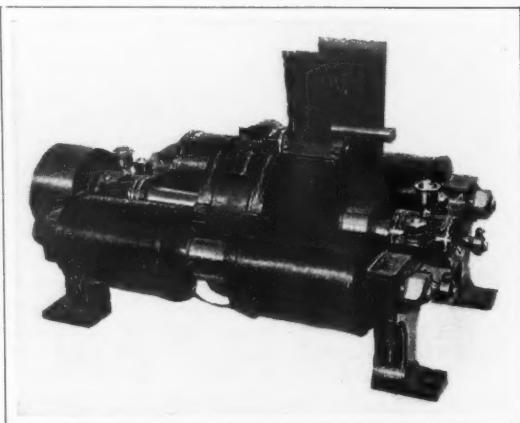
In my early high-school days I made, among other

things, many pieces of electrical apparatus—static machines, Leyden jars, batteries, electromagnets, induction coils, and small motors. But the electric arc as described in the textbooks, with its dazzling light and intense heat, was for a long time beyond my reach. I finally succeeded, however, in getting together enough batteries to make a small one—very small indeed. But it was the first I had

seen, and filled me with joy unspeakable.

Soon after this came the news of Wilde's experiments in London with his dynamo and single arc-light. The light was probably about the size of our ordinary street lights; but it was deemed a wonder at that time, and interested me so much that I wrote a graduation essay on it the following year (1867).

In the early seventies the Gramme dynamo made its appearance in Paris. It was the first really efficient dynamo, and excited wide-spread interest. Some stores and factories were lighted by it at that time,



EARLY BRUSH ELECTROPLATING DYNAMO, 1877
(Diameter of armature nine inches)

but a separate dynamo and complicated clockwork lamp were required for each light, and these were too expensive for general use.

Some queer notions about the electric light were still prevalent. As late as 1873, Deschanel's "Natural Philosophy," a well-known text-book, said: "The light of the voltaic arc has a dazzling brilliancy, and attempts were long ago made to utilize it. The failures of these attempts were due not so much to its greater costliness in comparison with ordinary sources of illumination, as to the difficulty of using it effectively. Its brilliancy is painfully and even dangerously intense, being liable to injure the eyes and produce headaches. Its small size detracts from its illuminating power—*it dazzles rather than illuminates*—and it cannot be produced on a sufficiently small scale for ordinary purposes of convenience. There is no mean between the absence of light and a light of overpowering intensity."

The advent of the Gramme machine interested me deeply, and from that time the industrial possibilities of dynamos were never out of mind.

Early in 1876 I completed drawings for a dynamo of my own designing. This turned out to be a distinctly new type, since known as the "open-coil" type, preëminently well fitted for the production of the high-tension currents necessary for series arc-lighting, which developed later.

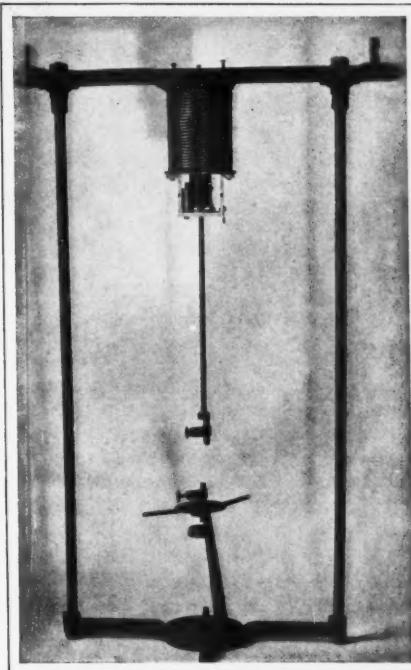
Such parts of that first dynamo as required machine-shop work were made under my direction at the shop of the Telegraph Supply Company, and together with necessary materials were shipped to my old country home near Wickliffe, Ohio, where I spent my summer vacation in 1876. There, in the little workshop where I had made my first crude electrical apparatus in boyhood days, I wound the armature and field-magnets, and completed the machine.

The day of trial was a memorable one for me. I belted the little dynamo to an old "horse-power" used for sawing wood, and attached a team of horses. After a little coaxing with a single cell of battery to give an initial excitation to the field-magnets, the machine suddenly "took hold," and nearly stalled the horses. It

was an exciting moment, followed by many others of eager experiment. That was my first acquaintance with a dynamo.

This pioneer machine has been preserved, and formed a part of the United States Government Historical Exhibit at the last Paris Exposition.

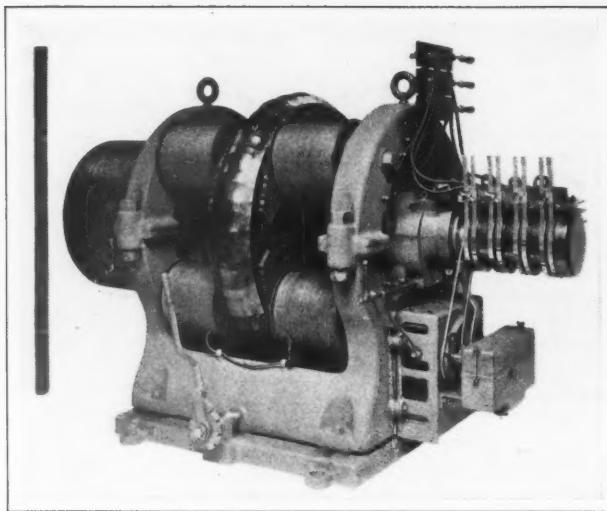
In the autumn of 1876 the Telegraph



EARLIEST COMMERCIAL BRUSH ARC-LAMP, 1876

Supply Company, with which I had made business arrangements, began the manufacture of dynamos of the new type adapted to electroplating. A considerable business was developed in this direction. It is of historical interest that my compound field winding for constant potential, now so generally used in incandescence lighting and power transmission, was first applied to plating machines. It was, in fact, invented for that purpose in the autumn of 1877.

During the summer of 1877 two of the new dynamos built for lighting were exhibited and tested at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. In connection with the dynamos, a new lamp of very simple con-



LATEST TYPE OF BRUSH 125 ARC-LIGHT DYNAMO
(12B, form K Brush arc-generator with armature-shield and form 3 commutator.
Diameter of armature about forty-eight inches)

struction was also exhibited. This, since known as the "ring-clutch" lamp, was the first simple lamp which appeared, and it marked a very great advance in the art. Costing perhaps a quarter as much to make as the other lamps then used, it was far less liable to derangement. Its salient features are embodied in nearly all arc-lamps of to-day.

The first dynamo and lamp actually *sold* by the Telegraph Supply Company were shipped to Dr. Longworth of Cincinnati about January, 1878. I went down to Cincinnati to show the doctor how to run his machine, and one evening while I was there he exhibited the light from the balcony of the building in which he lived, on one of the principal streets. It was a four-thousand-candle light, and of course attracted a large crowd, every man of which was ready and willing and eager to tell his neighbors all about it. I mingled in the throng for a time to hear the comments. One man who had collected a considerable audience called attention to the solenoid at the top of the lamp and said, "That is the can that holds the oil"; and, referring to the side rod, said, "That is the tube which conducts the oil from the can to the burner." He said nothing at all about electricity—a little oversight apparently unnoticed by his hearers, and they went away

happy in their newly acquired knowledge of the electric light.

The early single-light machines were quickly followed by two- and four-lighters: that is to say, machines furnishing two or four separate and distinct currents, each adapted to operate a single arc-lamp.

Then began the tedious education of the public to the new light. The principal difficulty arose from the propensity of everybody to stare directly at the arc, and then declare that everything else looked dark. It took years fully to outgrow this habit. I had often to ask, "Why don't you stare at the sun if you wish to be dazzled? It is vastly brighter than the electric light." Furthermore, most early purchasers of electric lights thought each lamp giving as much light as fifty gas-burners would *replace* fifty gas-lights, notwithstanding the great advantage of distribution possessed by the latter. Altogether too much was expected.

However, a number of two- and four-light units were sold during the season of 1878 for lighting stores and shops. The largest plant of this kind, about twenty lights, was bought for a great department store in Philadelphia.

A four-light dynamo and lamps were used to light a part of the Mechanics' Fair in Boston in the autumn of that year. The

electric light was a novelty in Boston at that time, and a great attraction at the fair.

One of the earliest four-light machines was exhibited to a number of invited guests at the works of a large manufacturing company in Cleveland. One gentleman on that occasion looked the whole apparatus over very carefully for perhaps half an hour, and then, pointing to the line wire, said to me, "How large is the hole in that little tube that the electricity flows through?" The shop superintendent of the company observed the machine for perhaps five minutes in complete silence; then he had fully digested the whole matter, and was ready to explain it to me. He said: "The electricity is generated by that there revolving affair rubbing the air up against them iron blades [meaning the pole-shoes of the magnets], just as you get sparks when you rub a cat's back." I suggested that while his was a simple and beautiful theory, it did not fully meet the facts. But he would hear nothing from me. He said: "The whole thing is plain. If you should run that machine in a vacuum, where there is no air to get rubbed, you could n't get any electricity."

The year 1878 was a memorable one in the history of electric lighting. Not only did it witness the first industrial use of electric lights on any considerable scale, but it was in that year that I had the great good fortune to invent and develop the modern series arc-lamp with its regulating shunt coil. It was this invention which made arc-lighting from central stations commercially possible; and I think it may justly be regarded as marking the birth of the electric-lighting industry as it exists to-day.

It had become evident by this time that a "fool-proof," or nearly fool-proof, lamp was essential to commercial success. The users of lamps could not be induced to let them alone, and no end of trouble was caused by meddling with them. So, in designing the new series lamp, I endeavored to make it completely fool-proof, and nearly succeeded, but not quite. The mechanism was locked together like a Chinese puzzle, and difficult to get apart. It was entirely devoid of screws that could be taken out and lost, or adjusting devices with which users could tinker. All necessary adjustments were made in the shop

when the lamp was tested, and were made permanently.

But of course it was possible to take a lamp apart, and in this sense it was not fool-proof. Complaining of a lamp which failed to operate, a man once said to me, "Why, I've had that lamp all to pieces four times, and yet it won't work!"

The high-tension dynamos for series lighting were "fool-killers," and usually able to look out for themselves. They discouraged undue familiarity.

Of course "series" lighting immediately superseded "parallel" lighting. A single large dynamo and one lamp circuit were much cheaper, simpler, and more easily managed than several small dynamos and many lamp circuits. Furthermore, the line cost and losses were vastly less, thus permitting the location of lamps at any desired distance from the dynamo—miles, if necessary. The stimulation of the business by the introduction of series lighting was enormous.

The first series plant, a six-light outfit, was sold in December, 1878, for lighting a clothing-store in Boston. One of the lights was hung over the sidewalk in front of the store, and nightly attracted crowds of people. This was the first electric light ever used in the streets of Boston.

Quickly following the six-light machines came the sixteen-lighters; and they remained the standard size until late in 1880, when they were followed by the forty-light machines.

One of the earliest sixteen-light outfits was installed, in February, 1879, in a worsted-mill at Providence, Rhode Island; another was purchased in March, another in April, and two more in September, making eighty lights in all—the largest electric-light plant in the world at that time. Other purchasers of plants in 1879 were mills in Providence, Hartford, and Lowell, a hotel in San Francisco, and several New York dry-goods houses.

Many plants were sold in 1880, and by the end of that year about six thousand lights had been installed.

Of course it was difficult to educate men fast enough properly to install and operate the plants, and much annoyance was caused by trivial accidents and poorly constructed and poorly insulated lines, which led to "short circuits" and "grounds." It often fell to my lot to straighten out these

troubles. Once I traveled fifteen hundred miles to take a common staple tack from the bottom of a dynamo, where it happened to short-circuit a field-magnet. Sometimes malicious tampering with the dynamos occurred, but, fortunately, not often. Long, fine wire nails were occasionally found driven into the field-magnet coils in inconspicuous places.

Some difficulties were never traced to their source. On one occasion sixteen lamps were returned by our Boston agent with the statement that his men were quite unable to make them work decently. I examined and tested the lamps carefully, and found them all right. Without making any change or adjustment whatever, except to change the numbers so as to conceal their identity, I sent the lamps back, with a letter stating that I had personally examined and tested *this* lot, and could guarantee them to be all right. They were put back in their original places, and worked beautifully, so the agent said; and he requested me as a personal favor to look over all lamps he might order in future before they were shipped. He wanted to know what was the matter with the first set, but I never told him.

We had much trouble with carbons in the early days. Our first carbons were crooked and soft. They had high electrical resistance, burned out rapidly, and were very expensive. They were made from gas-retort carbon, which was difficult to pulverize, and contained from three to five per cent. ash. The ash was fatal to the steadiness of the light, causing the arc to flicker badly. It was necessary to find some better material than gas-retort carbon without delay.

After much anxious thought and a prolonged study of industrial processes likely to yield such material, I hit upon "still coke," a by-product of the destructive distillation of mineral oils. As the result of many analyses of different specimens of this substance, it was found that by careful selection the ash could be kept as low as two or three hundredths of one per cent. Still coke could be pulverized with comparative ease, and was obtainable in unlimited quantities at small cost. It has ever since been almost everywhere used in making carbons.

But the early carbons made from still coke shrank enormously in baking, and

consequently were very crooked. Much experimenting was necessary to find out how best to work this material. Then, too, special machinery and furnaces had to be designed for grinding, mixing, molding, and baking. These details occupied much of my time during the first two or three years.

To decrease their electrical resistance and retard the burning of the carbons, we electroplated them with copper, which is still customary. This little scheme of covering the carbons with just enough, but not too much, copper was the only easy invention that it was my privilege to make; and it paid well, considering its seeming simplicity. It yielded, if I remember correctly, something like \$150,000 in cash royalties before serious competition set in.

The very early carbons were sold at the rate of \$240 a thousand. I say at the *rate* of \$240 a thousand, because nobody thought of ordering a thousand carbons at once. Fifty or a hundred were ordered at a time. When the business increased a little, we reduced the price to \$150 a thousand. This involved loss for a time, then covered cost, and afterward afforded profit as the business grew larger. We soon again reduced the price, this time to \$62.50, on the theory that cheaper carbons would stimulate the growth of the electric-light industry; and our expectations were abundantly justified. The growth of the lighting business was very rapid from that time on, so that while we lost money on carbons at first, we far more than made it up in increased sales of dynamos and lamps. After a while, however, with largely increased and growing output, we made a handsome profit.

During the first ten years or so of the electric-lighting business, the price of carbons gradually settled down to about ten dollars a thousand, and has remained not very far from that figure ever since. But the quantity used grew to amazing proportions. Before the introduction of the "in-closed-arc" lamp, the annual consumption of carbons reached nearly two hundred millions.

The first instance of public-street lighting in this country was in the Public Square of Cleveland, a little park of about ten acres. In April, 1879, twelve lamps of the ordinary so-called two-thousand-candle

power were installed in the park on high ornamental poles.

While we were putting up the poles and line circuit, a great deal of interest was manifested by the public, and on the evening when the lights were formally started the park was crowded with people. Many evidently expected a blinding glare of light, as they had provided themselves with colored spectacles or smoked glass. Of course there was at first a general feeling of disappointment in this respect, although every one was willing to admit that he could read with ease in any part of the square. After a few weeks, however, when the novelty had worn off, and the people had tired of staring at the lamps, the general verdict was highly favorable to the new light.

As the Public Square lights were required to burn all night, this necessitated putting fresh carbons in each lamp sometime during the night, because a single set would not last until morning. But the nightly trimming of the lamps required an extra man and added materially to the cost of lighting. To meet this difficulty, I devised the "double-carbon" lamp, which afterward grew into general use for all-night lighting, and became famous through much patent litigation.

The new lights were exhibited in London in 1880. For that purpose we sent over a sixteen-light outfit and some smaller ones. The English capitalists whom we sought to interest were incredulous at first, and would not believe that sixteen powerful lights could be operated by one dynamo, certainly not in a single circuit. They thought some trickery was behind it. But they were soon convinced, and the Anglo-American Brush Electric Light Corporation, Limited, was organized to exploit the new industry in England and throughout Europe. The corporation was capitalized at eight hundred thousand pounds, and started a large manufacturing plant in London.

The earliest public lighting in London was that of the Houses of Parliament, Charing Cross Station, Ludgate Hill Station, Blackfriars Bridge, and St. Paul's Churchyard.

The industry experienced a rapid growth during the next two or three years, but was afterward greatly hampered by adverse legislation limiting the electromotive force

of lighting circuits. This was thought to be instigated by the gas interests. In the meantime the lights were introduced on the Continent, and also in India, Australia, and other British possessions.

In the early summer of 1882, the Brush Electric Company of Cleveland gave a public exhibition of arc-lamps in the main street of Tokio. It was the first time arc-lights had been seen in Japan, and they excited great interest.

This exhibition was followed by several large contracts with the Japanese government. The first was for lighting the navy-yard and docks at Yokosuka, on the Bay of Tokio, at that time the only navy-yard in Japan. Another was for lighting the Tokio arsenal, where the small arms for the army and navy were manufactured. This contract was made with General (now Field Marshal) Oyama, who was then Minister of War. Another contract was for lighting the government woolen-mills near Tokio, where the cloth for army and navy uniforms was manufactured. Searchlights for the chief vessels of the Japanese navy were also supplied.

In the summer of 1882 the Shanghai Electric Company was organized to light the foreign municipality of Shanghai, China. This was the first central station organized anywhere in the Orient. The company started with about a hundred arc-lights, and, I understand, has continued its operations down to the present time.

Starting with public-street lighting in Cleveland early in 1879, the central-station idea rapidly took root, and before the end of 1881 lighting stations were in operation in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Montreal, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, and several other cities.

Perhaps the largest of the early stations was that of the Brush Electric Light Company of New York, located at 133 and 135 West Twenty-fifth street. On December 20, 1880, Broadway from Fourteenth to Twenty-sixth street was first lighted from this station, with a circuit nearly two miles in length. Fifteen lamps were used, mounted on ornamental iron poles twenty feet high, and placed at the street intersections. A few weeks later the lights were extended to Thirty-fourth street.

The lights were the ordinary nominal two-thousand-candle power still in vogue; but the lamps gave this amount of light

only when measured in the zone of greatest illumination. The average horizontal illumination was about eight hundred candles, and not quite uniformly distributed in all directions.

Not long afterward some of the lights were measured by a famous college professor and patent expert employed by a gas company. Naturally he did not select the most favorable conditions for measurement, and in his report stated that he thought the electric-light company must have arrived at its two-thousand-candle-power rating by measuring the lights north, south, east, and west, getting five hundred candles each way, and adding all together.

The opposition of the gas companies everywhere was moderate at first, but became strenuous when central-station lighting began to develop, and continued several years.

I argued from the first that the general introduction of arc-lights in cities would greatly stimulate the consumption of gas, on the ground that the public, becoming accustomed to brilliantly lighted streets and stores, would burn far more gas at home. This prediction, paradoxical as it seemed, was abundantly and admittedly fulfilled.

The name of the Telegraph Supply Company was changed in 1881 to the Brush Electric Company, capitalized at three million dollars, a very large corporation for those days. About ten years later the Brush, Thomson-Houston, and Edison companies were combined to form the present General Electric Company, and the works of the Brush Electric Company were removed from Cleveland, Ohio, to Schenectady, New York.

The forty-light dynamos of 1880 were followed in due time by the sixty-five-lighters. Next came the hundred-and-twenty-five-light machines, which are the standard Brush arc-dynamos of to-day, and in general use for long-circuit series lighting from central stations.

Within the last few years the "inclosed-

arc" lamp has come into very extensive use. It differs from the ordinary "open-arc" lamp in having its carbons inclosed in a nearly air-tight glass globe, whereby consumption of the carbons is so greatly retarded that their life may be prolonged twentyfold or even more. This effects a great saving in attendance as well as in carbons.

For convenience many of these lamps are operated from constant-potential circuits where such circuits are available, though this involves much loss in efficiency.

The use of inclosed arcs has become large enough to stop the growth of carbon manufacture, notwithstanding the steady and large increase in the number of arc-lamps in use. The General Electric Company alone sold about eighty-five thousand inclosed-arc lamps in 1903—far more than of the open-arc variety.

Almost from the beginning of its commercial success, down to the time of consolidation, the Brush Electric Company met with vigorous competition, made practicable by the hostile attitude to all patents manifested by the Federal courts throughout that period. Inventors in every field of effort suffered from this cause for about ten years before reaction came. All competitors in arc-lighting used the Brush series arc-lamp, more or less modified in appearance. It was indispensable. The most successful used the open-coil dynamo also.

The early success of arc-lighting undoubtedly prompted and hastened the development of incandescence lighting as well as power transmission and electric traction.

The capital invested in these industries has grown from virtually nothing in 1877 to something like four thousand million dollars, in 1904, in the United States alone. It is difficult to estimate what part of this vast total should be assigned to arc-lighting, as this industry is intimately involved with the others; but it certainly constitutes a very respectable fraction of the whole.



(BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER)

ROSE O' THE RIVER

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT

XII

ROSE SEES THE WORLD



AS this the world, after all? Rose asked herself; and, if so, what was amiss with it, and where was the charm, the bewilderment, the intoxication, the glamour?

She had been so glad to come to Boston, for the last two weeks in Edgewood had been intolerable. She had always been a favorite heretofore, from the days when the boys fought for the privilege of dragging her sled up the hills, and filling her little mitten with peppermints, down to the year when she came home from the Wareham Female Seminary, an acknowledged belle and beauty. Suddenly she had felt her popularity dwindling. There was no real change in the demeanor of her acquaintances, but there was a certain subtle difference of atmosphere. Everybody sympathized tacitly with Stephen, and she did not wonder, for there were times when she secretly took his part against herself. Only a few candid friends had referred to the rupture openly in conversation, but these had been blunt in their disapproval.

It seemed part of her ill fortune that just at this time Rufus should be threatened with partial blindness, and that Stephen's heart, already sore, should be torn with new anxieties. She could hardly bear to see the doctor's carriage drive by day after day, and hear night after night that Rufus was unresigned, melancholy, half mad; while Stephen, as the doctor said, was brother, mother, and father in one, as gentle as a woman, as firm as Gibraltar.

These foes to her peace of mind all came

from within; but without was the hourly reproach of her grandmother, whose scorching tongue touched every sensitive spot in the girl's nature and burned it like fire.

Finally a way of escape opened. Mrs. Wealthy Brooks, who had always been rheumatic, grew suddenly worse. She had heard of a "magnetic" physician in Boston, also of one who used electricity with wonderful effect, and she announced her intention of taking both treatments impartially and alternately. The neighbors were quite willing that Wealthy Ann Brooks should spend the deceased Ezra's money in any way she pleased,—she had earned it, goodness knows, by living with him for twenty-five years,—but before the day for her departure arrived her right arm and knee became so much more painful that it was impossible for her to travel alone.

At this juncture Rose was called upon to act as nurse and companion in a friendly way. She seized the opportunity hungrily as a way out of her present trouble; but, knowing what Mrs. Brooks's temper was in time of health, she could see clearly what it was likely to prove when pain and anguish wrung her brow.

Rose had been in Boston now for some weeks, and she was sitting in the Joy street boarding-house. (Joy street, forsooth! What sarcasm!) It was nearly bedtime, and she was looking out upon a huddle of roofs and back yards, upon a landscape filled with clothes-lines, ash-barrels, and forlorn cats.

She had "seen Boston," for she had accompanied Mrs. Brooks in the horse-cars daily to the two different temples of healing where she worshiped and offered sacrifices. She had also gone with Maude Mer-

roll to Claude's store to buy a pair of gloves, and had overheard Miss Dix (a female assistant with black hair and high color) say to Miss Brackett of the ribbon department that she thought Mr. Merrill must have worn his blinders that time he stayed so long in Edgewood. Rose was n't looking her best, she knew; the cotton dresses that seemed so pretty at home were common and countryified here, and her best black cashmere looked cheap and shapeless beside Miss Dix's brilliantine.

She had gone to walk with Claude one evening when she first arrived. He had shown her the State-house and the Park Street Church, and sat with her on one of the benches in the Common until nearly ten. Mrs. Brooks had told her nephew of the broken engagement, but Claude made no reference to the matter, save to congratulate her that she was rid of a man who was so clumsy, so dull and behind the times, as Stephen Waterman, saying that he had always marveled she could engage herself to anybody who could insult her by offering her a turquoise ring.

Claude was very interesting that evening, Rose thought, but rather gloomy and unlike his former self. He referred to his grave responsibilities, to the frail health of his sister, and to the vicissitudes of business. He vaguely intimated that his daily life in the store was not as pleasant as it had been formerly; that there were "those" (he would speak no more plainly) who embarrassed him with undesired attentions; "those" who, without the smallest shadow of right, vexed him with petty jealousies.

Rose dared not ask questions on so delicate a topic, but she remembered in a flash Miss Dix's heavy eyebrows, snapping eyes, and high color. Claude seemed very happy that Rose had come to Boston, though he was surprised, knowing what a trial his aunt must be, now that she was so helpless. It was unfortunate, also, that Rose could not go on excursions without leaving his aunt alone, or he should have been glad to offer his escort. He pressed her hand when he left her at her door, telling her she could never realize what a comfort her friendship was to him; could never imagine how thankful he was that she had courageously freed herself from ties that in time would have made her wretched. His heart was full, he said, of feelings he dared not utter; but in the near future, when certain

clouds had rolled by, he would unlock its treasures, and then—but no more to-night: he could not trust himself.

XIII

GOLD AND PINCHBECK

ROSE felt as if she were assuming one of the characters in a mysterious romance, such as unfolded itself only in books or Boston; but, thrilling as it was, it was nevertheless extremely unsatisfactory.

Convinced that Claude Merrill was passionately in love with her, one of her reasons for coming to Boston had been to fall more deeply in love with him, and thus heal some, at least, of the wounds she had inflicted. It may have been a foolish idea, but after three weeks it seemed still worse—a useless one; for after several interviews she felt herself drifting farther and farther from Claude; and if he felt any burning ambition to make her his own, he certainly concealed it with admirable art. Given up, with the most offensive magnanimity, by Stephen, and not greatly desired by Claude—that seemed the present status of proud little Rose Wiley of the Brier Neighborhood.

It was June, she remembered, as she leaned out of the open window; at least it was June in Edgewood, and she supposed for convenience's sake they called it June in Boston. Not that it mattered much what the poor city prisoners called it. How beautiful the river would be at home, with the trees along the banks in full leaf! How she hungered and thirsted for the river—to see it sparkle in the sunlight; to watch the moonlight stretching from one bank to the other; to hear the soft lap of the water on the shore, and the distant murmur of the falls at the bridge! And the Brier Neighborhood would be at its loveliest, for the wild roses were in blossom by now. And the little house! How sweet it must look under the shade of the elms, with the Saco rippling at the back! Was poor Rufus still lying in a darkened room, and was Stephen nursing him,—disappointed Stephen—dear, noble old Stephen?

Just then Mrs. Brooks groaned in the next room and called Rose, who went in to minister to her real needs, or to condole with her fancied ones, whichever course of action appeared to be the more agreeable.

Mrs. Brooks desired conversation, it seemed. The doctors were not doing her a speck of good, and she was just squandering money in a miserable boarding-house, when she might be enjoying poor health in her own home; and she did n't believe her hens were receiving proper care, and she had forgotten to pull down the shades in the spare room, and the sun would fade the carpet out all white before she got back, and she did n't believe Dr. Smith's magnetism was any more use than a cat's foot, nor Dr. Robinson's electricity any better than a bumblebee's buzz, and she had a great mind to go home and try Dr. Welsford from Bonnie Eagle; and there was a letter for Rose on the bureau, which had come before supper, but the shiftless, lazy, worthless landlady had forgotten to send it up till just now.

The letter was from Mite Shapley, but Rose could read only half of it to Mrs. Brooks—little beside the news that the Waterman barn had been struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Stephen was away at the time, having taken Rufus into Portland, where an operation on his eyes would shortly be performed at the hospital, and one of the neighbors was sleeping at the River Farm and taking care of the cattle; but the house might not have been saved but for Alcestis Crambry's sudden burst of common sense. He succeeded not only in getting the horses out of the stalls, but gave the alarm so promptly that the neighborhood was soon on the scene of action. Stephen was the only man, Mite reminded Rose, who ever had any patience with, or took any pains to teach, Alcestis, but he never could have expected to be rewarded in this way. The barn was only partly insured; and when she had met Stephen at the station next day, and condoled with him on his loss, he had said: "Oh, well, Mite, a little more or less does n't make much difference just now."

"The rest would n't interest you, Mrs. Brooks," said Rose, precipitately preparing to leave the room.

"Something about Claude, I suppose," ventured that astute lady. "I think Mite kind of fancied him. I don't believe he ever gave her any real encouragement; but he'd make love to a pump, Claude Merrill would, and so would his father. How my sister made out to land him we never knew, for they said he'd proposed

to every woman in Bingham, including the wooden Indian girl in front of the cigar-store, and not one of 'em ever got a chance to set the day."

Rose scarcely noticed what Mrs. Brooks said: she was too anxious to read the rest of Mite Shapley's letter in the quiet of her own room.

Stephen looks haggard and pale [so it ran on], but he does not allow anybody to sympathize with him. I think you ought to know something that I have n't told you before for fear of hurting your feelings; but if I were in your place I'd like to hear everything, so as to know how to act when you come home. Just after you left, Stephen plowed up all the land in front of your little new house,—every inch of it, all up and down the road, between the fence and the front door-steps,—and then he planted corn. He has closed all the blinds and hung a "To Let" sign on the large elm at the gate. Stephen never was spiteful in his life, but this looks like it. Perhaps he only wanted to save his self-respect and let people know that everything between you was over forever. Perhaps he thought it would stop talk once and for all. But you won't mind, you lucky girl, staying nearly three months in Boston! [So Almira purled on in violet ink, with shaded letters.] How I wish it had come my way, though I'm not good at rubbing rheumatic patients, even when they are *his* aunt. Is *he* as devoted as ever? And when will *it* be? How do you like the theater? Mother thinks you won't attend; but, by what *he* used to say, I am sure church members always go in Boston.

Your loving friend,

Almira Shapley.

P.S. They say Rufus's doctors' bills here, and the operation and hospital expenses in Portland, will mount up to five hundred dollars. Of course Stephen will be dreadfully hampered by the loss of his barn, and maybe he wants to let your little house because he really needs money. The dooryard won't be very attractive to tenants, with corn planted right up to the front steps and no path left. It's two feet tall now, and by August (just when you were intending to move in) it will hide the front windows.

The letter was more than flesh and blood could stand, and Rose flung herself on her bed to think and regret and repent, and, if possible, to sob herself to sleep.

She knew now that she had never admired and respected Stephen so much as at the moment when, under the reproach of his eyes, she had given him back his

turquoise ring. When she left Edgewood and parted with him forever she had really loved him better than when she had promised to marry him.

Claude Merrill, on his native Boston heath, did not appear the romantic, inspiring figure he had once been in her eyes. A week ago she distrusted him; to-night she despised him.

What had happened to Rose was the dilation of her vision. She saw things under a wider sky and in a clearer light. Above all, her heart was wrung with pity for Stephen—Stephen, with no comforting woman's hand to help him in his sore trouble; Stephen, bearing his losses alone, his burdens and anxieties alone, his nursing and daily work alone. Oh, how she felt herself needed! *Needed!* that was the magic word that unlocked her better nature. "Darkness is the time for making roots and establishing plants, whether of the soil or of the soul," and all at once Rose had become a woman: a little one, perhaps, but a whole woman—and a bit of an angel, too, with healing in her wings. When and how had this metamorphosis come about? Last summer the fragile brier-rose had hung over the river and looked at its pretty reflection in the placid surface of the water. Its few buds and blossoms were so lovely, it sighed for nothing more. The changes in the plant had been wrought secretly and silently. In some mysterious way, as common to soul as to plant life, the roots had gathered in more nourishment from the earth; they had stored up strength and force, and all at once there was a marvelous fructifying of the plant, hardness of stalk, new shoots everywhere, vigorous leafage, and a shower of blossoms.

But everything was awry: Boston was a failure, Claude was a weakling and a flirt, her turquoise ring was lying on the river-bank, Stephen did not love her any longer, her flower-beds were plowed up and planted in corn, and the little house was to let.

She was in Boston; but what did that amount to, after all? What was the State-house to a bleeding heart, or the Old South Church to a pride wounded like hers?

At last she fell asleep, but it was only by stopping her ears to the noises of the city streets and making herself imagine the sound of the river rippling under her bedroom windows at home. The back yards

of Boston faded, and in their place came the banks of the Saco, strewn with pine-needles, fragrant with wild flowers. Then there was the bit of sunny beach where Stephen moored his boat. She could hear the sound of his paddle. Boston lovers came a-courting in the horse-cars, but hers had floated down-stream to her in a little canoe just at dusk, or sometimes, in the moonlight, on a couple of logs rafted together.

But it was all over now, and she could see only Stephen's stern face as he flung the little turquoise ring down the river-bank.

XIV.

A COUNTRY CHEVALIER

It was early in August when Mrs. Wealthy Brooks announced her speedy return from Boston to Edgewood.

"It's jest as well Rose is comin' back," said Mr. Wiley to his wife. "I never favored her goin' to Boston, where that rosy-posy Claude-feller is. When he was down here he was kep' kind o' tied up in a box-stall, but there he's caperin' loose round the pasture."

"I should think Rose would be ashamed to come back, after the way she's carried on," remarked Mrs. Wiley.

"She's be'n foolish an' flirty an' wrong-headed," allowed her grandfather; "but it won't do no good to treat her like a hardened criminile, same's you did afore she went away. She ain't broke the laws of the State o' Maine, nor any o' the ten commandments; she ain't disgraced the family, an' there's a chance for her to reform, seein' as how she ain't twenty year old yet. I was turrible wild an' hot-headed myself afore you ketched me an' tamed me down."

"You ain't so tame now as I wish you was," Mrs. Wiley replied testily.

"If you could smoke a clay pipe 't would calm your nerves, mother, an' help you to git some philosophy inter you; you need a little philosophy turrible bad."

"I need patience consid'able more," was Mrs. Wiley's withering retort.

"That's the way with folks," said Old Kennebec, reflectively, as he went on peacefully puffing. "If you try to indoose 'em to take an int'rest in a bran'-new virtue, they won't look at it; but they'll run down a side street an' buy half a yard more o' some turrible old shop-worn trait o' char-

acter that they 've kep' in stock all their lives, an' that everybody's sick to death of. There was a man in Gardiner—"

But alas! the experiences of the Gardiner man, though told in the same delight-

front of the windows at the little house, and no word of any sort came from Stephen. He had seen Rose once, but only from a distance. She seemed paler and thinner, he thought. He heard no rumor



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"SHE HAD ALSO GONE WITH MAUDE MERRILL TO CLAUDE'S STORE"

ful fashion that had won Mrs. Wiley's heart thirty years before, now fell upon the empty air. Now, in Old Kennebec's "anecdote," his pipe was his best listener and his truest confidant.

Mr. Wiley's intercessions with his wife made Rose's home-coming easier; but the days went on, and nothing happened to change the situation. The corn waved in

of any engagement, and he wondered if it were possible that her love for Claude Merrill had not, after all, been returned in kind. This seemed a wild impossibility. His mind refused to entertain the supposition that any man on earth could resist falling in love with Rose, or, having fallen in, that he could ever contrive to climb out. So he worked on at his farm harder

than ever, and grew soberer and more care-worn daily. The "To Let" sign on the little house was an arrant piece of hypocrisy. Nothing but the direst extremity could have caused him to allow an alien step on that sacred threshold. The plowing up of the flower-beds and planting of the corn had served a double purpose. It showed the too curious public the finality of his break with Rose and her absolute freedom; it also prevented them from suspecting that he still entered the place. His visits were not many, but he could not bear to let the dust settle on the furniture that he and Rose had chosen together; and whenever he locked the door and went back to the River Farm, he thought of a verse in the Bible: "Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken."

It was now Friday of the last week in August.

The river was full of logs, thousands upon thousands of them covering the surface of the water from the bridge almost up to the Brier Neighborhood.

The Edgewood drive was late, owing to a long drought and low water; but it was to begin on the following Monday, and Lije Dennett and his under-boss were looking over the situation and planning the campaign. As they leaned over the bridge-rail they saw Mr. Wiley driving down the river road. When he caught sight of them he hitched the old white horse at the corner and walked toward them, filling his pipe the while in his usual leisurely manner.

"We're not busy this forenoon," said Lije Dennett. "S'pose we stand right here and for once let Old Kennebec have his say out. We've never heard the end of one of his stories, an' he's be'n talkin' for twenty years."

"All right," rejoined his companion, with a smile. "I'm willin', if you are; but who's goin' to tell our fam'lies the reason we've deserted 'em? I bate yer we sha'n't budge till the crack o' doom. The road commissioner 'll come along once a year and mend the bridge under our feet, but Old Kennebec 'll talk right on till the day o' judgment."

Mr. Wiley had one of the most enjoyable mornings of his life, and felt that after half a century of neglect his powers were at last appreciated by his fellow-citizens.

He proposed several strategic move-

ments to be made upon the logs, whereby they would move more swiftly than usual. He described several successful drives on the Kennebec, when the logs had melted down the river almost by magic, owing to his generalship; and he paid a tribute, in passing, to the docility of the boss, who on that occasion had never moved a log without his (Old Kennebec's) advice.

From this topic he proceeded genially to narrate the life-histories of the boss, the under-boss, and several Indians belonging to the crew—histories in which he himself played a gallant and conspicuous part. The conversation then drifted naturally to the exploits of river-drivers in general, and Mr. Wiley described the sorts of feats in log-riding, pickpole-throwing, and the shooting of rapids that he had done in his youth. These stories were such as had seldom been heard by the ear of man; and, as they passed into circulation instantaneously, we are probably enjoying some of them to this day. They were still being told when a Crambry child appeared on the bridge, bearing a note for the old man.

Upon reading it, he moved off rapidly in the direction of the store, ejaculating: "Bless my soul! I clean forgot that saleratus, and mother's settin' at the kitchen-table, with the bowl in her lap, waitin' for it!"

The connubial discussion that followed this breach of discipline began on the arrival of the saleratus, and lasted through supper; and Rose went to bed almost immediately afterward for very dullness and apathy. Her life stretched out before her in the most aimless and monotonous fashion. She saw nothing but heartache in the future; and that she richly deserved it made it none the easier to bear.

Feeling feverish and sleepless, she slipped on a dressing-gown and stole quietly downstairs for a breath of air. Her grandfather and grandmother were talking on the piazza, and in passing the open window she halted at the sound of Stephen's name.

"I met Stephen to-night for the first time in a week," said Mr. Wiley. "He kind o' keeps out o' my way lately. He's goin' to drive his span into Portland tomorrow mornin' and bring Rufus home from the hospital Sunday afternoon. The doctors think they've made a success of their job, but Rufus has got to be bandaged up a spell longer. Stephen is goin' to join the drive Monday mornin' at the breedge,

so I 'll get the latest news o' the boy. Land! I 'll be turrible glad if he gits out with his eyesight, if it 's only for Steve's sake. He 's a turrible good feller, Steve is! He said something to-night that made me set more store by him than ever. I told you I hed n't heard an unkind word ag'in' Rose sence she come home from Boston, an' no more I hev till this evenin'. There was half a dozen fellers talkin' in the store, an' they did n't suspicion I was settin' on the steps outside the screen-door. That Jim Jenkins, that Rose so everlastin'ly snubbed once, spoke up an' says he: 'This time last year Rose Wiley could 'a' hed the choice of any man on the river, an' now I bet ye she can't get nary one.'

"Steve was there, just goin' out the door, with some bags o' coffee an' sugar under his arm. 'I guess you 're mistaken about that,' he says, speakin' up jest like lightnin'; 'so long as I 'm alive, Rose Wiley can have me, for one; and that everybody 's welcome to know.'"

xv

HOUSEBREAKING

WHERE was the pale Rose, the faded Rose, that crept noiselessly down from her room, wanting neither to speak nor to be spoken to? Nobody ever knew. She vanished forever, and in her place a thing of sparkles and dimples flashed up the stairway and closed the door softly. There was a streak of moonshine lying across the bare floor, and a merry little ghost, with dressing-gown held prettily away from bare feet, danced a gay fandango among the yellow moonbeams. There were breathless flights to the open window, and kisses thrown in the direction of the River Farm. There were impressive declamations at the looking-glass, where a radiant creature pointed to her reflection and whispered, "Worthless little pig, he loves you, after all!"

Then, when quiet joy had taken the place of mad delight, there was a swoop down upon knees, an impetuous hiding of brimming eyes in the white counterpane, and a dozen impassioned promises to be a better girl.

A period of grave reflection now ensued, under the bedclothes, where one could think better. Suddenly an inspiration seized her—an inspiration so original, so delicious, and above all so humble and praise-

worthy, that it brought her head from her pillow, and she sat bolt upright, clapping her hands like a child.

"The very thing!" she whispered to herself gleefully. "It will take courage, but I 'm sure of my ground after what he said, and I 'll do it. Grandma in Biddeford buying church carpets, Stephen in Portland—was ever such a chance?"

The same glowing Rose came downstairs, two steps at a time, next morning, bade her grandmother good-by with suspicious pleasure, and sent her grandfather away on an errand which, with attendant conversation, would consume half the day. Then bundles after bundles, and baskets after baskets, were packed into the wagon—behind the seat, beneath the seat, and finally under the lap-robe. She gave a dramatic flourish to the whip, drove across the bridge, went through Pleasant River village, and up the river road to the little house, stared the "To Let" sign scornfully in the eye, alighted, and ran like a deer through the aisles of waving corn, past the kitchen windows, to the back door.

"If he has kept the big key in the old place under the stone, where we both used to find it, then he has n't forgotten me—or anything," thought Rose.

The key was there, and Rose lifted it with a sob of gratitude. It was but five minutes' work to carry all the bundles from the wagon to the back steps, and another five to lead old Tom across the road into the woods and tie him to a tree quite out of the sight of any passer-by.

When, after running back, she turned the key in the lock, her heart gave a leap almost of terror, and she started at the sound of her own footfall. Through the open door the sunlight streamed into the dark room. She flew to tables and chairs and gave a rapid sweep of the hand over their surfaces.

"He has been dusting here—and within a few days, too," she thought triumphantly.

The kitchen was perfection, as she always knew it would be, with one door opening to the shaded road and the other looking on the river; windows, too, framing the apple-orchard and the elms. She had chosen the furniture, but how differently it looked now that it was actually in place! The tiny shed had piles of split wood, with great boxes of kindlings and shavings, all in readiness for the bride, who



Drawn by George Wright. Halftone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"SO LONG AS I'M ALIVE, ROSE WILEY CAN HAVE ME, FOR ONE,"

would do her own cooking. Who but Stephen would have made the very wood ready for a woman's home-coming; and why had he done so much in May, when they were not to be married until August? Then the door of the bedroom was stealthily opened, and here Rose sat down and cried for joy and shame and hope and fear. The very flowered paper she had refused as too 'expensive! How lovely it looked with the white chamber set! She brought in her simple wedding outfit of blankets, bed-linen, and counterpanes, and folded them softly in the closet; and then for the rest of the morning she went from room to room, doing all that could remain undiscovered, even to laying a fire in the new stove.

This was the plan. Stephen must pass the house on his way from the River Farm to the bridge, where he was to join the river-drivers on Monday morning. She would be out of bed by the earliest peep of dawn, put on Stephen's favorite pink calico, leave a note for her grandmother, run like a hare down her side of the river and up Stephens', steal into the house, open blinds and windows, light the fire, and set the kettle boiling. Then with a sharp knife she would cut down two rows of corn, and thus make a green pathway from the front kitchen steps to the road. Next, the false and insulting "To Let" sign would be forcibly tweaked from the tree and thrown into the grass. She would then lay the table in the kitchen, and make ready the nicest breakfast that two people ever sat down to. And oh, *would* two people sit down to it; or would one go off in a rage and the other die of grief and disappointment?

Then, having done all, she would wait and palpitate, and palpitate and wait, till Stephen came. Surely no property-owner in the universe could drive along a road, observe his corn leveled to the earth, his sign removed, his house open, and smoke issuing from his chimney, without coming in to surprise the rogue and villain who could be guilty of such vandalism.

And when he came in?

Oh, she had all day Sunday in which to forecast, with mingled dread and gladness and suspense, that all-important, all-decisive first moment! All day Sunday to frame and unframe penitent speeches. All day Sunday! Would it ever be Monday? If so, what would Tuesday bring? Would the sun rise on happy Mrs. Stephen Water-

man of Pleasant River, or on miserable Miss Rose Wiley of the Brier Neighborhood?

XVI

THE DREAM-ROOM

LONG ago, when Stephen was a boy of fourteen or fifteen, he had gone with his father to a distant town to spend the night. After an early breakfast next morning his father drove off for a business interview, and left the boy to walk about during his absence. He wandered aimlessly along a quiet side street, and threw himself down on the grass outside a pretty garden to amuse himself as best he could.

After a few minutes he heard voices, and, turning, peeped through the bars of the gate in idle, boyish curiosity. It was a small brown house; the kitchen door was open, and a table spread with a white cloth was set in the middle of the room. There was a cradle in a far corner, and a man was seated at the table as if he might be waiting for his breakfast.

There is a kind of sentiment about the kitchen in New England—a kind of sentiment not provoked by other rooms. Here the farmer drops in to spend a few minutes when he comes back from the barn or field on an errand. Here, in the great, clean, sweet, comfortable place, the busy housewife lives, sometimes rocking the cradle, sometimes opening and shutting the oven door, sometimes stirring the pot, darning stockings, paring vegetables, or mixing goodies in a yellow bowl. The children sit on the steps, stringing beans, shelling peas, or hulling berries; the cat sleeps on the floor near the wood-box; and the visitor feels exiled if he stays in sitting-room or parlor, for here, where the mother is always busy, is the heart of the farm-house.

There was an open back door to this kitchen, a door framed in morning-glories, and the woman (or was she only girl?) standing at the stove was pretty—oh, so pretty in Stephen's eyes! His boyish heart went out to her on the instant. She poured a cup of coffee and walked with it to the table; then an unexpected, interesting thing happened—something the boy ought not to have seen, and never forgot. The man, putting out his hand to take the cup, looked up at the pretty woman with a smile, and she stooped and kissed him.

Stephen was fifteen. As he looked, on

the instant he became a man, with a man's hopes, desires, ambitions. He looked eagerly, hungrily, and the scene burned itself on the sensitive plate of his young

—behold, by some spiritual chemistry, the pretty woman's face had given place to that of Rose!

All such teasing visions had been sternly



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

“DON'T SPEAK, STEPHEN, TILL YOU HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY”

heart, so that, as he grew older, he could take the picture out in the dark, from time to time, and look at it again. When he first met Rose, he did not know precisely what she was to mean to him; but before long, when he closed his eyes and the old familiar picture swam into his field of vision,

banished during this sorrowful summer, and it was a thoughtful, sober Stephen who drove along the road on this mellow August morning. The dust was deep; the goldenrod waved its imperial plumes, making the humble waysides gorgeous; the river chattered and sparkled till it met the

logs at the Brier Neighborhood, and then, lapsing into silence, flowed steadily under them till it found a vent for its spirits in the dashing and splashing of the falls.

Haying was over; logging was to begin that day; then harvesting; then wood-cutting; then eternal successions of plowing, sowing, reaping, haying, logging, harvesting, and so on, to the endless end of his days. Here and there a red or a yellow branch, painted only yesterday, caught his eye and made him shiver. He was not ready for winter; his heart still craved the summer it had missed.

Hello! What was that? Corn-stalks prone on the earth? Sign torn down and lying flat in the grass? Blinds open, fire in the chimney?

He leaped from the wagon and, flinging the reins to Alcestis Cramby, said: "Stay right here out of sight, and don't you move till I call you!" and striding up the green pathway, flung open the kitchen door.

A green forest of corn waving in the doorway at the back; morning-glories clambering round and round the window-frames; table with shining white cloth; kettle humming and steaming; something bubbling in a pan on the stove; fire throwing out sweet little gleams of welcome through the open damper. All this was taken in in one incredulous, rapturous twinkle of an eye; but something else, too, —Rose, Rose o' the river, Rose o' the world, standing behind a chair, her hand pressed against her heart, her lips parted, her breath coming and going. She was glowing like a jewel, glowing with that extraordinary brilliancy that emotion gives to some women. She used to be happy in a gay, sparkling way like the shallow part of the stream as it chatters over white pebbles and bright sands. Now it was a broad, steady, full happiness like the deeps of the river under the sun.

"Don't speak, Stephen, till you hear what I have to say. It takes a good deal of courage for a girl to do as I am doing; but I want to show how sorry I am, and it's the only way." She was trembling, and the words came faster and faster. "I've been very wrong and foolish, and made you very unhappy, but I have n't done what you would have hated most. I have n't been engaged to Claude Merrill; he has n't so much as asked me. I am here to beg you to forgive me, to eat break-

fast with me, to drive to the minister's and marry me quickly, quickly, before anything happens to prevent us, and then to bring me home here to live all the days of my life. Oh, Stephen dear, honestly, honestly, you have n't lost anything in all this long miserable summer. I've suffered, too, and I'm better worth loving than I was. Will you take me back?"

Rose had a tremendous power of provoking and holding love, and Stephen of loving. His was too generous a nature for revilings and complaints and reproaches. He just opened his arms and took Rose to his heart, faults and all, with joy and gratitude; and she was as happy as a child who has escaped the scolding it richly deserved, and who determines, for very thankfulness' sake, never to be naughty again.

Then there was breakfast. Stephen ran out to the wagon and served the astonished Alcestis with his wedding refreshments then and there, bidding him drive back to the River Farm and bring him a package that lay in the drawer of his shaving-stand, a package placed there when hot youth and love and longing had inspired him to hurry on the wedding day.

Then Rose put the various good things on the table, and Stephen almost tremblingly took his seat, fearing that contact with the solid wood might wake him from this entrancing vision.

"I'd like to put you in your chair like a queen and wait on you," he said with a soft boyish stammer; "but I am too dazed with happiness to be of any use."

"It's my turn to wait upon you, and I —I love to have you dazed," Rose answered. "I'll be at the table in a minute myself; but we have been housekeeping only a very short time, and we have nothing but the tin coffee-pot this morning, so I'll pour the coffee from the stove."

She filled a cup with housewifely care and brought it to Stephen's side. As she set it down and was turning, she caught his look—a look so full of longing that no loving woman, however busy, could have resisted it; then she stooped and kissed him fondly, fervently.

Stephen put his arm about her, and, drawing her down to his knee, rested his head against her soft shoulder with a sigh of comfort, like that of a tired boy. He had waited for it twelve years, and at last the dream-room had come true.



From a photograph of the mounted specimen in the Gallery of Mammals in the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
THE INLAND WHITE BEAR (*URSUS KERMODEI*)

A NEW BEAR

THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED INLAND WHITE BEAR OF
NORTHWESTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY W. J. HOLLAND

Director of the Carnegie Museum

IN spite of the ceaseless activities of scientific men and institutions during the last century, the field of zoölogical discovery has not yet been exhausted. It is not necessary to go to Africa or to the wilds of South America in order to find new species even of mammals. Only a few years ago a weasel, new to science, a beau-

tiful little creature not longer than a lead-pencil, which is reddish brown in summer and snow-white in winter, as are all of its congeners, was discovered in the vicinity of the city of Pittsburg. Though civilized men have lived in western Pennsylvania for a hundred and fifty years, the existence of this tiniest of all the carnivores was not discovered until the year 1900. It is now known to range from western Pennsylvania

into Ohio, but how far north and south of the latitude of Pittsburg is as yet not ascertained.

The great Northwestern Territories drained by the waters of the Columbia and the Yukon have in recent years yielded many striking novelties to the scientific investigator. The great white land in the Northwest, with its towering peaks, broad glaciers, torrential rivers, and somber forests of conifers, is as yet almost *terra incognita* to the naturalist. Here have been found the white mountain sheep, the glacier bear, and new and peculiar forms of various other large mammals. The latest discovery is that of a small white bear, described in January, 1905, by Mr. William T. Hornaday, the Director of the Zoölogical Garden in Bronx Park, and named by him *Ursus kermodei* in honor of Mr. Francis Kermode, the Curator of the Provincial Museum in Victoria, British Columbia.

Mr. Hornaday's description was based upon four unmounted skins, two of them of adults and two of cubs.

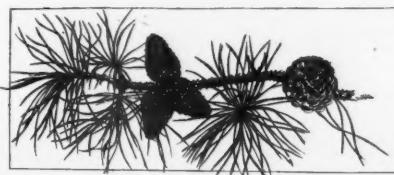
On January 10, the day upon which Mr. Hornaday's description was published, he came into the office of the writer in the city of Pittsburg. The conversation quickly turned upon recent zoölogical researches, and among other things he spoke of "the new bear." Only a few moments elapsed before he was ushered into one of the exhibition halls of the Carnegie Museum, and there, for the first time in his life, he saw a mounted specimen of the animal which he had just described from flat skins.

The story of the manner in which the Carnegie Museum came into possession of this remarkable and at present unique specimen may be briefly told. A number of years ago, Mr. F. S. Webster, the veteran taxidermist, received from a well-known mercantile house of New York a bundle of skins purchased by them in the fur-market in London as skins of the polar bear, and which were to be made into rugs. In

the bundle, consisting of some twelve skins, Mr. Webster found a small skin, accompanied by the skull, which he instantly recognized as not the skin of a polar bear, but which he concluded to be the skin of an albino black bear. He purchased the skin and mounted it. It was one of the specimens in his possession in 1896, at the time when the trustees of the Carnegie Museum purchased his collection and made arrangements with him to take charge of the work of zoölogical preparation in the museum. For nine years the animal has been standing in the Carnegie Museum, and has been pointed out as an albino black bear.

The home of the inland white bear is northwestern British Columbia. Thus far all specimens, the origin of which has been traced, have been taken only in the territory drained by the Nass and the Skeena rivers. It is well ascertained that a number of these skins have from year to year been finding their way from this region into the fur-trade, and the specimen which is mounted at the Carnegie Museum no doubt was one of these which went, as do most peltries taken in British Columbia, to the London fur-market, and, mistakenly classified as a polar bear, was brought to New York. Efforts are now being made by Mr. Hornaday to secure living specimens of the animal for the Zoölogical Gardens in Bronx Park.

The pelage of this bear is strikingly different from that of the black bear, being creamy white, very thick and soft, the under-coat woolly. There is not a black hair in the entire pelt. The claws are white, the muzzle is black. The bear stands about twenty-seven inches in height from the top of the shoulders to the soles of the feet, and is fifty-four inches long from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. The dentition agrees absolutely with that of the fragmentary jaws of the type specimen, which have been described and figured by the namer of the species.





From a stereograph. Copyright, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

POPE PIUS X IN THE COURT OF THE PINNA, ON HIS RETURN FROM A MORNING
WALK THROUGH THE VATICAN GARDENS

The prelate at the right is his private chaplain, Monsignor Pescini

HOW THE JAPANESE SAVE LIVES

BY ANITA NEWCOMB McGEE, M.D.

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



YPHOID, that dread scourge of soldiers, has been almost eliminated from the Japanese army in the present war. This is only one of a number of achievements in the prevention of disease and death which I observed while supervisor of nurses at the great base of the army at Hiroshima, while on the hospital ships, and while at hospitals on the Yalu River in Manchuria. At these and at other places I had exceptional opportunities for noting the medical, surgical, and sanitary precautions which have produced such remarkable results.

In the three months following the battle of the Yalu (May, June, July) General Kuroki's army had only eighty-three cases of typhoid. There were only one hundred and ninety-three cases reported in General Oku's army from its landing in Manchuria, May 6, to the end of the following January. Of the many thousands of patients treated at the great base hospital of Hiroshima, Japan, prior to the end of September, there were only fifty deaths of men who had typhoid, and a large proportion of these deaths were actually due to beri-beri, wounds, or other complications. Contributory to these results are undoubtedly the facts of the great attention paid to sanitation, of the daily consumption by every soldier of several pills of germ-destroying creosote, and of the isolation of every case of typhoid, which is treated as a contagious disease. Our own country showed a sad contrast to these figures at the time of the war with Spain. According to the board of experts who examined the sanitary condition of our army, about one fifth of the troops in the camps of mobilization

had suffered from typhoid, which had caused four times as many deaths as all other diseases combined.

It is a well-known fact, shown by statistics of the last fifty years, that Russian soldiers suffer more from disease than soldiers of almost any other civilized army; and direct information which I received last summer confirmed the opinion that General Kuropatkin had been seriously handicapped by the great amount of disease in his ranks.

In the Japanese army there is more dysentery than typhoid, but its great disease-enemy is beri-beri, or "kakké." Of the sick from General Kuroki's army who passed through Antung on their way to Japan last summer, seventy per cent. had beri-beri; while, taking a single day as an example, the records of October 7 show that of all patients then at the Hiroshima hospital eighty-four per cent. had this disease. Beri-beri is unknown to Americans, but is common in the Orient. It attacks mainly the nerves and the circulation, and produces more or less paralysis and swelling, principally of the legs. It may last for months, or involvement of the heart may prove suddenly fatal. Very light cases may show only a slight difficulty in walking, while in severe ones the persistence of the disease may necessitate the use of a cane for the rest of the man's life. In Brazil and Argentina it is ranked with yellow fever, cholera, etc., as a contagious disease, but the Japanese do not so consider it. Dampness, heat, and poor food predispose to beri-beri, and some eminent physicians claim that a well-balanced dietary would eradicate the disease. This course has, indeed, been followed in the



FOOD-STORES OF THE JAPANESE ARMY AT DALNY (NOTE SOLDIER STANDING ON TOP), AND A CANNON CAPTURED FROM RUSSIANS

Japanese navy, where a greater proportion of nitrogen and fat in the food of the men, with a general improvement in the sanitary conditions on shipboard, had the much-desired result. The physicians of Japan are now working vigorously on the great problem of achieving a similar result in the army; and when they succeed—as they undoubtedly will—their country will lead the world in military sanitation.

Japanese surgeons as well as sanitarians are making great strides in saving soldiers from unnecessary death. The main division of the Hiroshima hospital (which was the principal station of the American nurses) was devoted to the more seriously wounded of the men from the front, especially to those requiring operation. Out of over three thousand such patients received there before the end of September, only forty-seven died. This is a striking figure compared with earlier records. Even more notable is the saving of limbs; for although this division contained what might be called the principal operating-room of the whole army, only nineteen amputations were performed there in the time mentioned, and of these five were of fingers only.

Owing to the constant movement of the disabled from the front hospitals to those in the rear, no one yet knows the complete statistics of wounds, disease, and death which are being compiled, except the authorities of the army department in

Tokio; but, though some figures were given me confidentially, I am permitted to say that the patients who returned from Manchuria to Japan up to the end of September were in the proportion of four sick to three wounded.

From the figures available I estimate the total number of deaths from wounds of the whole army of Japan during the year after the declaration of war to have been less than 40,000. When one reads of 10,000 casualties in a prolonged battle, it means, on the average, that approximately one fifth, or 2000 men, are killed on the field and enough more die of their wounds to bring the total deaths to about one third the casualties, or 3300. Probably 2500 or more of the wounded are able to walk from the battle-field without assistance, and of these 1500 recover in the field-hospitals and soon return to active service. The remainder, or 5200, are sent to Japan (almost all to Hiroshima), and either they are found incapacitated for further fighting or, after a varying period in hospital and health-resort, they return to take up their weapons anew in Manchuria. Probably only between twenty and thirty of these men are operated on before reaching Japan (generally in order to stop hemorrhage) and several times that number require operation at Hiroshima.

An interesting fact, and one quite contradicting the opinion of some military

authorities that bayonets are going out of use, is that seven per cent. of all wounds, or 700 of the 10,000 casualties, are from "cold steel." This is due in part to the Japanese unwillingness to surrender, which leads them to fight even when overwhelmed at close quarters. Private S. Nakano was one of our patients who had

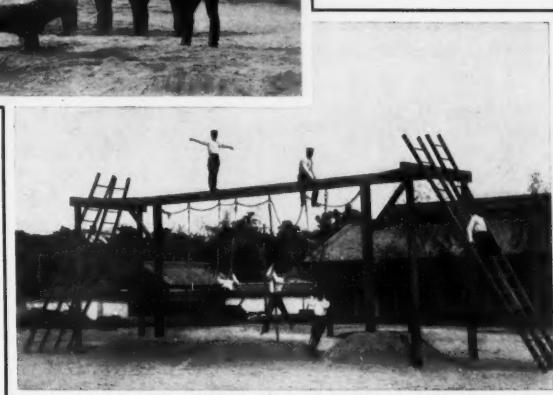
hospitals. In other words, the men recorded as dying from wounds are actually killed by the enemy and not by germs or by careless treatment.

Most of this admirable result comes from the intelligent use of the first-aid package of sterile bandages which every soldier carries, and from the rule (explained in "The American Nurses in Japan"—see the April *CENTURY*) of not operating in the field. Modern bullets are small and "humane," the Japanese even more so than the Russian, for the former is only six millimeters in diameter, while the latter is seven



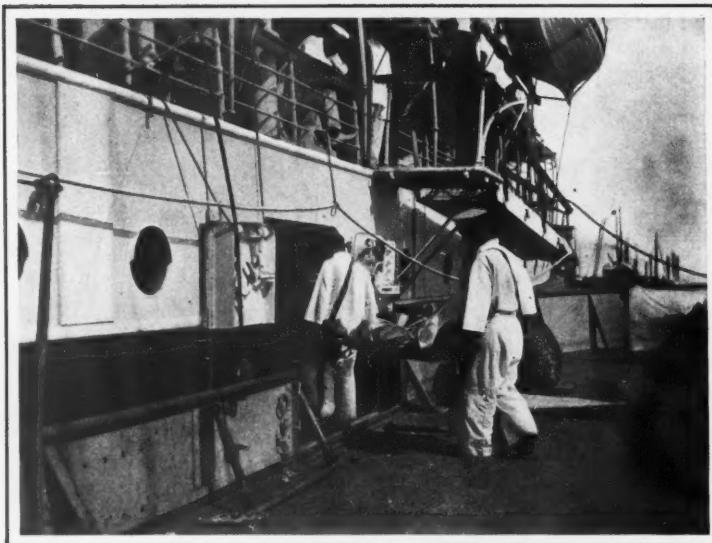
received no fewer than twenty such cold-steel wounds, and yet five weeks later he was virtually a well man. He was with a night scouting-party which was suddenly surrounded by the enemy. In a hand-to-hand conflict, after receiving five bayonet wounds in the chest, one of which narrowly escaped the heart, he fell. On rousing from his faint, he was liberally punctured in the back, arm, and head as a warning to lie still, and was rescued only after the enemy was driven away. When I met him returning to Japan on a hospital-ship, he expected, after a short stay at some hot springs, to rejoin his regiment in the field.

The Federal army in our Civil War lost a slightly larger number of men from wounds after reaching the hospitals than died on the battle-field itself. In the Japanese army, for every one hundred men killed outright about sixty-six wounded die, and almost all of these deaths occur before the patients can be sent beyond the field.



HIROSHIMA: RECRUITS EXERCISING IN AN OUT-OF-DOOR GYMNASIUM

millimeters. Owing to their composition and high speed, they are virtually sterile; and unless they strike some vital part, the injury, if not dirtied by handling, is likely to heal quickly and without complications. Shell and shrapnel, making open wounds, are much more dangerous forces. While I was at Antung I was told that eighty-two per cent. of the Japanese wounded at the battle of the Yalu had "clean" wounds, without pus. The Russian prisoners, on the contrary, many of whom had been hidden for days in Chinese houses, had bandaged themselves in bits of dirty underclothing and were consequently in a shocking con-



MALE NURSES CARRYING A PATIENT ABOARD THE "KOBE MARU" FROM A LIGHTER

dition. Scarcely any were bound with a regular first-aid dressing; but whether this was due to a shortage in the supply, so that the men did not all possess them, or to inability to put them on for themselves after the medical attendants had retreated with their army, no one could tell me.

Such life-preservers as these little pack-ets lose a large part of their value in the hands of soldiers who have not learned their application; and their success with the Japanese is largely due to the fact that when a surgeon or medical attendant cannot reach a wounded man, he, or a comrade, is able to apply the bandage successfully. In curious contrast to this is the comment of a Spanish surgeon at Santiago, in 1898, who reported that after the fighting there he had found only one person, and he a captain, who knew how, and was able, to apply the first-aid bandage himself. The American surgeon who translated this report commented that such "was decidedly not the experience of the American military surgeons" in Cuba.

Back of these achievements is the Sanitation Corps of the Japanese army. This is the body corresponding to our Medical Department, but its key-note is struck by the very difference in the title. Sanitation, or keeping the soldier in good fighting condition, is its first object, and healing

him after he drops from the ranks is the secondary consideration. This corps includes twelve surgeon-generals, of whom eight are in the Reserves (serving only when needed in war); other surgeons down to the rank of second lieutenant; pharmacists of all grades up to a colonel; male nurses and chief nurses, stretcher-bearers, attendants, and clerks. These are supplemented by a body similarly organized, including also women chief nurses and nurses, which is under the orders of the Sanitation Corps, but is supplied by the Japanese Red Cross Society and wears its uniform. At the present time all the surgeon-generals have the rank of brigadier-general, and from them is appointed the chief of the corps and the chief sanitary officer in the field. Baron Ishiguro, now retired, who was a surgeon-general at the time of the war with China, was given rank corresponding to our major-general, and a similar promotion may be made again. This method has the evident advantage that not only does it supply several armies and important hospitals with medical officers of rank commensurate with the importance of their duties, but it gives considerable choice, when war comes, in the selection of the most capable man for the work of heaviest responsibility. Our system of having only one surgeon of the

rank of general, who is, *ex officio*, the head of the Medical Department, is satisfactory enough in peace, but utterly lacking in that elasticity which is so important in the stress of war.

In even greater contrast is the Russian system, for its army surgeons have no military rank whatever, but are graded as civil officials. The nursing force of the Russian army in Manchuria includes highly trained male nurses, orderlies, and many women. All the last are called "Sisters," though all degrees of training, or the lack of it, are to be found among them; and a Russian surgeon with a group of prisoners told me that these "Sisters" belonged to several parties, and that there was no general, comprehensive organization.

The Japanese nursing body, on the other hand, is thoroughly organized and is graded in several classes according to degree of training. In addition to the regular bearer companies, each regiment has some of its fighting men specially trained to carry stretchers; and besides these are the regular male military chief nurses, nurses, and attendants, and the nurses and stretcher-bearers furnished by the Red Cross Society. The most highly trained of any are the women nurses, all of whom are supplied to the army by the Red Cross, and serve in what is considered the most important posts, namely, in the base hospitals and on the hospital-ships.

Our own chief surgeon with the China Relief Expedition in 1900 reported that the organization of the Japanese provided three skilled men to take care of their sick and wounded for every two provided by our own or the other armies, and this without counting the supplementary Red Cross personnel of the Japanese. This one precaution must be an important, perhaps an essential, factor in the Sanitation Corps' success.

In olden times it was thought cheaper to obtain a new soldier than to cure a sick or wounded one. The whole idea of life-saving in conjunction with such a pre-eminently life-destroying thing as war is modern, and, indeed, almost anomalous. But a progressing world demands that reckless and useless sacrifices of life shall stop, and at last military commanders, and even appropriation voters, are beginning to appreciate the importance of keeping soldiers in fit condition to fight. At least, the Japanese appreciate this. Whether Americans do is exceedingly doubtful. The former provide a large Sanitation Corps; make each man in it, from chief surgeon to stretcher-bearer, an expert in his line; and then supplement this with a mass of equally trained Reserves. The United States has the nucleus of a Medical Department, it is true, but from the beginning of the Spanish War to the present time it has been lamentably deficient.



PRIVATE IWASAKI AND NAKANO ON THE "KOBE MARU"



SICK PATIENTS ON THE "KOBE MARU"

in numbers. We trust to chance or politics for the health of our soldiers in war, but in 1898 the civilian doctors suddenly transformed by official appointment into military experts failed to recognize camp typhoid until it had spread like wildfire. In the Japanese army there is no place for either chance or politics, its experts are not made by fiat, and they can recognize camp diseases.

In 1901 our army was reorganized and officered on a basis of 100,000 men, yet the Medical Department was made only large enough to care for 45,000. Consequently, it has been necessary in peace to employ hundreds of civilian doctors to meet the army's needs. If the United States Congress has not appreciated the potential horrors of such a situation, how can it be expected to go further and provide a reserve personnel of trained military sanitarians and administrators?

In one respect we have this year taken a step forward. Heretofore we have been without any official permanent aid society. Now an effective and comprehensive Red Cross Society is being organized, and a large and active membership is hoped for.

The guiding opinion that money is worth

more than lives is unfortunately found also in naval matters. In our navy the nursing is done by enlisted men, and the surgeon-general has repeatedly appealed for authority to employ a corps of trained women nurses to take charge of the work in shore hospitals and help prepare the men for their duties as nurses on shipboard. But all in vain. Congress will not even consider the matter. In this respect the army is fortunately better off than the navy, for its nurse-corps of trained women is now firmly and permanently established.

From the purely military point of view, of course, every non-combatant is an additional handicap to an army in the field; yet every nation ought to supply enough men to furnish prompt aid after an ordinary battle. The Japanese are certainly of this opinion, but there have been times when they have been confronted by no "ordinary" conditions, and when they felt that even their comparatively large number of surgeons and nurses fell far short of the needs. In the early months of the war a field was cleared of the dead and wounded within twelve hours after the end of a battle. The experience of Lieutenant K—— is an example. He was shot simul-

taneously in both thighs while his company was attacking Kin-chau on the 26th of May. When he fell, two of his men carried him behind a native house near by and bandaged his wounds both with his and with one of their own first-aid bandages; but a large artery had been cut, and the bleeding did not stop until he tied his belt above the wound. This happened at eleven in the morning, and only four hours later, while the battle was still raging, bearers found him and carried him to a dressing-station two kilometers away. Fresh bandages were there applied, but he was not operated on until he reached Hiroshima.

As the fierceness of the fighting increased, prompt bearer-work became increasingly difficult. In the latter part of August, for example, there was such continuous close-range firing near Port Arthur that at one time the bearers could hardly be sent on the field at all, and many wounded lay without attention for days. It chanced that I learned of the experiences of three of the patients at this time. The first, who was wounded in a night attack, was a tall, fine-looking fellow, a student of the Imperial University at Tokio. He was struck in the knee, but was fortunately able to drag himself the whole distance of two thousand meters to the dressing-station, and thus escaped further danger.

A few hours later Private Matsura received five wounds in a daylight attack on the same fort, some of them while he was crawling down the hill toward shelter. He succeeded in reaching a ditch or hole, in which he lay from morning till nine that evening. The bone of his right arm was badly shattered, but he was able to wrap his bandage tightly about it, and so stop the bleeding. Of course this wound had pus; but, for the rest, even the bullet that went quite through his side did no serious damage.

Orders from General Nogi continued to hurl one body of men after another at this same fiercely resisting fortress. A single regiment, which at one time counted three thousand able-bodied members, was reduced to two hundred men and ten officers. One of its battalions made a night attack two days after Matsura was wounded, and at last entered the fort—at least what was left of them did so. By that time their ranking officer was Second-Lieutenant

S—. He was also their standard-bearer, and when wounded in the right hand he wrapped his flag about it and fought with his sword in the left hand. When this also was disabled, and he fell to the ground with a broken leg in the stronghold of the enemy, he thought to kill himself as some of the wounded about him were doing. But at that moment reinforcements came, so that one of his own soldiers who was hit only in the head was able to lift the lieutenant on his back and carry him to safety. When, at last, overwhelming numbers of the Russians drove the fierce intruders from their fort, only one officer and seven men of the whole battalion returned unhurt.

When you hear stories like these from the brave, uncomplaining victims, and have the terrible evidence of the truth under your eyes, you do not need to be on the firing-line to realize keenly what war means. And, in view of the enormous sacrifices which are sometimes necessary, there can be no surprise even if the far-seeing and careful Japanese on such occasions find their hospitals overflowing and their lines of communication taxed to the uttermost.

In transportation of the wounded all the skill of the sanitation officers was called into play, and the sight of it afforded human pictures of striking vividness. In July and August, both at Antung and on the hospital-ship *Kobe Maru*, I had occasion to see this; for the sick and wounded of General Kuroki's army were sent to the mouth of the Yalu River to take boat for Japan. A day's journey between rest-stations was twenty miles or less, and the roads were notoriously bad. A few men came over them in little carts, each drawn by one coolie, and others rode in the returning hand-trucks which were constantly carrying supplies up the Japanese-laid tracks to the fighting army. All the severe cases, however, had to be transported on stretchers, each carried on the shoulders of two Chinese coolies.

The hospitals in Antung were simply the best native houses obtainable, or the stone structures built by the Russians; and in these the men were made comfortable until places could be found for them on a hospital-ship, or, if very light cases, sometimes on a returning transport. In the spring the army controlled but three hos-

pital-ships, which number was increased to eleven by the middle of autumn. In the summer there were at times many sick and wounded awaiting transportation, but in spite of this the men were made comfortable, and everything went on in a perfectly orderly and systematic manner. The commanding officer of the hospital at Antung worked in a way to reflect credit on his nation, and surprised me frequently by the constant thoughtfulness and kindness which he showed in small things as well as in great.

While at Antung and Wiju there was opportunity to test the much-discussed field ration of the Japanese army. It includes much canned beef, canned salmon from America and sardines from Japan, rice, peas, beans, and other vegetables, excellent hardtack, tea compressed into hard cakes, powdered sugar, sauce, dried plums, and some *saké* for special occasions, all supplemented by Chinese food supplies. But I was not able to find that the army has anything corresponding to our elaborate ration system; and from the difficulties met with, and the beri-beri scourge, it would seem that the Japanese commissary work is open to improvement. Rice, the staple food, is difficult to utilize under field conditions. As an officer wrote from near Kaiping: "Owing to the scarcity of water, and especially of fuel, it is impossible to cook food and boil rice on any large scale sufficient for a battalion. This makes it necessary for each man to cook his own rice and other food." He adds that they were then receiving a pint and a half of rice daily, supplemented with millet, Chinese vegetables, and cucumber. Unfortunately, boiled rice sours so soon that it must be transported raw, and the men are not infrequently in positions where it is impossible to make a fire. Cooking, however, is facilitated by the equipment of each soldier with a black-coated aluminium food-carrier, cooking-utensils, and dishes ingeniously combined.

On the other hand, when one considers quantity and not quality, and notices the astonishingly small amounts of food habitually consumed by these sturdy troops, another question arises. Does not this fact, by the lighter work required in the commissary department, give a military advantage to the Japanese over a country such as ours, whose troops are accus-

tomed to being, as our Secretary of War puts it, "the best fed in the world"?

Although in every place visited there were some officers with whom I could converse, I am indebted for much of the information obtained outside Japan to the kind interpretation of my charming companion, Miss Sato, of the Tokio Red Cross Hospital, and the nurse of highest rank in the society. With her and a number of officers I visited Yongampo, Korea, where the Russians had left fine permanent buildings and supplies that gave evidence of a hasty and unexpected departure. Later, we took a delightfully interesting trip to Wiju and the little hospital of the soldiers in northern Korea, and went over the ground and into the trenches where the battle of the Yalu had been fought. Those nurses of my party who were at work on a hospital-ship running to Dalny were much nearer the actual conflict, however; for they not only heard the sound of the perpetual firing at Port Arthur, but saw the injured vessels of the fleet after the naval battle of August 10, while their own ship took strict precautions against a possible surprise. At the same time, the ship I was on and several others lost two days by waiting at the mouth of the Yalu till all danger from the escaped Russian vessels should be over. Within three days after starting, however, our two hundred and thirty-five passenger-patients were landed in Japan.

The *Kobe Maru*, on which the trip was made, is one of the two hospital-ships belonging to the Red Cross Society, used as passenger-steamers in peace, and in war quickly altered, according to plans made when they were built, and transferred to the military service. Like its sister ship, the *Hakuai Maru*, it has three decks and a net tonnage of 1423. The ample promenade space is used by all the patients, regardless of rank, and its state-rooms are occupied by the very ill privates as well as by the officers. Where the saloons and inside state-rooms had been, there were now iron frameworks almost filling the large spaces and supporting the simple beds, one row above the other and close together.

These ships also contain small rooms for typhoid and other contagious cases, a beautiful operating-room (ready for any emergency, but virtually used for dress-

ings only), pharmacy, morgue, X-ray room, and steam disinfection plant.

The numerous hospital-ships provided directly by the army department, and also the two belonging to the navy, average considerably larger than those of the Red Cross Society, but are otherwise much the same. All are kept in the most thorough order, and are cleaned to the very bottom of the hold after each trip. This is done with a twenty-five-per-cent. carbolic solution thrown by a hand-pump in a strong spray over everything, and followed by scrubbing with a brush. All drinking-water is supplied at Ujina, the port of Hiroshima, which is the transport base; and it is tested chemically and bacteriologically both before and after being put on board. The tanks containing it are regularly emptied, cleaned, and refilled. An officer from headquarters and a surgeon inspect every hospital-ship and transport after each trip. No matter what the need for haste, these precautions are never neglected. The Japanese characteristics of thoroughness and caution are so strong that no amount of pressure leads them into the "hustle and get there, somehow, anyhow" of the Americans. If time were as important and careful prearrangement as relatively unimportant in their minds as they are in ours, and if, consequently, the Japanese had dashed into Manchuria as we did into Cuba, and caught the small Russian army wholly unprepared, would the campaign have been more—or less—successful? But whatever one's opinion on this may be, it is certain that the Japanese will continue to prearrange everything. On the contrary, we Americans are only now beginning to form a comprehensive Red Cross Society, while our Congress prefers trusting to luck for the health of its army rather than to a well-organized medical department!

Relief corps supplied by the Japanese Red Cross Society serve on many of the hospital-ships. On the *Kobe Maru* there are four doctors, a manager, two pharmacists, two clerks, thirty-three women nurses, and eleven male nurses. All the relief personnel of the society are under vow to serve at any time called on during a specified period, which varies from fifteen years for the nurses to five years for the doctors. Merely as a recompense for taking this vow, and regardless of service

rendered, all except the nurses receive small fees annually. Besides this, the society salaries its personnel while on military or relief duty; but the special training given by it and the distinction attached to its service are the principal rewards offered for taking the vow.

At Dalny and at New-Chwang the hospital-ships go directly to a wharf and receive the patients from trains which land them only a few feet away. But the Yalu River is so shallow and full of sand-bars that lighters must be used between Antung and the anchorage, thirty miles away, and from these the patients walk or are carried aboard the hospital-ship through large openings in the side.

The *Kobe Maru* was on its thirteenth trip when I bade a sad farewell to Manchuria, where so much work was still to be done, and started homeward toward Hiroshima. The perfect weather made the trip delightful and the work not so difficult as usual. There were many interesting patients on board, but none had more narrow escapes than Private Iwasaki, a man whose wounds had been healed, but who was returning to recover his strength after an attack of malaria. His story was written for me by one of the English-speaking officers, and is worth repeating in its original form.

At the battle of Motien his section, hearing that the enemy are now attacking to recover the pass, was obliged to go forth under the commandment of special Sergeant-major Ishiwara to help their comrades. So as they were going forth within the limit of five hundred meters, there appeared some troop, but are not certain whether they are the Russians or Japanese, no answering to his inquire once or twice; but finally they were ordered to retreat, and he knew that it was a Russian troop. All of his comrades retreated from there except Ishiwara and Iwasaki are only left alone, surrounded by the Russians great majority. So Ishiwara fought so bravely and killed his enemy just eight, but he died as the dewdrop at the ninth. Private Iwasaki fought so bravely too, he killed down his enemy just three, but he finally captured by a giant Russian soldier who embraced him from backward while he was just killing his fourth enemy.

Iwasaki says: "My gun and sword were taken from me, and now I am almost naked one, for I have no arms to protect and to kill myself. And now I had to march over the miserable roads with five guards who were chattering and pleasing their triumph, know-

ing not that Private Iwasaki was intending to escape from them at any chance." At the negligence of Russian guards, he usurped the enemy's arms and stabbed two of them so quickly as the flashing of light and fought with three remaining soldiers. In this fighting he had slight sword cut on the chest and left arm, but paid no attention.

By good fortune he came to the edge of a hill and let himself fall over the cliff into a tree which was just half down of the hill. Little later he could look down from amidst of tree. The Russians were searching on him, but fortunately they could not find him out, as the light was dim and dense fog had settled over. Knowing that the Russian soldiers had passed by, he let himself fall down again over the cliff into a bed of stream, holding his captured weapon. But unfortunately there were many Russian soldiers in the upper course and a few cavalry in the lower course of the river. As he could not escape from his enemy, he scratched the following words on a big black stone:

Here died on the battle-field
Private Iwasaki Gokichi
30th Regiment, 2d Division.

And he tried to kill himself by harakiri, but succeeded only in making a wound through which water ran out of his stomach when he drank water.

It was the involuntary movements to reach a hill, crawling along the bank of stream; and here he stayed and slept amidst of deep grass, leaving himself to his fate. Awaking from his dream, he knows that the shooting was at far distance, and some troops were gazing at the top of hill where he was. Oh! it was the third company of his own regiment. He concludes: "So the male nurse of the company came and dressed me, and I was sent to the battalion with scratch!"

Besides the disabled Japanese on the *Kobe Maru*, we carried forty Russians. All except two officers were badly wounded privates, and all were provided for and treated exactly as were their captors. The Russians asked for little besides, but that little was given them at once. I can speak of this with confidence because, as it so happened, all the communications between the two peoples went through me as interpreter. The intricacies of such interpretation were well illustrated when the Japanese surgeon wanted to ask a question of a Russian patient; for he put the inquiry to me in English, I repeated it to one of the Russian officers in German, and finally he to the person addressed, in his own lan-

guage. The answer, returning by the reverse process, was finally recorded in Japanese on the official record of the case.

As we steamed past the coast of Korea, the captain gave a delightful dinner-party at which the guests were the principal ship's officers; those of the wounded Japanese officers who could walk about; the two Russian officers; Miss Sato, my companion; the American nurse of my party who was on duty this trip; and myself. If the polyglot conversation sometimes lagged, there was certainly no lack of picturesqueness in the appearance of the company.

But to me the most beautiful sight on shipboard was the spontaneous friendliness shown by Japanese patients who happened to be on deck whenever a bandaged Russian appeared there. The Japanese would at once offer him a seat and a cigarette and make attempts at a gesture-and-tone conversation for his amusement. The rôle of victor was never assumed; their relations seemed those of host and guest. So greatly did the gloom of the prisoners lift in this atmosphere that on the evening we steamed along the Inland Sea they joined in an international concert which began with American airs, continued with Russian folk-songs, and ended with the grand national hymn of Japan.

These pictures of the never-failing courtesy and good breeding of every Japanese, from whatever station in life, seemed a condensed illustration of the whole conduct of the war. The same traits shown by these simple soldiers actuate those in authority, whose aim is not merely to win military victories, but also to conduct this war according to such high and humane principles that the whole world will recognize in Japan one of the most enlightened nations of the earth.

Japan has learned much from the United States. Now the time has come when America should learn from Japan. The incalculable value of a large and well-organized medical department, supplemented by trained reserves, is the first lesson. The second lesson is that the efforts of the military sanitarian, to be effective, must be supported by the officers and men of the line. Medical officers cannot order: they can only recommend; and their knowledge of preventive measures is of small use if line officers do not appreciate their impor-

tance and if soldiers are too ignorant of hygiene to obey its dictates.

The officers of our small Medical Department know these things, but the American government and people do not know them. They see faulty details or an ineffi-

cient man, but they fail to detect the fundamental fault of defective organization. Before we can ever hope to rival the Japanese in the saving of lives in war we must be prepared for war even as they were.



THE REMOVAL OF THE RUSSIAN CENSORSHIP ON FOREIGN NEWS

SATISFACTORY relations had been arranged between the Associated Press and France, Germany, and Italy,¹ but obviously the place of chief interest was Russia. It had often been suggested that we station correspondents at St. Petersburg, but apparently the time was not ripe. It was the last country in which to try an experiment. Wisdom therefore dictated a delay until it could be determined how the agreement with other Continental powers would work out. Moreover, it was important that the St. Petersburg bureau, in case one should be established, should be conducted by a correspondent of singular tact. With this possible course in view, I put in training for the post a gentleman from our Washington office in whom I had great confidence. He was a graphic writer and a man of wide information and rare discretion. He studied French until he was able to speak with reasonable freedom, and devoted himself to the study of Russian history.

¹ See THE CENTURY for April.

The situation at the Russian capital was peculiar. Every conceivable obstacle was put in the way of the foreign journalist who attempted to telegraph news thence to any alien newspaper or agency. The business of news-gathering was under ban in the Czar's empire. The doors of the ministers of state were closed; no public official would give audience to a correspondent. Even subordinate government employees did not dare to be seen in conversation with a member of the hated gild, and all telegrams were subject to a rigorous censorship.

Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador at Washington, was friendly, and desired me to act. While I still had the matter under consideration, an agent of the Russian government urged me to go at once to St. Petersburg. I sailed in December, 1903, and by arrangement met the Russian agent in London. To him I explained that we were ready to take our news of Russia direct from St. Petersburg, instead of receiving it through London, but to do

that four things seemed essential. First, the Russian government should accord us a press rate that would enable us to send news economically. Second, they should give us such precedence for our despatches as the French, Italian, and German governments had done. Third, they must open the doors of their various departments and give us the news. And, fourth, they must remove the censorship and enable us to send the news. If we should go there at all, we must go free to tell the truth. Obviously, we could not tell the truth unless we could learn the truth and be free to send it.

The agent said that, acting under instructions, he would leave London immediately for St. Petersburg, in order to have a week there before my arrival, so as to lay the matter before the ministers in detail. Meanwhile I went to Paris. At my suggestion, the French foreign office wrote to their ambassador at St. Petersburg, instructing him to use his good offices with the Russian government, the ally of the French government, in an attempt to secure for the Associated Press the service that was desired. They assured the Russian government that they believed the best interests of the world and of Russia would be served by granting my request, which they regarded as very reasonable. I went to Berlin, and the German foreign office advised the German ambassador at St. Petersburg in the same manner. On my arrival in St. Petersburg, therefore, I had the friendly intercession of the ambassadors of both these governments, and the support of Count Cassini, as well as the influence of our own ambassador, Mr. McCormick.

An audience with Count Lamsdorff, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, was arranged, and Mr. McCormick and I laid the subject before him. He was perfectly familiar with it, as he had received the report of the government agent and had also received favorable advices from Count Cassini. The minister assured me that he would do everything in his power to aid in the movement, because he felt that it was wise; but, unfortunately, the whole question of the censorship and of telegraphic transmission was in the hands of the minister of the interior, M. Plehve. Count Lamsdorff said that, the day before our call, he had transmitted their agent's report to Plehve, with an urgent letter ad-

vising the Russian government to meet the wishes of the Associated Press. He told me that I could rely on his friendly offices, and I left him.

The reply of Count Lamsdorff, and later that of M. Plehve, disclosed the anomalous condition of the Russian government. The ministers of state are independent of one another, each reporting to the Emperor, and frequently they are at odds among themselves.

Ambassador McCormick and I called on Minister Plehve. We found him most agreeable. I studied him with some care. A strong, forceful, but affable gentleman, he impressed me as a man charged with very heavy responsibilities, quite mindful of the fact, and fearful lest any change in existing conditions might be fraught with danger. He said frankly that he was not prepared to abolish the censorship. To his mind it was a very imprudent thing to do, but he said he would go as far as he could toward meeting our wishes. As to a press rate, unfortunately that was in the hands of the minister of finance, and he had no control of the subject; and as to expediting our despatches, in view of the entirely independent character of each minister it would be beyond his power to stop a government message, or a message from any member of the royal family, in our favor. Beyond that he would give us as great speed as was in his power. He would be very glad, so far as his bureau was concerned, to give such directions as would enable our correspondent to secure all proper information.

As I have said, no newspaper man at that time could expect to secure admission to any department of the government. Indeed, a card would not be taken at the door if it were known to be that of a newspaper man. The consequence was that the correspondent got his information at the hotels, in the cafés, or in the streets. The papers published little, but the streets were full of rumors of all kinds, and some of them of the wildest character. After running down a rumor and satisfying himself as to its verity, the correspondent would write his despatch and drive two or three miles to the office of the censor. The restrictions put upon foreign correspondents had been so great that they had virtually abandoned Russia; and when I arrived there, with the exception of our men

who had preceded me, no foreign correspondent was sending daily telegrams from St. Petersburg. The thing was retroactive. Because the government would not permit despatches to go freely, no despatches were going. The censor's duties, therefore, had been so lightened that the government had added to his work the censorship of the drama, and the chances were that when the correspondent called he would have to run around to some theater to find the censor; and he might be sure that between midnight and eight o'clock in the morning he could never see him, because a censor must sleep sometime, and he would not allow anybody to disturb him between those hours, which for the American morning newspapers were the vital hours.

It happened that M. Lamscott, the censor of foreign despatches, was a very reasonable man. But he was a subordinate of a subordinate in the ministry of the interior. He was a conscientious, well-meaning person, disposed to do all that he could for us, and he personally was opposed to the censorship; but he could not pass a telegram that would be the subject of criticism by a minister or important subordinate in any department of the government, or by any member of the royal family. And since he was liable to be criticized for anything he might do, his department became a bureau of suppression rather than of censorship. He could take no chances. Certain rules had been adopted, and one of them provided that no mention whatever of a member of the royal family should appear in a despatch after the censor had passed upon it. If, by any chance, the correspondent succeeded in securing information and writing it in such fashion that it would pass the censorship, he drove two miles to the telegraph bureau and paid cash at commercial rates for his despatch. It then must wait till all government and commercial business had been cleared from the wires.

Under such a rule, it must be obvious that the business of sending despatches from Russia was impracticable. The mere matter of paying cash, which at first sight would not seem a great hardship, meant that, in the event of some great happening requiring a despatch of length, the correspondent must carry with him several hundred rubles. He could not trust a

Russian servant with this, but must go in person. There are over two hundred holidays in Russia every year, when the banks are closed and cash is not obtainable. The obstacle presented by that fact, therefore, was a very serious one.

Such were the conditions. After my audience with M. Plehve, the case seemed nearly hopeless, and I was delaying my departure from Russia only until I should receive a definite statement that nothing could be done, when the following Sunday morning the American ambassador called me on the telephone and said that I was to be commanded to an audience with the Emperor. The ambassador thought it best to keep in touch with him, since I was liable to be summoned at any moment. During the day I received the command to an audience on Monday.

After seeing M. Plehve I had a talk with the censor. M. Lamscott spoke English perfectly. He said that if his opinion were asked respecting the censorship, he would be very glad to say that he disapproved of the whole thing; but he was not at liberty to volunteer his advice.

I also, by suggestion of M. Plehve, had a conference with M. Dournovo, his chief subordinate, the minister of telegraphs. Dournovo is an old sailor, a hale, rough-and-ready type of man. He had spent some time in San Francisco while in command of a Russian vessel, spoke English perfectly, and proved a most progressive spirit. He was ready to do anything that he could, and assured me that by adopting a certain route, via Libau, he would be able to give our despatches the desired precedence. He said he would also issue orders to the trans-Siberian lines, so that we could rest assured that our despatches would not take more than an hour from Port Arthur or Vladivostok to New York.

We were making progress. We had succeeded in securing rapidity of transmission, a satisfactory press rate, and an arrangement to make a charge account, so that it would not be necessary to pay cash. Meanwhile successful efforts had been making for the appointment of an official in each ministerial department who would always receive our correspondent and aid him in his search for information if it fell within the jurisdiction of his department. General Kouropatkin, who at that

time was minister of war, Admiral Avelan, head of the navy department, and M. Pleske, the minister of finance, each appointed such a man. Finally I was commanded to the audience with the Emperor.

A private audience with the Emperor of Russia in the Winter Palace is an honor which must impress one. I was notified upon the formal card of command what costume I was expected to wear—American evening dress, which, in the court language of Europe, is known as “gala” garb. At half-past three on the afternoon of February 1, I presented myself. A servant removed the ever-present overshoes and overcoat, and a curious functionary in red court livery, with long white stockings and a red tam-o’-shanter cap from which streamed a large white plume, indicated by pantomime that I was to follow him. We ascended a grand staircase and began an interminable march through a labyrinth of wide halls and corridors. A host of attendants in gaudy apparel, scattered along the way, rose as we approached and deferentially saluted. In one wide hall sat a company of guards, who clapped silver helmets on their heads, rose, and presented arms as we passed.

I was shown into an anteroom, where the Grand Duke André awaited me. He introduced himself and chatted most agreeably about American affairs, until a door opened and I was ushered into the presence of his Imperial Majesty. The room was evidently a library. It contained well-filled book-shelves, a large work-table, and an American roller-top desk. Without ceremony and in the simplest fashion, the Emperor fell to a consideration of the subject of my visit. He was dressed in the fatigue-uniform of the Russian navy—braided white jacket and blue trousers. The interview lasted about an hour.

I represented to his Majesty the existing conditions, and told him of the difficulties which we encountered, and the desire on the part of his ambassador at Washington that Americans should see Russia with their own eyes, and that news should not take on an English color by reason of our receiving it from London. I said that we felt a large sense of responsibility. Every despatch of the Associated Press was read by one half the population of the United States. I added that Russia and the United States were either to grow closer and closer or

they were to grow apart, and we were anxious to do whatever we properly might to cement the cordial relations that had existed for a hundred years.

His Majesty replied: “I, too, feel my responsibility. Russia and the United States are young, developing countries, and there is not a point at which they should be at issue. I am most anxious that the cordial relations shall not only continue, but grow.”

When assured, in response to an inquiry, that the Emperor desired me to speak frankly, I said: “We come here as friends, and it is my desire that our representatives here shall treat Russia as a friend; but it is the very essence of the proposed plan that we be free to tell the truth. We cannot be the mouthpiece of Russia, we cannot plead her cause, except in so far as telling the truth in a friendly spirit will do it.”

“That is all we desire,” his Majesty replied, “and all we could ask of you.” He requested me to recount the specific things I had in mind.

I told the Emperor that the question of rate and speed of transmission had fortunately been settled by his ministers, and that the two questions I desired to present to him were those of an open door in all the departments, that we might secure the news, and the removal of the censorship. “It seems to me, your Majesty,” I said, “that the censorship is not only valueless from your own point of view, but works a positive harm. A wall has been built up around the country, and the fact that no correspondent for a foreign paper can live and work here has resulted in a traffic in false Russian news that is most hurtful.

“To-day there are newspaper men in Vienna, Berlin, and London who make a living by peddling out the news of Russia, and it is usually false. If we were free to tell the truth in Russia, as we are in other countries, no self-respecting newspaper in the world would print a despatch from Vienna respecting the internal affairs of Russia, because the editor would know that, if the thing were true, it would come from Russia direct. All you do now is to drive a correspondent to send his despatches across the German border. I am able to write anything I choose in Russia, and send it by messenger to Wirballen, across the German border, and it will go from there without change. You are powerless to prevent my sending these de-

spatches, and all you do is to anger the correspondent and make him an enemy, and delay his despatches, robbing the Russian telegraph lines of a revenue they should receive. So it occurs to me that the censorship is inefficient; that it is a censorship which does not censor, but annoys."

I went over the common experiences of all newspaper men who had been in Russia, and the Emperor agreed that the existing plan was not only valueless, but hurtful. He said that if I could stay in St. Petersburg a week he would undertake to do all that I desired. I asked if it would be of service to make a memorandum of the things I had said to him. He replied that he would be very glad to receive such a memorandum, as it would help him to speak intelligently with his ministers. We then talked about the negotiations with Japan and of the internal affairs of Russia. He said over and over again that there must be no war, that he did not believe there would be one, and that he was going as far as self-respect would permit him in the way of meeting the Japanese in the matter of their differences.

I was then given my leave by his Majesty, who courteously suggested that he should see me at the court ball which was to take place that evening. Three or four hours later I attended the ball, and he came to me and reopened the conversation in the presence of the American ambassador, and was good enough to say to Mr. McCormick that he had had a very interesting afternoon.

During the conversation with the Emperor, to illustrate the existing difficulties, I remarked that on the preceding Sunday we had received a cable message from our New York office to the effect that a very sensational despatch had been printed throughout the United States, purporting to come from Moscow, and alleging that, during the progress of certain army manoeuvres under the direction of the Grand Duke Sergius (assassinated February 17, 1905), a large body of troops had been ordered to cross a bridge over the Moscow River, and, by a blunder, another order had been given at the same time to blow up the bridge, and thus a thousand soldiers had been killed. This despatch came to us on Sunday evening, with the request that we find out whether it was true. There was

no way to ascertain. Nobody could get any information from the war department; nobody would be admitted to ask such a question; and I told the Emperor the chances were that, in the ordinary course of things, this would happen: three or four weeks later the false despatch would be sent back by post from the Russian legation at Washington, and there would be a request made on the part of the Russian government that it be denied, because there was not a word of truth in it; but the denial would go out a month or six weeks after the statement, and no newspaper would print it, because interest in the story had died out. Thus nobody would see the denial.

It happened in this case that we knew a man in St. Petersburg who had been in Moscow on the day mentioned, and when he saw the telegram he said at once: "I know all about that story. Two years ago the Grand Duke Sergius, at some manoeuvres, did order some troops to cross a bridge, and a section of it was blown up and one man was killed." I said to his Majesty: "In this instance we were able to correct the falsehood; but it is most important that a correction of this sort should follow the falsehood at the earliest moment, while the thing is still warm in the public mind."

He said he recognized the wisdom of that, and he also recognized that obviously, if our service was to be of any value to us whatever, the departments must be open to us and make answer to questions, giving the facts.

Later in the evening, Count Lamsdorff came up and expressed his gratification at the interview I had had with the Emperor. He said that the Emperor had told him of it, and Count Lamsdorff added: "I think it of great value to Russia, and I want to thank you for having told the truth to his Majesty, which he hears all too rarely."

While chatting with the Emperor at the ball I asked how I should transmit the memorandum referred to in the afternoon's interview, and he told me to send it through Baron de Frédericksz, minister of the palace.

The next day I prepared the memorandum for transmission, and then it occurred to me that it would be befitting the dignity of the imperial office if it were neatly printed, and I set out to find a

printer who could do it in English. I drove to the Crédit Lyonnais, and called on the manager, whom I knew, and asked him if there was a printing-office in St. Petersburg where English could be printed. He gave me a card to the manager of a very large establishment located in the outskirts of the city.

The manager was a kindly old German who spoke French. I told him what was wanted, and he said he would be delighted to do anything for an American: he had a son, a railway engineer, at Muskegon, Michigan. He said he had no compositors who understood English, but he had the Latin type, and, as the copy was type-written, his printers could pick it out letter by letter and set it up, and then I could revise the proof and put it in shape. He asked me when it was needed. I replied that I must have it by noon of the following day. He said that would involve night work, but he would be very glad indeed to keep on a couple of printers to set it up.

As I was about to leave, he glanced at the manuscript and said, with a startled look, "This has not been censored."

"No," I replied; "it has not been censored."

"Then," he said, "it must be censored; there is a fine of five hundred rubles and three months in jail for setting one word that does not bear the censor's stamp. I should not dare, as much as I should like to accommodate you, to put myself in jeopardy. But," he added, "you will have no trouble with it. It is now six o'clock. I will have the engineer stay and keep the lights burning, and have the two printers go out to dinner, and you can go and have it censored, in the meantime, very much more quickly than I can. Return here by eight o'clock, and we can work on it all night, if necessary."

I drove at once to M. Lamscott, he being the censor who had passed upon our despatches, and presented the case to him. His countenance fell at once.

"I hope you will believe that, if it were in my power to help you, I would do so," he said; "but, unfortunately, my function is to censor foreign despatches only, and I have no power to censor job-work. That falls within an entirely different department, and my stamp would not be of any use to you whatever. But I may say to

you, as a friend, that it is hopeless. If Minister Plehve, in whose department this falls, sought to have a document like this censored, it would take him a week to have it go through the red tape which would be necessary. And the very thing which makes you think that this should be easy to censor makes it the most difficult thing in the world, because no censor would dare to affix his stamp to a paper which is in the nature of a petition to the sovereign until it had passed step by step through all the gradations of office up to his Majesty himself, and he had signified a willingness to receive it. Then it would have to come back through all the gradations to the censor again; and it would be two or three weeks before you would get the document in shape to print it."

I laughed, and said a petition to remove the censorship required so much censoring that it was actually amusing.

He replied: "The only thing you can do is to write it."

So I took it to the American embassy, had it engrossed, and transmitted it to the Emperor, and then waited for some word from him.

I received an invitation to the second ball, which the Emperor had assured me would be a much more agreeable function than the first, because, instead of thirty-three hundred people, there would be only six hundred present. This second ball was to occur a week later.

On Wednesday I transmitted the memorandum to his Majesty. On Thursday evening, at a reception, I encountered Minister Plehve. He said he knew of my audience with the Emperor and had seen the memorandum which I had left with him; and while he was desirous of doing everything in his power, I must remember that he was responsible for the internal order of Russia, and he could not bring himself to believe that a step of this kind was wise. It was almost revolutionary in its character, and he wanted to know whether there could not be something in the nature of a compromise effected. "All your other requests have been provided for," he said; "the only question that remains is the censorship, and I want to know if you would not be content with an arrangement by which I should appoint a bureau of censors at the central telegraph office and keep them on duty night and day, with instructions

to give you the largest possible latitude. I can assure you there would be virtually nothing but a censorship in form so far as you are concerned."

I replied that I was sorry that I could not see my way clear to do the thing he asked. "I am not here, your Excellency," I added, "to advise you as to your duties. That is a question which you must determine for yourself. Neither am I here to say that I think the suggestion you make an unwise one. I do not know. It may not be wise for you to remove the censorship. That is a question which I am not called on to discuss. I am here at the instance of the Russian government, because it desired me to come. It desired us to look at Russia through our own eyes. Obviously we cannot do that unless we are absolutely free. Anything less than freedom in the matter would mean that we should be looking at Russia, not through our eyes, but through your eyes. So, without the slightest feeling in the matter, if you do not see your way clear, I shall take myself out of Russia, and we shall go on as we have done for a hundred years — taking our Russian news from London."

"Oh, no," said he, in a startled tone; "that must not be. I would not have you understand me as saying that your wishes will not be met. I believe his Majesty has given you assurances on the point, and of course it is in his hands, and he will do whatever he thinks best about it."

The minister then suddenly saw, in another part of the room, a lady to whom he desired to speak, and we parted. Later in the evening he drew close to my side and asked in a whisper if I had heard the news.

"What news?" I asked. It was at a moment when the whole world was waiting breathless for Russia's last reply to Japan.

"The reply to Japan went forward to-night," he replied; "and I thought you might want to know it."

"Indeed," I said; "and when?"

"At seven o'clock."

He then quietly drew away, and I sought out our correspondent and communicated the fact to him. Going to the censor, he had his despatch censored and forwarded it. About an hour later, after twelve o'clock, the French minister said to me: "You know the news?"

I regarded Minister Plehve's information as confidential and asked: "What news?"

"I think you know very well, because Plehve told you," he answered.

"Yes," I said; "the answer has gone to Japan."

"No, not to Japan," he replied; "but to Alexieff, and it will not reach Baron de Rosen, the Russian minister at Tokio, until Saturday or Monday."

I was naturally startled, because the despatch which had been sent to New York had reported that the answer had gone to Japan. Twelve o'clock had come and gone, there was no opportunity to secure a censored correction, and an inaccurate despatch was certain to be printed in all the American papers the following morning, and I was apparently powerless to prevent it.

Mr. Kurino, the Japanese minister, was anxious to know the news. I did not feel at liberty to communicate it to him, and he turned away, saying: "Well, I think this is a very unpleasant place for me, and I shall take my departure." So he and his wife left me to make their adieus to the hostess.

I also took my leave and drove at once to the telegraph office. Now, they did not censor private messages. I entered the telegraph bureau and wrote this despatch:

Walter Neef, 40 Evelyn Gardens, London:

Howard was slightly in error in his telegram to-night. The document has been telegraphed to the gentleman in charge in the East, and will reach its destination Saturday or Monday.

I signed my name and handed in the message, which was delivered promptly in London to Mr. Neef, the chief of our London office, who at once sent a correction to the United States, and the despatch appeared in proper form in the American papers.

Plehve was a strong, forceful, and, I believe, sincere man—one who felt that all the repressive measures he had adopted were necessary. He was not a reactionary in the fullest sense. He was a progressive man, but his methods were obviously wrong. He felt that "if the lines were loosed the horses would run away." I did not gain the impression that he was an intriguer or that he was sinister in his methods. He seemed direct, sincere, con-

scientious. He belonged to the number who believe that the greatest good can come to Russia by easy stages and by repressive measures. He did not believe in the press; he did not believe that the best interests of the people were to be served by education: but he did believe in the autocracy, with all that it implies. The impression left on my mind was that he was afraid the censorship would be abolished over his head, and he wanted to make terms less dangerous from his point of view.

I received a telegram asking me to go to Berlin and dine at the American ambassador's house, the Kaiser to be present. This was to occur on the night of the 11th of February, and through the good offices of the American ambassador (I having said I would remain in St. Petersburg to await his Majesty's pleasure) I asked leave to go to Berlin, and it was granted.

On my return I was in a dilemma. The war with Japan was on. I had given my word to the Emperor that I would await his pleasure, but I was aware that his mind and heart were full of the disasters that had befallen the Russian arms in the East, and that he probably had had no time to give thought to my mission. There was a fair prospect of waiting indefinitely and without result. Before going to Russia, I had been warned by a number of friends, in sympathetic tones, that my visit would be a failure; that it was well enough to go to St. Petersburg in order to learn the conditions; that the journey would probably be worth the trouble involved: but that any effort to remove the censorship on foreign despatches would be sheer waste of time.

William T. Stead had gone to Russia a year before on the same mission, and had had the advantage of the personal friendship of Plehve. Stead was known as the most active pro-Russian journalist in the world. He had had a personal audience with the Czar at his country place in Lивадия, and had signally failed. I felt therefore that these prophecies of evil were likely to be fulfilled, and I determined to leave as soon as I could do so with propriety.

I asked Ambassador McCormick if he would call on Count Lamsdorff and say frankly to him that I knew how occupied the attention of all the officials was, and I thought it perhaps an inopportune time to pursue the matter, and would, therefore,

if agreeable, take my leave. Mr. McCormick called at the foreign office that afternoon on some official business, and, before leaving, told Count Lamsdorff of my predicament, and asked his advice.

Count Lamsdorff replied in a tone of surprise: "The thing is done."

"I do not follow you," said Ambassador McCormick.

"Mr. Stone left a memorandum of his wishes with his Majesty, did he not?" said Count Lamsdorff. "Well, the Emperor wrote, 'Approved,' on the corner of the memorandum, and all will be done. There may be a slight delay incident to working out the details, but it will be done."

"Would it not be well," asked Mr. McCormick, "for Mr. Stone to call on Minister Plehve and talk the matter over with him as to the details?"

"There is nothing to say," said Count Lamsdorff; "it is finished. Mr. Stone has no occasion to see Plehve or any one else. It will all be done as speedily as possible."

Mr. McCormick reported this conversation to me, and I determined at once to depart, leaving the matter entirely in the hands of the authorities. I wrote, and despatched by hand, letters thanking Count Lamsdorff and Minister Plehve for their courtesy and for what they had done, and indicating my purpose to leave by the Vienna express on the following Thursday. Count Lamsdorff made a parting call, and Plehve sent his card. I left St. Petersburg on Thursday evening.

On my arrival in Vienna, I received the following from Mr. Thompson, chief of our St. Petersburg office:

I know you will be gratified to learn that on my return to the office from the station after bidding you adieu, and before your feet left the soil of St. Petersburg, we were served with notice that the censorship was abolished so far as we were concerned. But Count Lamsdorff feels that it is a mistake, and that we shall be charged with having made a bargain, and any kindly thing we may say of Russia will be misconstrued. He thinks it would be much wiser if the censorship were abolished as to all foreign correspondents and bureaus, and desires your influence to that end.

I wired back at once that I fully agreed with Count Lamsdorff's views, and certainly hoped that it would be abolished as to the correspondents of the English,

French, and German press at once; and forty-eight hours after the restriction was removed from the Associated Press, it was removed from everybody.

Since my departure from St. Petersburg, not only our correspondents, but all foreign correspondents, have been as free to write and send matter from any part of Russia, except in the territory covered by the war, as from any other country in the world. We have found ourselves able to present a daily picture of life in Russia that has been most interesting and edifying, and even in the war district the Russian authorities have given the largest possible latitude to our correspondents. They have turned over to us in St. Petersburg, daily, without mutilation, the official reports made to the Emperor and to the war department, and the world has been astonished by the frank character of the despatches coming from Russia. Ninety per cent. of the real news concerning the war has come in bulletin first from St. Petersburg, and later in detail from the field; and there has been no attempt on the part of the government to influence the despatches, or even to minimize their disasters, when talking officially to our correspondents. The doors of all the ministries have been opened to correspondents, who make daily visits to the war, navy, foreign, and interior offices, and are given the news with as much freedom as in Washington.

Until Port Arthur was invested, we found that we were able to receive despatches with extraordinary speed. On one occasion a despatch sent from New York to Port Arthur requiring a reply occupied for transmission and reply two hours and forty-five minutes; and on the occasion of the birth of the son of the Emperor at Peterhof, twenty-eight miles from St. Petersburg, we received the despatch announcing the fact in exactly forty-three minutes after its occurrence.

As a consequence of these arrangements, the Associated Press has been able to usurp in a large measure the functions of the

diplomat, and I think it makes for universal peace in a remarkable way. Instead of public questions now passing through the long and tedious methods of diplomacy as formerly, the story is told with authority by the Associated Press. The point of view of a country is presented no longer by diplomatic communication, but in the despatches of the Associated Press.

A striking instance of this occurred some months ago, when a Japanese war-vessel went into the neutral harbor of Chifu and captured the *Rychitelni*, a Russian gunboat which had sought an asylum there. Our correspondent was on the *Rychitelni* when the Japanese lieutenant and a detachment arrived, and was a personal witness of the occurrence. His story appeared throughout the civilized world, and was made the subject of representations by Russia, through her ally, France. In less than a week the Japanese government prepared a careful defense of their action and handed it to Mr. Egan, our correspondent in Tokio, with a request that he send it throughout the world. It was done, and it closed the incident. They made no effort, and distinctly said that they would make none, to send an official answer to Russia on the subject through the ordinary channels of diplomacy, but chose rather to send it through the agency of the Associated Press.

The authorities of the foreign offices of the different European governments recognize the independence of the Associated Press, and have virtually made choice of it as a forum for the discussion of current questions of international interest. They recognize that a telegram of the Associated Press, published, as it is, throughout the world, unless immediately explained, may arouse a public sentiment that can never be met by the ordinary methods of diplomacy. They recognize that in the end it is the high court of public opinion that must settle international questions, and not the immediate determination of the foreign office of any country.



THE WORLD-WIDE SPIRITUAL AWAKENING

BY HENRY R. ELLIOT

ARE we hearing "the sound of a going *A* in the tops of the mulberry-trees"? So inquire, with a happy light of anticipation in their eyes, many alert souls among us who are sensitive to the phenomena of religious awakenings.

Whether these Watchmen of the Night are warranted in the announcements they are now making on every side, or whether their predictions are to pass away unfulfilled, it may be conceded that not for many years has the social atmosphere been so charged with spiritual electricity. Wherever we turn, in polite centers or the barbarous extremities of the earth, among all peoples and under every variety of creed and condition, the same phenomena are manifest. As in a conflagration, the fire leaps from point to point, bursting out in a dozen distant spots at once. Now it is Australia and New Zealand that are chiefly affected; then amazing reports come from Korea; next, perhaps, are extraordinary returns from Los Angeles, Atlanta, or Pittsburg.

Just at present the center of interest is in Wales, where scenes are witnessed quite as thrilling as any in the history of revivals. All accounts agree that the Welsh revival is unique for spontaneity and fervor. Its leader, so far as it has any, is a young divinity student of twenty-six, Evan Roberts by name, simple-hearted, sensible, ablaze with zeal. But the movement is far beyond any personality. Religion is the one topic of conversation. Meetings are constant and crowded. The converts are numbered by the tens of thousands, and the ethic results are of so pronounced a sort as to make criticism difficult. It is the uniform testimony that the morals of

whole communities have been transformed. A visitor describes a typical ride in a colliery train where he had been accustomed to meet blasphemy and filth; but "the men were as respectable in their demeanor and as clean in their talk as one could desire. Some carriages resounded with Christian song."

This singing, by the way, is the characteristic feature of the Welsh revival. It has been said, indeed, that Wales has been preparing for the outburst, these many years, by the national love for and practice in choral singing, mostly of a religious character. The national singing contests largely turn on proficiency in oratorio work, or at least in themes of serious import, and the whole people are saturated with sacred song. Be this as it may, the singing at the meetings is said to be of the most thrilling description, fully up to the world-wide reputation of Welsh choral work.

Very different in method, but most effective in result, have been the Torrey-Alexander meetings, first in Australia, then in India and Japan, and later throughout Great Britain. Just now these two American evangelists are holding immense meetings in London, where the huge auditorium of the Royal Albert Hall is quite inadequate to accommodate the multitudes. Specially constructed auditoriums, holding six, eight, and ten thousand persons, have been erected in various cities, only to be found utterly inadequate. In London, for the campaign in that city, a guaranty fund of seventeen thousand pounds was quickly raised, and the general committee included some of the highest names in church and state. Dr. Torrey is an uncompromising

revivalist of the "old-fashioned" type, but in temperament a hard-headed, unemotional man, a Yale graduate, a "D.D." and a long-time pastor. He drew his inspiration as an evangelist from Moody, and holds fast to the "Moody and Sankey" methods.

As usual, opinions differ as to the permanent value of the hundreds and thousands of conversions made by these meetings. But this at least can be said, that for size, interest, and visible and immediate results, they equal, if they do not surpass, the most famous campaigns of Moody or the earlier evangelists.

In this country, notable revivals within a year have stirred several of our largest cities; among them, Los Angeles, Keokuk, Denver (where one day the legislature adjourned on account of the meetings), Dayton, Louisville, Atlanta, Schenectady, Jacksonville, and Kansas City. In most of these cities the active leadership has been taken by the Evangelistic Committee of the General Assembly (Presbyterian). The chairman of this committee is John H. Converse, the president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, who has put into its operations the energy, system, and pecuniary resources which mark the conduct of a great business corporation, with results which have made an epoch in evangelism. His executive genius has been fitly matched by the spiritual leadership of the chief evangelist, the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., who has evinced an extraordinary aptitude for a national movement of this sort.

An important "awakening"—for such those engaged in the movement choose to call it rather than a "revival"—is meantime gathering force and volume in the Congregational church, growing out of the recent visit of a London nonconformist minister, the Rev. W. J. Dawson. At the National Council (Congregational) at Des Moines, Mr. Dawson spoke with such effect that an Evangelistic Committee was created, with Dr. Hillis of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, as chairman, to organize and conduct a national campaign.

This is now in full operation, with Mr. Dawson as the central figure. The distinguishing thought is the value of solid foundations of righteousness, rather than emotionalism. But to this inculcating of a revival of duty and honor is joined a zeal for Christian service. Mr. Dawson expresses it thus: "As we have been sought and found, so it is now our turn to seek and to find." A practical illustration of this "hunger for souls" was furnished during the fortnight's campaign in Boston, when, one night, distinguished presidents of theological seminaries, leading pastors, bankers and merchants, and ladies of high social rank, fell in behind the band of the Salvation Army and marched through the slums, gathering in the outcasts for a midnight meeting in one of the largest halls of the city.

Many additional details could be given to illustrate the general interest, but the above may suffice. It would be quite inadequate, however, to base the claim of a wide-spread spiritual awakening on revival phenomena and statistics. Underneath such symptoms is a profound sensitiveness to religious truth. The distribution and study of the Bible are greater than ever before; the roster of home and foreign missionaries is larger, and is supplemented by workers in social settlements, brotherhoods, deaconesses, Y. M. C. A. workers, and patrons of every variety of public and private charities, to an extent never before dreamed of in human history. The standard of public and of business morality is set at a high level, as witness the sharp and aggressive criticism of "graft," "trusts," "bossism," etc. The zeal for purity and righteousness is wider than sect or zone. It stirs America in one way and Russia in another. It affects the Christian after one fashion and the Hebrew or the Shinto after another. But everywhere the President's motto of "a square deal" is on the people's lives and hearts. May it not be that after a veritable orgy of materialism the world is awakening to realize that character is better than billions, and service than selfishness?



TOPICS OF THE TIME

REMARKS ON READING

SUGGESTED BY A DISTINGUISHED EXAMPLE

THE subject of the reading of books is brought up freshly by the statement in the April number of *THE CENTURY* as to the extraordinary amount of reading done by the present occupant of the White House. There are others of our busiest men who, likewise, have found solace and delight in snatching from crowded days half-hours of communion with authors ancient and modern. We know especially of certain lawyers and physicians who find their minds refreshed and enriched—by no means to their professional detriment—by their daily, perhaps more especially nightly, readings; though we confess that, so far as our acquaintance extends, the President "holds the record."

It was explained that President Roosevelt is one of those exceptional readers who seem to take in almost whole pages at a glance. Dr. Mitchell says that some people are born readers, as some are born poets. While the habit of reading—and the habit of rapid reading—surely can be cultivated, yet the "lightning reader" is as certainly one who has a special aptitude. The late Rev. Dr. John McClintock turned the pages of a book so swiftly that he seemed not to be reading at all; but he gathered it all in. We know of journalists who read with great rapidity—their aptitude is supplemented, of course, by constant practice. The other day a learned and brilliant journalistic friend of ours was given a newspaper extract—not long, but one which with ordinary eyes would require a perceptible time for an understanding perusal. It was handed back instantly; the person who had brought it to our friend's notice doubted if it had been really read; but examination of the reader proved that its contents had been fully taken in "by first intention." This rapid-

reading friend of ours was once taken ill with trouble in the eyes, and had to be read to. It was curious to see how he fretted with the ordinary pace of reading aloud. It "bored him to death." The reader, in order to satisfy him, must plunge ahead, enunciating with the greatest speed, and actually omitting all unimportant words.

As an example among public men of much reading the names of Sumner and Gladstone suggest themselves. Gladstone, says Morley, "was no mere reader of many books, used to relieve the strain of mental anxiety or to slake the thirst of literary or intellectual curiosity. Reading with him in the days of his full vigor was a habitual communing with the master spirits of mankind, as a vivifying and nourishing part of life."

Among writers an instance of much reading, and, at times at least, of rapid reading, was Mrs. Browning. She found, she said; that Carlyle "won't be read quick." Writing, in her later years, of a certain book of George Sand's, she says: "I read this book so eagerly and earnestly that I seem to burn it up before me." It is not remarkable that an invalid like Mrs. Browning,—when she was Miss Barrett,—with strong literary tastes and living a life devoid of household or social obligations, should have read much. But, as a highly respectable colored woman once remarked, "nigger is in the disposition"; so the love of reading is in the disposition, and doubtless in all circumstances. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, like Macaulay, would have read voraciously. "So you think I never read Fonblanche or Sydney Smith—or Junius, perhaps?" she writes to Horne. "Mr. Kenyon calls me his 'omnivorous cousin.' I read without principle. I have a sort of unity, indeed, but it amalgamates instead of selecting—do you understand? When I had read the Hebrew Bible, from Genesis to Malachi, right through, and was never

stopped by the Chaldee—and the Greek poets, and Plato, right through from end to end—I passed as thoroughly through the flood of all possible and impossible British and foreign novels and romances, with slices of metaphysics laid thick between the sorrows of the multitudinous *Celestinas*." She is very modest about her reading, declaring that it is only useful knowledge and the multiplication-table she has never tried hard at; and that she does not boast of her omnivorousness of reading, even apart from the romances. She thinks she would have been better off if she had not read half so much, and that the habit is too much like "what the Americans call whittling."

Mrs. Browning's reading was probably just the right thing for her, after all. But whether or not she was correct in her judgment as to her own case, of course reading may become a mere indulgence and dissipation, a habit to be corrected. Also, it is very evident that many great, resolute natures have been built up with little reading, or by much reading of a few books, and much pondering,—much reading of men, of opinions, of events, rather than of the printed page. Men like Cromwell and Lincoln, and others who have changed the course of modern history, have been so nurtured. We could even point to a very great and effective modern scientific genius who, with an apparent aversion to scientific literature, gets his learning not so much from books, as from experiments and from the "twenty question" system intelligently applied to friendly experts.

But according to our observation there is vastly too little reading done, rather than too much; and we think it fortunate that President Roosevelt's example has been set forth as an illustration of what can be accomplished, in the most occupied of lives, to broaden the intellectual outlook. His example will serve everywhere as a stimulus. And the slow reader should not be discouraged, but encouraged rather; for if he really has the "disposition" to read, the year's end, under whatever difficulties, will give him, also, a list of readings accomplished which will shame the indifferent and vastly increase his own intellectual wealth.

Reading for the relief of troubled thoughts, as a mere sedative, is immea-

surably valuable, as many an overwrought brain has found; and so is reading for the highest forms of pleasure, for healthy enjoyment as well as for desired information, for new outlooks, for the broadening of sympathies and the correction of narrow views, for culture,—above all, for inspiration.

HAIL TO THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME!

THE article in this number of *THE CENTURY* on "The Prize of Rome," by Mr. Hoeber, will be read with peculiar interest at the moment of the announcement that the American School of Architecture in Rome, a result of the Chicago World's Fair, having been transformed in 1897 into the American Academy in Rome, under a New York charter, has been rechartered by the Congress of the United States, under date of March 1, 1905, endowed by private liberality, and made secure by a permanent and attractive habitation!

This newly chartered and handsomely endowed institution is to be conducted much on the lines of the French Villa Medici, whose workings *THE CENTURY* article describes. If anything, its methods will be more liberal toward the students in the various branches of architecture, sculpture, painting, and music.

It is probable that in the future increasing facilities will be offered to the students of all these arts in America during what may be called their undergraduate courses; but those who are earnestly devoted to their several arts cannot but profit by years of postgraduate study, for which the institution is intended, in Rome,—that city which many believe to be still the "center of the art world,"—and amid "the direct and intimate influences of the world's masterpieces."

The country owes the establishment of this important institution primarily to the disinterested, public-spirited, and energetic action of its architects and artists—men like Charles F. McKim, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Frank D. Millet, E. H. Blashfield, H. S. Mowbray, and others; to the intelligent assistance and good will of the national administration and of Congress;¹ and to the liberality of our men of wealth.

¹ The bill was introduced in the House of Representatives by the Hon. James T. McCleary, and in the Senate by the Hon. George P. Wetmore.

It was through Mr. Henry Walters that its new home—the spacious building and grounds of the Villa Mirafiori near the Porta Pia—was secured. The enthusiastic promoters of this splendid enterprise, there-upon, in January last, undertook to obtain a million dollars for maintenance; and as we go to press the one-hundred-thousand-dollar subscriptions are announced of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Henry Walters, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, and Harvard University through Mr. Henry L. Higginson, and the indications are that the rest of the million will soon be forthcoming.

What with the new impetus just given to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the activity of museums and academies throughout the country, the noble endowment of the American Academy in Rome, the improvement of our art schools, and the augmenting individual accomplishment of American architects, artists, and musicians, America is destined soon to take a still more important place among the art-producing nations of the world.

One of the necessary steps in this direction is the removal of the tariff on art works; and the men of light and leading in our government should see that, at the first opportunity, this deleterious and idiotic tax is swept away.

THE RECESSION OF THE YOSEMITE THE FORTUNATE END OF A LONG STRUGGLE FOR BETTER MANAGEMENT OF THE VALLEY

IT was good news to all travelers and all lovers of nature that at the recent session of the California legislature the wonderland of Yosemite, granted to that State in 1864, "in trust," was voluntarily receded to the United States. The whole country, and particularly the State of California, is to be congratulated upon this fortunate and honorable outcome of a struggle of twenty years for the better conduct of the Valley. The victory, which was accomplished against demagogic influences and appeals to a false State pride, is due primarily to John Muir, to the Sierra Club, of which he is president, and to William E. Colby, its secretary, who for years have been at work organizing the movement, which has been supported effectively and almost with unanimity by the press of California. A strong argument for recession was found in the fact that among

those who favored it was so influential a promoter of conservative forest policies as President Roosevelt.

THE CENTURY, which since 1889 has realized the overwhelming importance of forest-conservation and has taken every opportunity to advocate a better system of management of the Valley, contained, in this department, as early as January, 1893, an article entitled, "The Proposed Recession of the Yosemite Valley," in which we said:

An additional reason for this action exists in the fact that by act of October 1, 1890, Congress created a new National Park, of which the old grant to the State of California is the heart, and which is almost equal in extent to the State of Rhode Island, but does not include in its jurisdiction the valley which it surrounds. It was the belief of those most active in procuring this legislation that the establishment of the larger park was not only desirable in itself, but would be a stepping-stone to reform within the State grant. It is obvious that the two reservations should be under one control.

The faulty system of administration of the Valley by boards of unsalaried commissioners, appointed, too often for political reasons, to do work for which they had no expert qualifications, is now happily at an end. Under the responsibilities which the recession imposes upon the authorities at Washington, who are looking for expert knowledge in every department, there is every prospect that there will be no indiscriminate cutting of trees and underbrush, no clearing of ground for hay-fields, no talk of funicular railways and of multi-colored artificial lights on the waterfalls, no arbitrary chopping of vistas, no pig-sties, no pyramids of tin cans, no scandals of politics or graft. (The Yosemite "recession" must contain mention of these things, "lest we forget.") Not only should the best expert advice be secured toward preserving as far as possible the native and unsophisticated wildness of the Valley, which so enhances its wonderful beauty, but every facility should be afforded the public to gain more comfortable and easy access to it. We bespeak from Congress a liberal attitude toward such appropriations for these purposes as may be recommended by the President; for not only is Yosemite to California what St. Peter's is to Rome, but it is one of the chief treasures

of the whole country, and a day's view of it would repay a visit from the remotest region of the world.

MR. IVANOWSKI'S COLOR DRAWINGS

THE frontispiece of this number of *THE CENTURY*, representing "The Joyousness of Spring," is by the Polish-American artist Sigismund Ivanowski, whose pictures

illustrating three of Tolstoi's famous heroines were a feature of the April number. Mr. Ivanowski has the faculty of imparting a decorative feeling to the serious treatment of an imaginative subject, and of using color in a way to evade, as far as possible, the limitations of the color process. The present frontispiece is one of four which will appear in *THE CENTURY* during the year, illustrative of the four seasons.



OPEN LETTERS

The Century's American Artists Series

HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH, whose "Sunset in Normandy" is reproduced on page 109, was born in Bristol, Rhode Island, in 1863. After a brief stay at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, under Hébert, a longer communion with nature out of doors, on the Normandy coast, determined him to devote himself to landscape, though he had begun at the figure in America, with a now-forgotten portrait-painter, Horace Johnson of Providence. In 1893 he was given the Webb Landscape Prize by the Society of American Artists (of which he is a member), and the same year his picture at the exhibition in Berlin was bought by the German government. He received medals at the Paris Exposition of 1900, and at those of Buffalo, Charleston, and St. Louis. Meanwhile the artist, who passes his winters in New York, in the summer-time remains faithful to the Normandy that first opened his eyes to the possibilities of landscape-painting, and he has a house and a studio at Montreuil-sur-Mer, in the Pas-de-Calais, along the English Channel, where he works several months each season.

The key-note to the work of Mr. Dearth is simplicity. First of all, he obviously puts himself in sympathy with his theme; and, having determined thereon, he proceeds rather by the process of elimination, reducing his masses and tones down to the most simple and elementary principles. I am inclined, too, to think that had Mr. Dearth chosen to devote himself to the figure instead of the landscape, he would have arrived at an equal degree of excellence, for the reason that throughout his work there is a fine quality of intelligent construction. In giving strict attention to the important masses, and thus troubling himself in no wise with the smaller things, he ends by

suggesting detail—a rare thing, and one that makes, as a rule, for great art. Perhaps in none of his pictures shall we find this more apparent than in the "Sunset in Normandy," with its almost naïve arrangement of trees, earth, and sky, the cattle being the merest suggestions.

Certainly the forms of the French poplars are generalized as they stand on either side of the winding road, against the evening sky. But there is no mistaking the fact that they are poplars, for each brush-sweep is significant and shows the artist to have studied the anatomy and construction of this particular growth until he knows it *au fond*. And the country lies flat. It has the character of such a road in Normandy, as the painter who has been there and looked with intelligent eye will attest. There is a harmonious relation of sky to earth, the tones of the former permeating the latter as in nature; for, of course, it is from the sky that the earth receives its illumination, and the thousand surfaces of grass, growth, stone, and water reflect the light the heavens send out. It is also refreshing to find a man who paints, as the French say, without any *parti-pris*—in other words, who does not proceed according to recipe, but attacks each new problem according to the necessities of the occasion.

Mr. Dearth has gone through the experiences of most painters, working faithfully before Nature, learning many of her secrets only by the closest observation, drawing seriously until the hand was trained to express, in a brush-sweep, the character of earth, sky, and trees. The process of elimination is slow and tedious, but, happily, sure; and to-day, with much economy of line and a subordination of all not absolutely essential, he evolves pictures that have dignity and poetry.

Arthur Hoeber.

● ● IN LIGHTER VEIN ● ●

The Two Muses

COLLOQUY BETWEEN AN AVERAGE POET AND FINERTY OF "THE FUGITIVE BLACKSMITH"

Æschylus, the "Father of Greek Tragedy," who died in 456 B.C., aged sixty-nine, is said to have been killed while sunning himself in a field, from having his bald head mistaken for a rock by an eagle soaring with a turtle, which was dropped on the supposed rock in order to shatter its shell. It had been foretold (according to legend) that the poet was not to die until a house should fall on him.

• POET

OLD Æschylus, with cloak and staff, beneath the waning star,
Engaged with themes of Gods and men,
Went out upon the desert fen
Where self and silence are —

FINERTY

Now let me catch yer m'anin'. If I undther-
stand yer talk,
Ye 're tellin' me that Æschylus wint out to
take a walk.

POET

— To meet his soul in privacy. It was a votive tour
To court the Muse and let his mind o'erlord
the manless moor;
To list the Gods and haply hear some chorus
of the whole
Accord response antiphonal unto his listening
soul.

FINERTY

I think I have yer m'anin'; whin I don't I 'll
tip th' wink.
He wint out on a vacant place an' thought
he 'd take a think.

POET

His Tragedies threescore and ten,
A noble theme he still would pen
Of Gods and men, the march of Fate,
The cause of Freedom and the State;
And so he sate him in the fen
To meditate —

FINERTY

Just wait now an' be seein' if I catch on what
ye say:

This Æschylus, ye 're tellin', was th' bye that
wrote a play.
I saw a Thragedy mesilf, an' bate it if ye
will;
They had a felly nearly kilt inside a rollin'-
mill.

POET

An eagle winging buoyantly abreast the
burning dawn
Soared 'mid the heights of matin fire
With turtle plucked from out the mire,
And scanned the moor in deep desire
Of rock to break it on.

FINERTY

Hould on now. Have I got it like ye 're thry-
in' fr to tell?
Th' eagle was a-lookin' fr some way t' crack
th' shell;
An' so he 'd drop it half a mile an' break it
all apart.
Bedad, who 'd think an eagle was a bird that
is so shmart?

POET

The poet's head, all bald and bare, bright in
the morning shone;
Unto the eagle high in air it seemed a rounded
stone.
With fateful poise and plummet aim, like dis-
cus featly sped,
The turtle hurtling downward came, and
smote the poet dead.

FINERTY

That was too bad. We little know
Th' ind we 'll come to here below.

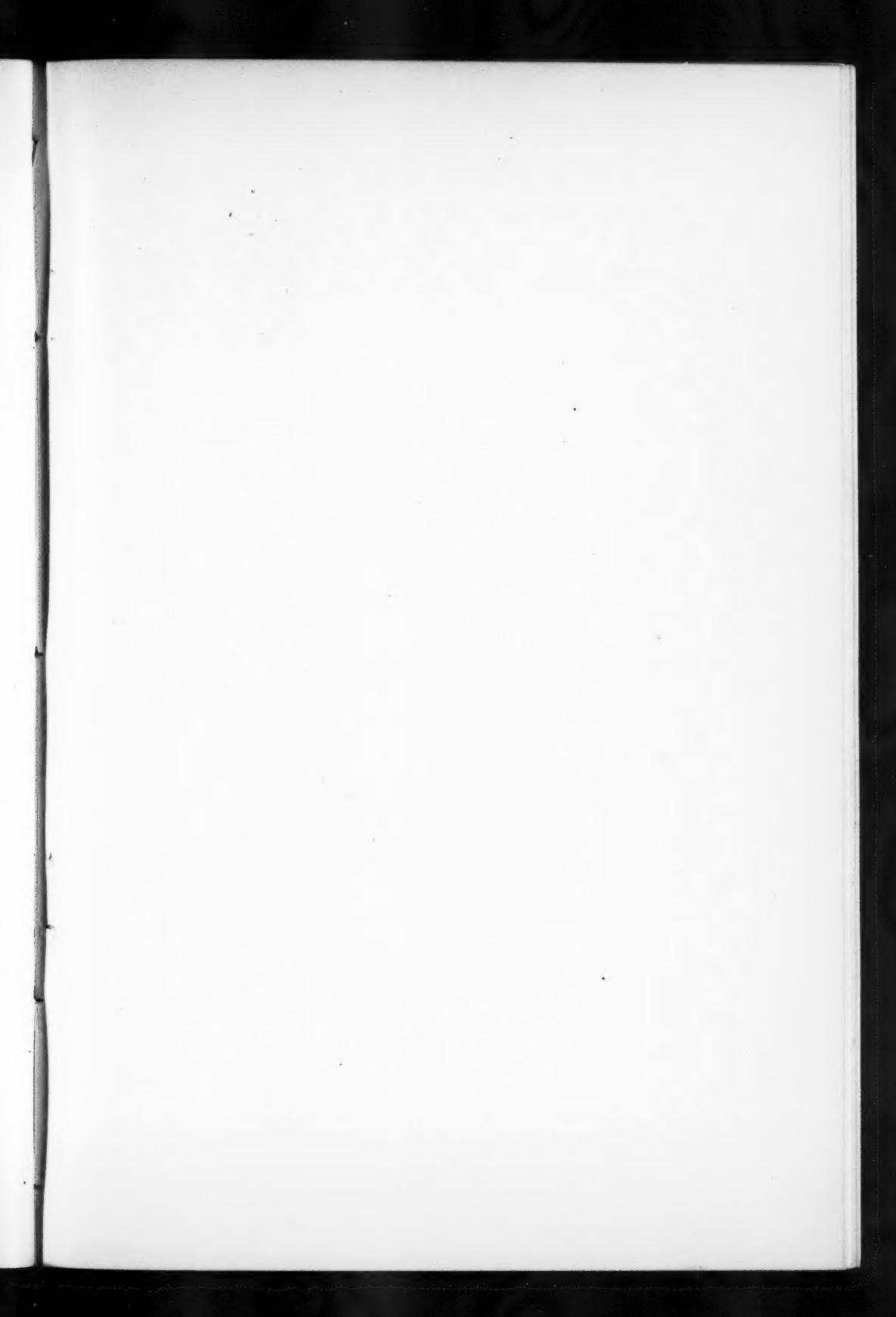
POET

And so the end — more tragic end
Than Æschylus had ever penned.

FINERTY

An' was th' turtle kilt, d' ye know?

Charles D. Stewart.





Color drawing by F. V. Du Mond

THE TANAGER

"I saw a scarlet flash to-day"—(see page 204)